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THE METROPOLITAN.

LECTURE ON THE BRITISH POETS.

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, APRIL 11, 1837.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

“THE age of chivalry is gone ; that of economists and calculators has succeeded.” This indignant lamentation of Edmund Burke over the fall of monarchy, with all its gorgeous and antiquated appendages, in France—may, with the variation of a single word, be taken up, at this day, by the lovers of literature, who have melancholy cause to exclaim—“The age of poetry is gone ; that of economists and calculators has succeeded.”

The announcement of no new publication excites less attention than that of a forthcoming poem ; in which, indeed, almost the only person interested is the author himself ; and almost the only person who feels either surprise or regret at its early and utter failure, is the same individual. Nor does this apply solely to young, inexperienced, and unknown adventurers, who, at all times, find it difficult to obtain a hearing—but, among the few surviving veterans of the late brief but splendid era of their art, there seems to be not one, who has the courage to hazard the renown he has already acquired by producing some transcendent work to crown his former triumphs. In every case, it may be said without hazard, of every living and established reputation, that its destiny, whether of remembrance or oblivion, is decided ; and that, beyond the mark which it has attained, no higher celebrity can be achieved by its possessor. While, on the other hand, numberless and meritorious in their degree as are the rising candidates for poetic honours—falling in most instances as they rise—it would be hard to name one, who has given promise so clear as to warrant expectation, that he will ultimately secure a place for himself among the more illustrious of his aged contemporaries, or the departed luminaries of the generation before him. There may be no defect of original power in the youth of our day—there is, in fact, an exuberance of such power developed in a thousand other ways—but there is no prevailing influence abroad to awaken it, or if awakened to foster and uphold it. As soon might tropical flowers and fruits be expected to blossom and ripen in our cold northern latitude, as the

flowers and fruits of poesy to expand, and be brought to perfection, in the present ungenial temperature of public taste—favourable only, but favourable beyond precedent in the history of human learning, to scientific and practical pursuits.

For thirty years, from 1795, while the French revolution was advancing towards its perihelion, with accelerated speed, brightening more portentously, and stretching its fiery train more awfully over the earth, at every stage of its progress—when, literally, like a comet in the dark ages, it was shaking “war, famine, and pestilence from its horrid hair,” and “still with fear of change perplexing monarchs”—till 1825, when the tremendous visitation had wholly passed away from the political system—from 1795 to 1825, all the passions and energies of the human mind in our happily-insulated country, which knew war only by its indirect influences and remote issues—not in the carnage of battle-fields and the devastations of marching armies—all those passions and energies being kept in continual excitement by the downfall of thrones, the destruction of commonwealths, and the experimental substitution of new forms of government in lands conquered by new modes of warfare, of which the progressive details made the daily newspapers rival those pages of history which recorded the battles of Marathon and Cannæ—the public mind, under such extraordinary excitement, in our sequestered and sea-girded isle, was prepared to be wrought upon, to any degree of intensity, by that art which, above all others, brings home to men’s business and bosoms, the achievements of heroes and the sacrifices of patriots; and which, consequently, renders people of all classes more exquisitely alive to the fascinations of poetry in every other way, by which the charms of verse can awaken delight, admiration, and love of whatever is great, beautiful, and pure in nature, sentiment, and imagination.

It is not then matter of wonder—it would have been more marvellous had it been otherwise—that the genius of Poetry, after the slumber of half a century from the death of Pope—during which she had occasionally walked and talked in her sleep, from the effect of a golden dream, or even awoke for a brief, lucid interval, at the voice of a Churchill or a Cowper, and sang, but soon sunk down in lethargy again; it is not matter of wonder, then, that the genius of poesy, in our island, at that proud period, started up, as at the sound of the harp of Apollo, and the voices of the nine Muses, in her ears, exclaiming, “Awake, arise! or be for ever fallen!” She did start up; she was revived, and, in new modes of diction, on themes unattempted by our forefathers, with more originality of handling and invention than had ever been exemplified in a civilised country before, she created, as it were, by the inspiration which had re-quickened herself, both readers and auditors. There never was a time, in the life of our country, when poetry was so universally relished and enjoyed, as were the productions, at once fashionable and popular, of the Muse, during the thirty years alluded to. For though the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, the two Charleses, and Queen Anne, were distinguished as highly-poetical eras, and gave birth to the most perfect, and probably the most enduring, poems in our language—the contemporary readers of those three periods put together, did not in number or intelligence

equal those of the generation which welcomed with transport (after having waited with impatience,) volume after volume, recommended by the names of Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell and Moore, Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron; while minstrels of every degree from these masters of the lyre down to Robert Bloomfield and John Clare, gathered groups of listening admirers around them at the first note of a fresh lay which they sounded. But, like the songsters of last spring, when autumn comes over the woods, the bards of whom we speak, who so lately made the region to ring with their harmony—each singing his own song apart, yet all blending in one “concert of sweet voices uttering joy,”—of these we are compelled to say, that they are all now moulting or dead. The age of poetry is gone; that of economists and calculators has succeeded.

“The age of poetry indeed is gone;” but we have one consolation which Edmund Burke could not feel when he uttered his desponding lamentation. “The age of chivalry is gone,” and it can *never* return, because chivalry itself was but the fashion of a barbarous age, necessarily lost, like the morning mists through which objects are magnified and obscured, in the radiance of advancing day, revealing all things in the beauty and truth of their own forms and proportions. Poetry is not a fashion; it is not the creature of conventional circumstances. Poetry had its birth when “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” From heaven it came down to paradise, and taught Adam and Eve to chaunt

“ Their orisons each morning duly, paid
In various style, for neither various style,
Nor holy raptures wanted they, to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains, pronounced or sung,
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow’d from their lips in prose or numerous verse;
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To give it sweetness; and they thus began:—
‘ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair—Thyself, how wondrous then!’ ” &c.

So Milton taught, and so will I believe, of poetry in paradise; nor, when, by “man’s disobedience,” paradise was lost, did she forsake the exile, but accompanying his steps in the wilderness, she solaced him there in his reminiscences and regrets, and rejoiced with him in the anticipations of the fulfilment of that promise which had been delivered by Jehovah himself, in poetic figure, when, sentencing the serpent which had beguiled Eve by his subtilty, he said, “I will put enmity between thee and the woman; her seed shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.” This is a perfect specimen of that style of poetic prophecy, which is at once literal and typical; the hostile relationships between man and the serpent being precisely described by their reciprocal modes of annoyance; while the deliverance of the former, and the humiliation of the latter, by a suffering yet triumphant Redeemer, are as clearly predicted.

When men began to multiply upon the earth—while Jabal was teaching his children to spread their tents and watch their flocks on

the plains of Chaldea, and while Tubal Cain was learning the craft by which he became the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron—poetry inspired Jubal and made *him* “the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.” Nor ever thenceforward deserted she the posterity of Adam, in their wanderings over the face of the whole earth, through six thousand years. From that hour she hath had her dwelling in man’s mind—her delight in his heart—and she is as truly *there*, when *latent* like heat, or *invisible* like light, waiting to be struck out and revealed, as when she is most felt through her inspirations and most manifested by her products. An age of poetry, therefore, may pass, and a long prosaic interlude may succeed, but the divinest of human arts *will* spring up again, *not* from death, but suspended animation, and diffuse its benign influence over all in man that is noble, generous, lovely, pure, and of good report.

To return from this retrospective digression to the recent period when poetry flourished beyond precedent in this country. The transition from war to peace, in 1815, was like returning from romance to reality—from a state of passionate and visionary existence to everyday life and common-place cares. In the course of ten years from the battle of Waterloo, such a change had been wrought in the minds of our countrymen, that all who had been engaged in politics, commerce, or literature, were gradually diverted into entirely different modes of following their labours or their speculations. New exigencies to be met employed the statesman’s solicitude—new markets were opened to the merchant’s enterprise—and new subjects of practical utility, commensurate with the rapid diffusion of *business-knowledge* among the people, exercised the talents of those who had to furnish the public with reading suited to the altered circumstances of society. It was then and thus that the “Age of Poetry” passed unobservedly away, and that of “economists and calculators” as quietly succeeded. The one *went* and the other *came*—if not “in the course of nature,” yet, in what most nearly resembles it—“in the course of things,” as they almost necessarily fell out, when the feelings, occupations, and interests, of survivors, were as different from what they had so long been, as burying the slain on the battle-field and cultivating its soil for the production of food, are different from marching to the combat with banners and trumpets, and joining issue in hot blood, for life or for death, on the spot, and within the hour. However favourable peace may be to the growth and prosperity of the fine arts, under ordinary circumstances, such a peace as followed the French Revolution could not *but* be far otherwise than propitious to the finest of these. And so it occurred. There soon ceased to be that strong and universal sympathy with the themes and the sentiments of poetry which had distinguished the belligerent period. A national debt of a thousand millions was to be redeemed by a trade with the whole world; for with the profits of nothing less than such a trade could the burthen of taxes be borne, when the hostile excitement had been allayed; though, while the war-fit continued, every year had the pressure been aggravated, without the power to sustain it having been sensibly diminished. To realise wealth beyond the dreams of alchemists, improvements in our staple manufactures, and facilities of intercourse, unimagined by

Merlin himself, or by the bards who were the inventors of his fabulous inventions, became requisite, and they were accomplished. Accomplished do I say? Nay, verily they were commenced only—yet were they carried on with such a rapid degree of efficiency, that it is not within the scope of the most second-sighted among us to forecast what may yet be achieved by the wonder-working powers of man the mechanic, the projects of whose head already threaten to supersede the labours of his hands, by means which his forefathers, through a hundred generations past, would have deemed less practicable than to raise spirits by magical incantations.

The violent passions of hatred, ambition, and revenge, with their nobler counterparts, the love of country, of kindred, and of justice, which, under the ever-changing fortunes of universal warfare throughout Christendom, had agitated all bosoms, and by long continuance become national feelings, being no longer stimulated to activity, subsided by degrees, and gave way to the gentler, simpler, healthier, and holier exercises of the mind and the heart. Our christian and benevolent institutions, planted in war, and slowly but irrepressibly struggling through the weeds and underwood of adverse circumstances, to bear their heads aboveground and look up to heaven, now rapidly rose in strength and luxuriance, striking their roots daily deeper in the soil, and expanding their branches without obstruction on the right hand and on the left. For no sooner was the strife ended, than British charity, unconfined to the afflicted at home, sallied forth, in the spirit of Him who went about doing good, to the ends of the earth, traversing sea and land for the purpose of *finding out* objects on which to pour its blessings; ministering everywhere to the personal and social, the temporal and spiritual necessities and comforts of the human race. The concerns of these mighty plans of beneficence, from year to year increasing in interest, importance, extent, and obligations to maintain them, well and deeply, yea, with eternal attractions, engaged the minds, the affections, and the endeavours of many of the most devout and philanthropic of our countrymen of the middle class, and opened to them fresh sources, both of employment and enjoyment, beyond what poetry or romance could afford to the majority of those whom religion had thus inspired and exalted far above the level which their faculties would have reached, under common circumstances, in their rank of life. These, then, having neither the leisure nor the inclination to engage in the pursuits, or revel in the luxuries of literature—with few exceptions—confined their choice of books to those which treat of subjects immediately concerning the profession and practice of piety; for, though it must be acknowledged that sacred song has been, not unworthily, essayed by some of the greatest of our poets, yet less has been achieved in that line than ought to have been; while, of what has been done, and done well, the bulk of the religious public is little aware, or nearly regardless.

But I proceed to notice by what means the great body of the reading public has become almost totally indifferent to the attractions of poetry. The actual wealth, which, notwithstanding the expenditure of hundreds of millions for the maintenance of the war, had been accumulating in the country—not from the spoils of nations as

Bonaparte enriched France, but from the command of those “ships, colonies, and commerce,” which he coveted more even than the empire of the continent—that wealth enabled our ingenious artisans, indefatigable manufacturers, and enterprising merchants, immediately on the re-establishment of peace, to pour out into the lap of all Europe, and transport over all seas, their artificial commodities in exchange for the richest natural products of every clime under heaven. And such was the increasing avidity with which markets for these were sought out, and such the pertinacity of competition between rival speculators, that, in the course of ten years, the forcing system of trade could be upheld no longer; and *individual* ruin, to an extent never before equalled, and which at any former time would have been *national* ruin, ensued; so that ten years more have been required to recover from its effects, repair its devastations, and restore commerce and manufactures to that high and unparalleled state of healthful action, sound practice, and naturally advancing prosperity, to which we may hope, both at home and abroad, they have arrived at this time.

Now, neither the working hands, the governing heads, nor the inventive minds, of the multitude of our countrymen engaged in manufactures and mercantile concerns—most of them for daily bread, many for honourable competence, and not a few for princely affluence,—these can neither have time, taste, nor inclination, for the excitements or the blandishments of poetry; which, it may be remarked, are most eagerly sought, and enthusiastically enjoyed, in the earlier stages of society—the patriarchal, the military, and the aristocratic; while, in the most refined and artificial, (contrary to what might have been expected,) the delights of the Muses are lightly esteemed and little regarded amidst the direct personal part, which every member of the commonwealth must take in the general business of a free country, especially one like our own, and at a time like this, when every man of the adult generation, if not *born* has been *bred*, a *politician*. On this subject, for obvious reasons, I forbear to expatiate, though the intense and absorbing attention to politics is one main cause of the declension of poetical enterprise, and the neglect of poetical reading among us. This cannot last for ever.

But science and literature themselves—both of which are at this time working under high pressure—are adverse to poetry; each in its way supplying unparalleled stimulants to exalt and expand the minds, and the imaginations too, of the greatest number of the most intellectual classes. The marvels of romance are daily exceeded in the proportion as fact frequently transcends fiction in its strange and infinitely diversified developements. Was the lamp of Aladdin, in the Arabian Nights, with all its mysterious virtue, to be compared with the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, by which the miner is enabled to pursue his perilous researches in the bowels of the earth, and dig out its hidden treasures in the presence of one of the most tremendous powers of nature, which, like the hundred-sighted dragon of the Hesperides, watching the golden apples, seems placed there to interdict the approach of man. He, nevertheless, by means of no magic circle, but a slight inclosure of wire-gauze, guarding the incendiary

light from the attack of the fire-damp spirit, labours unharmed, and breathes under an atmosphere of death, which (should the enemy, in some neglected moment, break through the slender fence) would explode, and involve himself and his companions in instantaneous destruction.

Again, what has classic mythology or legendary fable conceived more marvellous to the ignorant beholder, or more admirable to the instructed mind, than the prodigies of mechanical invention held in motion by the power of steam, which man can now compel to do his pleasure both on land and at sea; while by it he exhausts subterranean rivers, traverses metallic roads, and transports innumerable burdens with incredible speed over the surface of the earth, or moves in like manner upon the world of waters, without dependence on wind or tide? Or when, as in the cotton-manufacture, he compels its service in the most multiform, powerful, complex, and delicate machinery ever invented, at once exercising the force of Briareus, with his hundred arms, and with

“ The spider’s touch (so) exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.”

Here innumerable wheels, on their axles, seem themselves to be instinct with spirit, and their work carried on by an impulse as hidden as that which rolls the stars through the firmament;—like the stars, too, in their revolutions, presenting to the uninitiated eye

“ Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
Then most when most irregular they seem.”
PARADISE LOST, book vii.

Meanwhile the mechanism, like that of the heavens, all perfect in its parts, from the largest to the most minute, and all depending on the rest—so combines every movement, that as with one accord they perform a common purpose by the aggregation of individual efforts. What strikes the eye and affects the mind of a stranger (judging by my own experience some years ago) is, that the living agents appear to have little more to do than to superintend the unintelligent apparatus, to minister to its wants, as a bird feeds her young, and to furnish materials for the transforming process, by which the prompt machine receives the flake from the cotton-plant, and separating the gross from the fine, twists the subtle filaments for the warp or the woof. These, again, being transferred to the power-loom, are as rapidly converted into the web for use, as the Fates themselves,

“ That turn the adamantine spindle round,
And wield the abhorred shears,”

can spin, weave, and cut off as they are completed, the threads and webs of mortal lives; millions new coming, millions running on, and millions just ending, without ever one being forgotten in its turn.

(*To be continued.*)

EMPYREAL VISITATIONS.

WHAT pleasant visitations and divine
 Light to the dulness of my being lend ;
 Great friends I have who seem to have no friend,
 For winged shapes of soul come unto mine :
 Bold Milton will his place in heaven resign
 With me an hour in gravest talk to spend :
 And Homer from Elysium, without end
 Make known the grandeur of an epic line.
 And not alone with poets old and blind,
 'The never dead, communing do I dwell,
 Bright rays from God, within, clear entrance find,
 And clouds gold-tinged round massive columns swell ;
 Such glory fills the temple of my mind
 Am I in heaven or not I cannot tell !

RICHARD HOWITT.

GOOD PASTORS THE TRUE SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

How wondrously is good the source of good,—
 A fountain of pure waters flowing down,
 And bearing health to hamlet far and town,
 And buoyancy to th' mind and to the blood :
 Holy George Herbert, this is understood
 By all who know the spring of thy renown,
 True piety, thy life, and living crown,
 Diffusing freshness like a vigorous flood.
 Sage contemplations of thy usefulness
 Will call forth fruits whereof thou wert the flower ;
 And, in the Church's day of deep distress,
 Pastors, like Alford, raise in Poesie's bower ;
 For when nor pens nor tongues from harm may bless,
 'Tis felt that holy lives have god-like power !

RICHARD HOWITT.

SNARLEY YOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken drives a very hard bargain.

WE will be just and candid in our opinion relative to the historical facts which we are now narrating. Party spirit, and various other feelings, independent of misrepresentation, do, at the time, induce people to form their judgment, to say the best, harshly, and but too often, incorrectly. It is for posterity to calmly weigh the evidence handed down, and to examine into the merits of a case divested of party bias. Actuated by these feelings, we do not hesitate to assert, that, in the point at question, Mr. Vanslyperken had great cause for being displeased; and that the conduct of Moggy Salisbury, in cutting off the tail of Snarley yow, was, in our opinion, not justifiable.

There is a respect for property, inculcated and protected by the laws, which should never be departed from; and, whatever may have been the aggressions on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken, or of the dog, still a tail is a tail, and whether mangy or not, is *bond fide* a part of the living body; and this aggression must inevitably come under the head of the cutting and maiming act, which act, however, it must, with the same candour which will ever guide our pen, be acknowledged, was not passed until a much later period than that to the history of which our narrative refers.

Having thus, with all deference, offered our humble opinion, we shall revert to facts. Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, with the dog's tail in his pocket. He walked with rapid strides towards the half-way houses, in one of which was the room tenanted by his aged mother; for, to whom else could he apply for consolation in this case of severe distress? That it was Moggy Salisbury who gave the cruel blow, was a fact completely substantiated by evidence; but that it was Smallbones who held the dog, and who thereby became an active participator, and therefore equally culpable, was a surmise to which the insinuations of the corporal had given all the authority of direct evidence. And, as Mr. Vanslyperken felt that Moggy was not only out of his power, but even if in his power, that he dare not retaliate upon her, for reasons which we have already explained to our readers; it was, therefore, clear to him, that Smallbones was the party upon whom his indignation could be the most safely vented; and, moreover, that in so doing, he was only paying off a long accumulating debt of hatred and ill-will. But, at the same time, Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind that a lad who could be floated out to the

¹ Continued from vol. xviii. p. 396.

Nag's buoy and back again without sinking—who could have a bullet through his head without a mark remaining—and who could swallow a whole twopennyworth of arsenic without feeling more than a twinge in his stomach, was not so very easy to be made away with. That the corporal's vision was no fiction, was evident—the lad was not to be hurt by mortal man; but although the widow's arsenic had failed, Mr. Vanslyperken, in his superstition, accounted for it on the grounds that the woman was not the active agent on the occasion, having only prepared the herring, it not having been received from her hands by Smallbones. The reader may recollect that, in the last interview between Vanslyperken and his mother, the latter had thrown out hints that if she took Smallbones in hand he would not have such miraculous escapes as he had had, as, in all she undertook, she did her business thoroughly. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Vanslyperken went to pour forth his sorrows, and to obtain the assistance of his much-to-be-respected and venerable mother.

“ Well, child, what is it—is it money you bring ?” cried the old woman, when Vanslyperken entered the room.

“ No, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, throwing himself on the only chair in the room, except the one with the legs cut off half-way up, upon which his mother was accustomed to rock herself before the grate.

“ No, mother ; but I have brought something—and I come to you for advice and assistance.”

“ Brought no money—yet brought something !—well, child, what have you brought ?”

“ This !” exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing the dog's tail down upon the table.

“ This !” repeated the old beldame, lifting up the tail, and examining it as well as she could, as the vibration of her palsied members were communicated to the article—“ and pray, child, what is this ?”

“ Are you blind, old woman,” replied Vanslyperken in wrath, “ not to perceive that it is my poor dog's tail ?”

“ Blind old woman ! and dog's tail, eh ! Blind old woman, eh ! Mr. Cornelius, you dare to call me a blind old woman, and to bring here the mangy tail of a dog—and to lay it on my table ! Is this your duty, sirrah ? How dare you take such liberties ? There, sir,” cried the hag in a rage, catching hold of the tail, and sending it flying out of the casement, which was open—“ there, sir—and now you may follow your tail. D'ye hear ?—leave the room instantly, or I'll cleave your craven skull. Blind old woman, forsooth—undutiful child——”

Vanslyperken, in spite of his mother's indignation, could not prevent his eyes from following the tail of his dog, as it sailed through the ambient air surrounding the half-way houses, and was glad to observe it landed among some cabbage-leaves thrown into the road, without attracting notice. Satisfied that he should regain his treasure when he quitted the house, he now turned round to deprecate his mother's wrath, who had not yet completed the sentence which we have quoted above.

"I supplicate your pardon, my dear mother," said Vanslyperken, who felt that in her present humour he was not likely to gain the point with her that he had in contemplation. "I was so vexed—so irritated—that I knew not what I was saying."

"Blind old woman, indeed," repeated the beldame.

"I again beg you to forgive me, dearest mother," continued Vanslyperken.

"All about a dog's tail cut off. Better off than on—so much the less mange on the snarling cur."

This was touching up Vanslyperken on the raw ; but he had a great object in view, and he restrained his feelings.

"I was wrong, mother—very wrong—but I have done all I can, I have begged your pardon. I came here for your advice and assistance."

"What advice or assistance can you expect from a blind old woman?" retorted the old hag. "And what advice or assistance does so undutiful a child deserve?"

It was some time before the ruffled temper of the beldame could be appeased : at last, Vanslyperken succeeded. He then entered into a detail of all that had passed, and concluded by observing, "that as Smallbones was not to be injured by mortal man, he had come to her for assistance."

"That is to say—you have come to me to ask me to knock the lad's brains out—to take away his life—to murder him, in fact. Say, Cornelius, is it not so?"

"It is exactly so, my dearest mother. I know your courage—your——"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that ; but, now hear me, child. There are deeds which are done, and which I have done, but those deeds are only done upon strong impulses. Murder is one ; but people murder for two reasons only—for revenge and for gold. People don't do such acts as are to torture their minds here, and perhaps be punished hereafter—that is, if there be one, child. I say, people don't do such deeds as these, merely because a graceless son comes to them, and says, 'If you please, mother.' Do you understand that, child? I've blood enough on my hands already—good blood too—they are not defiled with the scum of a parish boy, nor shall they be, without——"

"Without what, mother?"

"Have I not told you, Cornelius, that there are but two great incitements—revenge and gold. I have no revenge against the lad. If you have—if you consider that a dog's tail demands a human victim—well and good—do the deed yourself."

"I would," cried Vanslyperken, "but I have tried in vain. It must be done by woman."

"Then hear me, Cornelius ; if it must be done by woman, you must find a woman to do it, and you must pay her for the deed. Murder is at a high price. You apply to me—I am content to do the deed ; but I must have gold—and plenty too."

Vanslyperken paused before he replied. The old woman had charge of all his money—she was on the verge of the grave—for

what could she require his gold?—could she be so foolish?—it was insanity. Vanslyperken was right—it was insanity, for avarice is no better.

“Do you mean, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, “that you want gold from me?”

“From whom else?” demanded the old woman sharply.

“Take it, then, mother—take as many pieces as you please.”

“I must have all that there is in that chest, Cornelius.”

“All, mother?”

“Yes, all; and what is it, after all? What price is too high for blood which calls for retribution? Besides, Cornelius, it must be all yours again when I die; but I shall not die yet—no, no.”

“Well, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, “if it must be so, it shall all be yours—not that I can see what difference it makes, whether it is called yours or mine.”

“Then why not give it freely? Why do you hesitate to give to your poor old mother what may be again yours before the leaf again falls? Ask yourself why, Cornelius, and then you have my answer. The gold is here in my charge, but it is not *my* gold—it is yours. You little think how often I’ve laid in bed and longed that it was all *mine*. Then I would count it—count it again and again—watch over it, not as I do now as a mere deposit in my charge, but as a mother would watch and smile upon her first-born child. There is a talisman in that word *mine*, that not approaching *death* can wean from *life*. It is our natures, child—say, then, is all that gold *mine*?”

Vanslyperken paused; he also felt the magic of the word; and although it was but a nominal and temporary divestment of the property, even that gave him a severe struggle; but his avarice was overcome by his feelings of revenge, and he answered solemnly, “As I hope for revenge, mother, *all* that gold is *yours*, provided that you do the deed.”

Here the old hag burst into a sort of shrieking laugh. “Send him here, child;” and the almost unearthly cachinnation was continued—“send him here, child—I can’t go to seek him—and it is done—only bring him here.”

So soon as this compact had been completed, Vanslyperken and his mother had a consultation; and it was agreed, that it would be advisable not to attempt the deed until the day before the cutter sailed, as it would remove all suspicion, and be supposed that the boy had deserted. This arrangement having been made, Vanslyperken made rather a hasty retreat. The fact was, that he was anxious to recover the fragment of Snarleyyow, which his mother had so contemptuously thrown out of the casement.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taken for a witch.

Mr. Vanslyperken hastened into the street, and walked towards the heap of cabbage-leaves, in which he observed the object of his wishes to have fallen; but there was some one there before him, an old sow,

very busy groping among the refuse. Although Vanslyperken had come on shore without even a stick in his hand, he had no fear of a pig, and walked up boldly to drive her away, fully convinced that although she might like cabbage, not being exactly carnivorous, that he should find the tail in *statu quo*. But it appeared that the sow not only would not stand being interfered with, but, moreover, was carnivorously inclined ; for she was at that very moment routing the tail about with her nose, and received Vanslyperken's advance with a very irascible grunt, throwing her head up at him with a savage augh ! and then again busied herself with the fragment of Snarleyyow. Vanslyperken, who had started back, perceived that the sow was engaged with the very article in question ; and finding it was a service of more danger than he had expected, picked up one or two large stones, and threw them at the animal to drive her away. This mode of attack had the effect desired in one respect ; the sow made a retreat, but at the same time she would not retreat without the *bonne bouche*, which she carried away in her mouth.

Vanslyperken followed ; but the sow proved that she could fight as well as run, every minute turning round to bay, and chumping and grumbling in a very formidable manner. At last, after Vanslyperken had chased for a quarter of a mile, he received unexpected assistance from a large dog, who bounded from the side of the road, where he lay in the sun, and seizing the sow by the ear, made her drop the tail to save her own bacon.

Vanslyperken was delighted ; he hastened up as fast as he could to regain his treasure, when, to his mortification, the great dog, who had left the sow, arrived at the spot before him, and after smelling at the not one bone, but many bones of contention, he took it in his mouth, and trotted off to his former berth in the sunshine, laid himself down, and the tail before him.

" Surely one dog won't eat another dog's tail," thought Vanslyperken, as he walked up to the animal ; but an eye like fire, a deep growl, and exposure of a range of teeth, equal to a hyena's, convinced Mr. Vanslyperken that it would be wise to retreat—which he did, to a respectable distance, and attempted to coax the dog. " Poor doggy, there's a dog," cried Vanslyperken, snapping his fingers, and approaching gradually. To his horror, the dog did the same thing exactly : he rose, and approached Mr. Vanslyperken gradually, and snapped his fingers : not content with that, he flew at him, and tore the skirt of his great coat clean off, and also the hinder part of his trowsers, for Mr. Vanslyperken immediately turned tail, and the dog appeared resolved to have his tail as well as that of his darling cur. Satisfied with about half a-yard of broad cloth as a trophy, the dog returned to his former situation, and remained with the tail of the coat and the tail of the cur before him, with his fierce eyes fixed upon Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now retreated to a greater distance.

But this transaction was not unobserved by several of the people who inhabited the street of cottages. Many eyes were directed to where Mr. Vanslyperken and the sow and dog had been at issue, and many were the conjectures thereon.

When the dog retreated with the skirt of the great coat, many came out to ascertain what was the cause of the dispute, and among others, the man to whom the dog belonged, and who lived at the cottage opposite to where the dog had lain down. He observed Vanslyperken, looking very much like a vessel whose sails have been split in a gale, and very rueful at the same time, standing at a certain distance, quite undecided how to act, and he called out to him, "What is it you may want with my dog, man?"

Man! Vanslyperken thought this designation an affront; whereas, in our opinion, Vanslyperken was an affront to the name of man. "Man!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "why your dog has taken my property."

"Then take your property," replied the other, tossing to him the skirt of his coat, which he had taken from the dog.

By this time there was a crowd collected from out of the various surrounding tenements.

"That's not all," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "he has got my dog's tail there."

"Your dog's tail!" exclaimed the man, "what do you mean? Is it this ragged mangy thing you would have?" and the man took the tail of Snarleyow, and held it up to the view of the assembled crowd.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, coming towards the man with eagerness; "that is what I want," and he held out his hand to receive it.

"And pray, may I ask," replied the other, looking very suspiciously at Vanslyperken, "what can you want with this piece of carrion?"

"To make soup of," replied another, laughing; "he can't afford ox-tail."

Vanslyperken made an eager snatch at his treasure; but the man lifted it up on the other side, out of his reach.

"Let us have a look at this chap," said the first, examining Vanslyperken, whose peaked nose and chin, small ferret-eyes, and downcast look, were certainly not in his favour; neither were his old and now tattered habiliments. Certainly no one would have taken Vanslyperken for a king's officer—unfortunately, they took him for something else.

"Now tell me, fellow, what were you going to do with this?" inquired the man, in a severe tone.

"I sha'n't tell you," replied Vanslyperken.

"Why that's the chap that I sees go in and out of the room where that old hell-fire witch lives, who curses all day long."

"I thought as much," observed the man, who still held up the cur's tail. "Now I appeal to you all, what can a fellow want with such a thing as this—ay, my good people, and want it so much, too, as to risk being torn to pieces for it—if he arn't inclined to evil practices?"

"That's sartain sure," replied another.

"A witch—a witch!" cried the whole crowd.

"Let's duck him—tie his thumbs—away with him—come along, my lads, away with him."

Although there were not, at the time we write about, regular witch-finders, as in the time of James I., still the feeling against witches,

and the belief that they practised, still existed. They were no longer handed over to summary and capital punishment, but whenever suspected they were sure to meet with very rough treatment. Such was the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was now seized by the crowd, buffeted, and spit upon, and dragged to the parish pump, there being, fortunately for him, no horse-pond near. After having been well beaten, pelted with mud, his clothes torn off his back, his hat taken away and stamped upon, he was held under the pump, and drenched for nearly half an hour, until he lay beneath the spout in a state of complete exhaustion. The crowd were then satisfied, and he was left to get away how he could, which he did, after a time, in a most deplorable plight, bare-headed, in his shirt and torn trowsers. He contrived to walk as far as to the house where his mother resided, was admitted to her room, when he fell exhausted on the bed. The old woman was astonished; and having some gin in her cupboard, revived him by administering a small quantity, and, in the course of half an hour, Vanslyperken could tell his story; but all the consolation he received from the old beldame was, "Serve you right too, for being such an ass. I suppose you'll be bringing the stupid people about my ears soon—they've hooted me before now. Ah, well—I'll not be pumped upon for nothing—my knife is a sharp one."

Vanslyperken had clothes under his mother's charge, and he dressed himself in another suit, and then hastened away, much mortified and confounded with the latter events of the day. The result of his arrangements with his mother was, however, a balm to his wounded spirit, and he looked upon Smallbones as already dead. He hastened down into his cabin, as soon as he arrived on board, to ascertain the condition of Snarleyyow, whom he found as well as could be expected, and occasionally making unavailing attempts to lick the stump of his tail.

"My poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "what have you suffered, and what have I suffered for you? Alas! if I am to suffer as I have to-day for only your tail, what shall I go through for your whole body?" And, as Vanslyperken recalled his misfortunes, so did his love increase for the animal who was the cause of them. Why so we cannot tell, except that it has been so from the beginning, is so now, and always will be the case, for the best of all possible reasons—that it is *human nature*.

(*To be continued.*)

PARIS IN LIGHT AND SHADE.¹

TRAVELLERS who visit the capital of France after an absence of only five days from that of England, cannot fail to be impressed by the superior vivacity of Paris. The movements of London are chiefly mercantile. London is the vast *entrepôt* of the greatest commercial kingdom in the world; while the commerce of Paris comprehends little more than the supply of its own wants and consumption; London being the head-quarters of profit—Paris, of pleasure.

Some influence, however, may be attributed to the difference of soil and atmospheric pressure. In Paris the busiest of the busy, as well as the idlest of the idle, are conscious of a certain lightness of body and spirit, incompatible with the fogs, mists, coal smoke, and mud of humid London. The French, moreover, from high to low, from peer to pauper, are a pleasure-loving people. However diminutive the modicum of a Frenchman's income, a certain portion of it is always set aside as amusement money. He will contentedly enjoy spare feasts! a radish and egg, or even the radish without the egg, *pour tout potage*, three hundred days of the year, so that the remaining sixty-five be enlivened by a dance at one of the *guinguettes* of the *Barrière*, or a masked ball or two during the Carnival. Even at the present epoch of conspiracies and assassinations, he loves his lass, his fiddle and his frisk, as unreservedly as in the piping times of Louis XV., amid the gilded wantonness of legitimate monarchy. The Frenchman's cry of to-day is, as of yesterday, "*du pain et des spectacles!*" and richly does he deserve his puppet-show, since he eats his dry bread without grumbling, in order to procure it. He is temperate and frugal, because he chooses to feast his eyes and ears at the expense of his grosser senses. The treat for John Bull is beef and beer—the treat for Mein Herr, a pipe and tobacco; but the Frenchman's treat is a *spectacle gratis*, or a *contredanse*. There may be levity in all this, but levity is less conducive to the destruction of social order than brutality.

To this aptitude for popular enjoyment may be attributed, in a great measure, the cheerful aspect of the place. Were the Boulevards with their brilliant shops and theatres, lemonade-venders, and dancing-dogs, transferred to London, they would soon lose their bright surface and airy frivolity. Instead of tripping *grisettes* and gaudy dandies, the plodding steps of men of business, and careworn faces of mothers of families, would chase the butterflies from their haunts. The money-making crew, whose worship of the golden calf sets up the stalls of the money-changers in the temple of pleasure as well as in that of religion, would strew the way with cares; and the sour puritanism of our saints, and analyzing philosophy of our utilitarians, discern criminality in its cheerfulness, and mockery in its tinsel. It is good to be merry, it is good to be wise—it is *best* to be both merry

¹ Continued from vol. xviii. p. 205.

and wise ; but the English are too wise to be merry, which, after all, is a foolish thing.

It is noticed by the French police, that, whenever the public mind appears dispirited, or even calm, mischief is brewing. From the massacre of St. Bartholomew to that of the Abbaye, from the crimes of Clement and Ravallac to that of Fieschi, the political murders of the French have been done under the influence of the dog-stars ; they are careful not to interrupt the festivities of the Carnival with insurrections or barricades. They admired in Napoleon his love of public pomps almost as much as his genius for conquest or legislation ; and still form disparaging comparisons between the sage economy of the citizen-king, and the gaudy splendours of the imperial court. It is true, that the gold lace and diamonds, the crowns and sceptres of Napoleon's marshals and brother-kings, were defrayed at the expense of foreign countries ; while the worsted epaulets of the Duc de Nemours and the *dotation* of her majesty of Belgium, are to be paid for by that ugliest of christian countries, *la belle France*.

More striking than the contrast we have noticed between the superficial aspects of the two capitals, is that between an Englishman's respect for the throne, and the total deficiency of loyalty observable in the French nation. Loyalty exists in England at once as a principle and a sentiment. George III. was incarcerated for years from the sight of his people, under the most humiliating of human infirmities—*yet the people loved the king*. George IV. wilfully alienated himself from all contact with them, and by his weaknesses often provoked their animadversions—*yet the people loved the king*. The very reverse of this feeling predominates in France. The French loved the Dauphin and Dauphiness—they beheaded Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. They worshipped the petit Corporal and First Consul—they detested the Emperor. They inclined towards the exiled and throneless Bourbons ; they laughed to scorn Louis XVIII., and banished Charles X. They adored the Duke of Orleans ; they abominate Louis Philippe. With the exception of the circle admitted to the hospitalities of the Tuileries, (and, to the credit of his Majesty's wisdom, it is sufficiently comprehensive,) not a soul in Paris entertains the smallest affection for the person of the reigning sovereign. At every fresh attempt at assassination the royal family are warmly commiserated, and some indignation is elicited by the turpitude of so black an offence. But this is followed by a shrugging of the shoulders, an intimation that he who usurps a crown must pay the penalty of his boldness ; and ejaculations are heard somewhat resembling the accusation against Macbeth,

“ Thou hast it, and I fear
Thou playedst most foully for it.”

Not even misfortune can, for a moment, induce the Parisians to forget that Louis Philippe is their natural enemy—the king.

A still more disastrous national deficiency is the extinction of religious feeling. It is true, the churches of modern Paris are often crowded to excess by the partisans of some popular preacher, because

the popular preaching of the day has universally a political tinge; and it still remains matter of *bon-ton* in the noble Faubourg St. Germain, to adhere to the Established Church of the legitimate monarchy; but genuine piety is a thing of rare occurrence. From the extreme of bigotry, the French nation rushed, at once, into infidelity. The beauty of holiness is a beauty beyond their powers of appreciation.

In almost every country but France, revolutions—successful revolutions—have proceeded from the higher order of society. In England, for instance, the reformation, the restoration, the revolution of 1688, were measures emanating from the most eminent personages of the realm; while in Paris the Halles and the half-savage populace of the Quartier St. Antoine, furnish the thews and sinews of every revolutionary struggle. Now it is precisely the ferocious aborigines of these very districts, who have spat upon the altar, and would fain spit upon the throne. To the stranger in Paris, these gloomy shades of society are invisible; being shut out from view by the joyous, laughing, dancing, singing crew, we have described as forming the least offensive portion of the population; but they do not the less exist—they are not the less tremendous to the powers that be. Another peculiarity in Parisian society, is the extreme distinction of castes. In the palmy days of Versailles, a great gulf existed between *la cour* and *la ville*, *la robe* and *l'épée*. But though things have since been turned topsy-turvy and back again, and foul has become fair, and fair has become foul a dozen times within the last half century, the elements of society so often shaken together, as often voluntarily disunite—the oil and the spirit refusing to become permanently incorporated; and the separation is caused rather by the voluntary secession of the lower classes, than the repulsion of the higher. In England, as in all commercial countries, there is a general jumble of classes. Public distinctions are universally attainable; and length of purse affords an even balance against length of pedigree. No difference is perceptible in a country neighbourhood between the rector and the 'squire, and the son of a lord chancellor or lord chief justice becomes as right honourable a peer as any landed proprietor, promoted by the amount of his acres to the dignities of the upper house. In Paris, on the contrary, professions and callings are always distinct and hereditary; the members of a professional caste intermarrying, like Jews or Quakers. The rich financier does not purchase the hand of the daughter of a poor noble, but seeks a wife who will still further augment his capital; while the *ancienne noblesse* wears its escutcheon with the gilding off, rather than have recourse to the emblazonments of commercial gold. Most of the leading professional men of the day are sons and grandsons of men who have practised in the same profession; while artists and men of letters congregate proudly together, unambitious of competing, as in England, with the gorgeous inanity of the great world. In England, anybody may marry anybody, without exciting much amazement; in France, there must be parity of fortune and parity of condition; hence, the persevering strictness of their maintenance of caste. The revolution of July produced, indeed, a temporary confusion of ranks. But people

and things are insensibly resuming their places. The shoemaker has returned to his last and the tinker to his kettles, leaving

“ All meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.”

After the momentary triumph of shaking hands with royalty, and shaking the dust from off their feet upon the costly carpets of the Tuileries, the Parisian shopkeepers found that they were happier in their appropriate sphere, and that a galoppe at Musard's ball was worth all the galas of the château.

There are certain departments of art, science, and legislation, in which these self-sufficient people have long proclaimed themselves law-givers to the less civilised portion of mankind; and in many of these we willingly concede the palm to the French nation. May they continue to furnish cooks, dancing-masters, and milliners to modern Europe; but, in other respects, we must beg to mistrust their self-assumed supremacy. It is the custom to assert, for instance, that the French system of police is the most ably organised in the world. Miracles are recounted as having been achieved under the administration of the Dukes of Otrante and Rovigo; and the memoirs of Vidocq, the self-trumpeted police-spy, have substantiated the disgraceful mysteries of the Black Book. Yet what have these people done in the way of petty legislation, or what are they still doing? With all their appliances and means—of passports, *cartes de sureté*, secret-service minions, of the highest as well as lowest grade, (for the ex-prefect of police, Monsieur Bande, stated openly last session, in the Chamber, that, during *his* administration, he entertained, among other noblemen, a duke and peer of France in his pay!)—with all their domestic treacheries and arbitrary arrests—what great measure have these patent Judases either effected or frustrated? Did not the police-upholding reign of Napoleon witness the triumphant conspiracy of Mallet, by which the very police itself was caught in a net? Did not the Argus rule of Monsieur Persil overlook the fatal machinations of Fieschi? The Carlists assert that, during the month preceding the revolution of July, *their* prefects of police received daily intimation of nightly meetings of heads of a faction in the gardens of the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly; but that, on the reports being conveyed to the château, Charles X. refused all credit to a discovery so deeply involving the honours of a *fils de St. Louis*. For our own part, we believe the whole history to be a weak invention of the enemy, a postfacto mare's-nest of the Carlist police.

Again, would the Duchess de Berri have so long remained undiscovered by the police of any other country? Would Don Carlos have effected his transit undetected through any other European territory? Would the Strasburg conspiracy have proceeded to such lengths under the blinking eyes of any other administration? Certainly not: we back a couple of Bow-street runners and the telegraph against all the complicated and costly machinery of the Parisian *Préfecture de Police*!

The inefficiency or pusillanimity of this much-vaunted administration is peculiarly demonstrated to the English by the fact that not a

week—not a day passes without the subtraction of money at the post-offices from letters addressed to English residents. The speculation has gone on unmolested for years; claims and remonstrances are made and openly derided. We remember an instance occurring last year, when a letter, containing a 50*l.* note, addressed to a literary person residing in the neighbourhood of Paris, was stolen at the post-office, the note exchanged at a money-changer's, (the notorious Chauvière of the Palais Royal, who has lately been subjected to a fine of sixty thousand francs for the adulteration of silver ingots,) and returned to London, and paid off at the Bank of England, within so short a space of time that it was impossible for the note to have passed through any other hands than those of one of the sorting clerks of the foreign letter department, and the money-changer by whom it was negotiated. An additional day would have been required had it been forwarded to its destination in the suburbs, and stolen from any auxiliary post-office. Yet, though the hands of the police were thus placed upon the heads of the offenders, no redress was obtained—no inquiry took place—no clerk was displaced; and thefts of the same description have constantly taken place in the same office, from that day to this, without the smallest attempt at retribution. The police either will not or cannot interfere—Colonel Maberly signs his circular of remonstrance, and the director of the French post-office his answer, laughing in his sleeve at the superfluous appeal—he has, however, done *something* towards the reformation of the morals of his department. He has reduced the salaries of the clerks!

English residents have lately obtained some safeguard against this privileged system of spoliation in the power of registering their money-letters, and securing recovery of a small portion of the sum. But the French post-office, having instituted a regulation that all registered money-letters shall be deposited in an envelope *with five seals*, the weight of which raises the cost of postage to nine or ten francs, so heavy a per centage renders the precaution impossible for small remittances, and the system of plunder is accordingly still triumphant. There have been fifty instances of miscarriage of money-letters within the last six months.

In general, the system of householding in Paris, in all its accessories, is small and pitiful, or what is best expressed by their own expressive word, *mesquin*. In comparison with the well-regulated comfort of an English establishment, the most magnificent of the Parisian households, is mounted on a paltry scale; and in the secondary and third orders of society, the difference is still more remarkable. It is true, the deficiency of servants is facilitated by the system of living on detached stories. No time is lost in running up and down stairs—no footman is wanted for the purpose of answering the street-door. The majority of lodgings or apartments consist of an anti-chamber for the use of the servants, a dining-room, with bed-room and offices in proportion to the size of the family. Every room, therefore, being in constant occupation, there are no supernumerary chambers to occupy the time and care of supernumeraries; a household of six servants is considered a large one, and of four a sufficient. When the half dozen is extended, it is only to multiply the number of footmen

or stable-servants ; while in the family of the *bourgeois* or small rentier, as in the same modest class of London lodgers, the *bonne*, or maid of all work, is the "many-sided slave" of the house.

To these servants, whether in the noble hotel of the Faubourg St. Germain or the fourth story of some small mansion in the Marais, only two meals a day are allotted, and those chiefly composed of broth and vegetables. There is nothing like the plentiful housekeeping of an opulent English family, from one end of France to the other. Everything is calculated by *portions*, by ounces, by pennyweights. The noble sirloin, the huge plum-pudding, the bread and butter à *discretion*, would be regarded as a hecatomb fit only for the board of an ogre. The well-seethed meat from which his master's *potage* has been extracted, a vast green pond of spinach, a bowl of stewed white beans, or a salad, with an occasional dish of well-cooked mutton chops, is considered luxurious living by the menials of the best houses. From the table this parsimony extends to the fuel department. Except at the two moments of the day when breakfast or dinner is preparing, scarcely any fire is kept in the offices. One of their great charges of troublesomeness against English inmates is, the constant demand for hot water. They insist that, between the tea-making of the maids and ablutions of the master and mistress, we cost them a fortune a-day in logs of wood and pans of charcoal ; and, during the summer months, hot water forms a regular article of extra expenditure in the furnished hotels. Even water for household use, scantily as it is furnished, and disgusting as are the results of such scantiness, is proverbially expensive in Paris, Louis Philippe having been heard to remark, that he furnishes his navy with wine at Toulon at a less cost per gallon than the price of Seine water in the capital. Of the cheap *vin ordinaire*, however, to which his Majesty alluded, it may be observed, *en passant*, that the very smell of a bottle of such claret would suffice to give the cholera to an English hackney-coachman.

It is to these habits of domestic meanness and discomfort, that the increase of *restaurateurs'* establishments may be attributed. The *restaurants* of Paris are said to amount to more than three thousand ; and a considerable number of persons of the middle classes avoid the responsibility and trouble of a household, by taking their meals, daily, *au restaurant*, or being furnished with them by a *traiteur*. The expense of a dinner is pretty nearly the same as at an English coffee-house, greater than at an English club. At the respectable houses, a single man may dine for six or seven francs, or augment the expense to the prices of the Albion or the Clarendon ; but a large party is furnished at the best *restaurant* in Paris, (the *Rocher de Cancale*, for two napoleons, or five-and-thirty shillings a-head, with such a dinner as would be charged in London at five guineas a-head.

Few things tend more completely to disorganize the habits of domestic life than this system of dining in public. From the brilliant saloons of the Café de Paris, Véfour, or Véry, it is difficult to a Frenchman to return to the apartment whose hearth blazes not, and whose lamp is still unlighted. The theatres naturally present themselves as a welcome intermediary transition ; and it is chiefly to this cause we attribute the nightly filling of ten or a dozen theatres.

The French are not great readers—have no private libraries—and the excitement of the drama is necessary to fill up the vacuum of their most undomesticated frame of life. It is an error to suppose that their dramatic entertainments are enjoyed at a cheaper rate than our own. The prices of the *Théâtre Français*, which is nightly overflowing, are nearly double those of any London theatre; and such, too, is the case with the respectable juniors; nor is there a half-price to accommodate the trading and working classes.

It is but charitable to attribute to the incompleteness of their establishments, the want of hospitality so remarkable among the Parisians. A kitchen six feet square, closely adjoining the dining-room, is, by no means, propitious to dinner-giving; and they accordingly limit their entertainments to a few glasses of syrup, or sugar and water. All this humiliating parsimony is not without its effect on the national character. The human mind readily narrows itself to its sphere of action: and better qualities come to be doled out in portions, and weighed in pennyweights, as well as *fricandeaux* and pickled tunny. The Parisians are small and mean in all their calculations. With the exception of their public monuments, everything is on the most pitiful calibre; and the word “shabby!” is constantly rising to the lips of all foreigners with whom the French are in habits of intercourse.

The most liberal in their expenditure, are the families of what is insolently termed, by the Faubourg St. Germain, *l'aristocratie de finance*; i. e. the wealthy bankers, stockbrokers, and merchants, who inhabit the Chaussée d'Antin, and newly-erected quarters of Paris,—such as the Rothschilds, Roys, Delesserts, Lefevres, Foulds, &c. &c. &c. These are the people who possess the finest houses, furniture, equipages, jewels, villas; and who make feasts, not only for their friends, but for themselves. The gay carriages filled with pretty, showily-dressed women, which frequent the Avenue de Long-champs—the best boxes at the French opera—the handsomest country-houses on the banks of the Seine or the Marne—belong to this class of the community. It was among these that Monsieur Thiers, the minister, and Monsieur Lehon, the Belgian ambassador, sought their wives, who had not only money to spend, but the inclination to spend it. It is among these that Fossin disposes of his diamonds, Vacher of his furniture, Odiot of his plate, Herbault of his hats, Chevêt of his pine-apples. These are the people who applaud Scribe, and devour Balzac; for whom Taglioni dances, and Falcon sings!

Let it not be supposed that the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, which affects to look down with contempt upon this gaudy, fluttering, ephemeral crew, is a jot more dignified in its habits, or magnanimous in its principles. *They* make twice as much parade over their meagre, ill-served dinners; and perform ko-too with a far more Chinese ceremonial, in their half-lighted and whole-faded saloons. They are invariably on the *qui vive* to let or sell any portion of their belongings; pretending to disregard the luxuries of life, except when, at some diplomatic *fête*, they are to be enjoyed for nothing. With this view they fasten upon the different embassies; on

this account, they abhor the dynasty whose delinquency has forced them to resign the feasts of the Tuileries, and the good things emanating from government; for who can give credit to their affectation of loyalty towards the deposed family, in whose favour not a finger was uplifted by the nobility during the struggle of the three days! We do not hesitate to assert, that all the higher grades of nobility have departed from France; and that there is as much difference in points of honour and generosity between an English nobleman and a French ultra, as between the Chevalier Bayard and a coal-heaver.

One of the few noble families of the Carlist party, for instance, whose fortune still enables them to give entertainments, and who belong to the severest caste of exclusivism, possesses a handsome country seat, about twenty miles from Paris, at which they pass the summer season, giving a series of balls, concerts, and private theatricals, to attract the visits of their Parisian friends. The main chance, however, is not neglected by the noble marquis. A fine old abbey, situated in his park, at a stone's throw from his château, is let to a Belgian gentleman as a bleacher of calicoes; and regularly every spring appear in Galignani's newspaper, and the hall of Meurice's hotel, elaborate puffs addressed to the English, engaging them to hire, for the season, four or five small villas, which the marquis has erected on speculation within his park-palings. In addition to the usual inducements held out to lodgers, the advertisement states that the fortunate lessees will "be entitled to mix with the first-rate society assembled every evening at the *château*;" and this society actually *does* comprehend many of the first Carlist magnates, such as the Duke of Castries, Maillé Fésensac, &c. &c. Imagine Lord Holland advertising the villas in Addison Road, as entitling the lodgers to command the coteries of Holland House! or the Duke of Devonshire speculating on a Prospect Road at Chiswick, with the prospect of inviting his tenants to his dinners and dejeuners! Yet Madame la Marquise de B—— is one of the most stiff-necked of the ultras.

From a city so divided by political factions as Paris, all spirit of nationality has, of course, departed. Just as the emigrants disavowed the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz, did the noble Faubourg recently triumph in the disasters of Constantine! The reverses of the Duc de Nemours in Africa were made a matter of gratulation and caricature; and nothing appeared more comical to the Carlists than that Monsieur de Samegon, a popular Parisian dandy, should expire by the wayside in a fit of delirium, occasioned by the horrors of the scene! "It served him right!" they said; "he only went on the expedition to pay his court to the king. They wished it had been Monsieur de Flahault!" The spirit of party runs high enough, Heaven knows, in England: but it does not reach this demoralizing and fratricidal intemperance.

The only neutral ground, in fact, where the influence of political animosities is comparatively unfelt, is the society of the diplomatic circle. In *all* countries diplomatic society is the most amusing; but peculiarly so in Paris. Diplomatic high-mightinesses are selected for their vocation either for the eminence of their talents, birth, or for-

tune; and are obliged to make proof of these merits by a display of suite, breeding, or hospitality. *Their* houses cannot be shut; *their* demeanour cannot be ungracious. They must keep up the freemasonry of their calling, and the interests of the country they represent, by a constant interchange of courtesies with their diplomatic brethren, as well as with the aborigines of the country to which they are deputed; and, in return, Jews, Gentiles, and Mahomedans, flock to their standards; and the Carlists bow as profoundly to Madame Lehon, the notary's, or Madame Kilmansegg, the banker's daughter, as to the purer dignities of Lady Granville, or the Countess Appony. Not only morally, but positively, are the various ambassadors in Paris elevated above the competition of the natives. Very few French incomes (it might be almost said *none*) exceed two hundred thousand francs, or eight thousand a year; while the appointments of the British ambassador amount to *twelve* thousand, in addition to his private fortune.

Our next Parisian article we shall devote to the theatres, and other public amusements of Paris.

THE FRIENDS OF EARLY YEARS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I SOUGHT my youthful home again;
 The birds poured forth a tuneful strain,
 The silver stream its waters flung
 O'er banks where blushing wild-flowers clung;
 The lambs were sporting on the lea,
 Light waved the milk-white hawthorn tree;
 And yet I viewed the scene with tears,
 I mourned the Friends of Early Years.

I left that spot of light and bloom,
 To seek the church-yard's sheltered gloom,
 They slept beneath the mossy earth,
 Untold, unsung their simple worth;
 Yet, fondly, sadly, I avowed
 That none amid the dazzling crowd
 Had shared my hopes or soothed my fears
 Like these—the Friends of Early Years.

That home I wish not now to see,
 It boasts no charm, no joy for me;
 Yet Time my feelings cannot chill,
 My faithful friends are near me still:
 I lift to them my longing eyes,
 Whene'er I view the peaceful skies;
 For there the blessed home appears,
 Where dwell the Friends of Early Years.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.¹

From an influential member we have just received the REPORT presented to the American Congress by the Committee appointed to consider the ADDRESS OF CERTAIN AUTHORS OF GREAT BRITAIN, on the subject of the Copyright Law, and we are happy to find that that address has been regarded with the attention which its importance unquestionably demanded.

The Report does honour to the able men from whom it emanates, and we cannot doubt but it will prove the precursor of an act which will cement the two countries in an intellectual brotherhood equally creditable and beneficial to both. It is as follows :—

“ IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

“ February 16, 1837.—Read, and ordered to be printed, and that 1,000 additional copies be furnished for the use of the Senate.

“ Mr. CLAY made the following REPORT, with Senate Bill No. 223.

“ The Select Committee, to whom was referred the address of certain British and the petition of certain American authors, have, according to order, had the same under consideration, and beg leave now to report :—

“ That, by the act of Congress of 1831, being the law now in force regulating copyrights, the benefits of the act are restricted to citizens or residents of the United States ; so that no foreigner, residing abroad, can secure a copyright in the United States for any work of which he is the author, however important or valuable it may be. The object of the address and petition, therefore, is to remove this restriction as to British authors, and to allow them to enjoy the benefits of our law.

“ That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilised nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontestable ; and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. They are often dependent, exclusively, upon their own mental labours for the means of subsistence ; and are frequently, from the nature of their pursuits, or the constitutions of their minds, incapable of applying that provident care to worldly affairs which other classes of society are in the habit of bestowing. These considerations give additional strength to their just title to the protection of the law.

“ It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant brings or transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws, they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here, and republished, without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property, in the case of the merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the works of au-

¹ Continued from vol. xviii. p. 418.

thors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws.

"The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just; and that it ought to be remedied by some safe and cautious amendment of the law. Already the principle has been adopted in the patent laws, of extending their benefits to foreign inventions or improvements. It is but carrying out the same principle to extend the benefit of our copyright laws to foreign authors. In relation to the subjects of Great Britain and France, it will be but a measure of reciprocal justice; for, in both of those countries, our authors may enjoy that protection of their laws for literary property which is denied to their subjects here.

"Entertaining these views, the committee have been anxious to devise some measure which, without too great a disturbance of interests, or affecting too seriously arrangements which have grown out of the present state of things, may, without hazard, be subjected to the test of practical experience. Of the works which have heretofore issued from the foreign press, many have been already republished in the United States; others are in a progress of republication, and some probably have been stereotyped. A copyright law, which should embrace any of these works, might injuriously affect American publishers, and lead to collision and litigation between them and foreign authors.

"Acting, then, on the principles of prudence and caution, by which the committee have thought it best to be governed, the bill which the committee intend proposing provides that the protection which it secures shall extend to those works only which shall be published after its passage. It is also limited to the subjects of Great Britain and France; among other reasons, because the committee have information that, by their laws, American authors can obtain there protection for their productions; but they have no information that such is the case in any other foreign country. But, in principle, the committee perceive no objection to considering the republic of letters as one great community, and adopting a system of protection for literary property which should be common to all parts of it. The bill also provides that an American edition of the foreign work, for which an American copyright has been obtained, shall be published within reasonable time.

"If the bill should pass, its operation in this country would be to leave the public, without any charge for copyright, in the undisturbed possession of all scientific and literary works published prior to its passage—in other words, the great mass of the science and literature of the world; and to entitle the British or French author only to the benefit of copyright in respect to works which may be published subsequent to the passage of the law.

"The committee cannot anticipate any reasonable or just objection to a measure thus guarded and restricted. It may, indeed, be contended, and it is possible that the new work, when charged with the expense incident to the copyright, may come into the hands of the purchaser at a small advance beyond what would be its price, if there were no such charge; but this is by no means certain. It is, on the contrary, highly probable that, when the American publisher has adequate time to issue carefully an edition of the foreign work, without incurring the extraordinary expense which he now has to sustain to make a hurried publication of it, and to guard himself against dangerous competition, he will be able to bring it into the market as cheaply as if the bill were not to pass. But if that should not prove to be the case, and if the American reader should have to pay a few cents to compensate the author for composing a work by which he is instructed and profited, would it not be just in itself? Has any reader a right to the use, without remuneration, of in-

tellectual productions which have not yet been brought into existence, but lie buried in the mind of genius? The committee think not ; and they believe that no American citizen would not feel it quite as unjust, in reference to future publications, to appropriate to himself their use, without any consideration being paid to their foreign proprietors, as he would to take the bale of merchandise, in the case stated, without paying for it ; and he would the more readily make this trifling contribution, when it secured to him, instead of the imperfect and slovenly book now often issued, a neat and valuable work, worthy of preservation.

“With respect to the constitutional power to pass the proposed bill, the committee entertain no doubt, and Congress, as before stated, has acted on it. The constitution authorises Congress ‘to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.’ There is no limitation of the power to natives or residents of this country. Such a limitation would have been hostile to the object of the power granted. That object was to promote the progress of science and useful arts : they belong to no particular country, but to mankind generally. And it cannot be doubted that the stimulus which it was intended to give to mind and genius, in other words, the promotion of the progress of science and the arts, will be increased by the motives which the bill offers to the inhabitants of Great Britain and France.

“The committee conclude by asking leave to introduce the bill which accompanies this report.

The following is a copy of the Bill.

“IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

February 16, 1837.—Mr. CLAY, from the select committee, to whom the subject was referred, submitted a report, (No. 179,) accompanied by the following bill ; which was read twice, by unanimous consent.

“A bill to amend the act entitled ‘An act to amend the several acts respecting copyright.’

“*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the provisions of the act to amend the several acts respecting copyrights, which was passed on the third day of February, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, shall be extended to, and the benefits thereof may be enjoyed by, any subject or resident of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of France, in the same manner as if they were citizens or residents of the United States, upon depositing a printed copy of the title of the book or other work for which a copyright is desired, in the clerk’s office of the district court of any district in the United States, and complying with the other requirements of the said act : *Provided,* That this act shall not apply to any of the works enumerated in the aforesaid act, which shall have been etched or engraved, or printed and published, prior to the passage of this act : *And provided, also,* That, unless an edition of the work for which it is intended to secure the copyright, shall be printed and published in the United States simultaneously with its issue in the foreign country, or within one month after depositing as aforesaid the title thereof in the clerk’s office of the district court, the benefits of copyright hereby allowed shall not be enjoyed as to such work.

The subject has been warmly discussed in several of the American papers. Those who have so largely profited by the system of spolia-

tion hitherto prevailing, have of course endeavoured to prove its propriety; some in their zeal have even gone so far as to assert, that because the thoughts that occur to one person may occur to any other person, therefore there can be no such thing as copyright as a natural right. This was, we believe, pretty nearly the position of the "Plain-dealer," an ably conducted American paper; but it has begun to see its error, and has had the candour to confess it. From the No. for Feb. 25, which lies before us, we extract the following.

"We have provoked such odds against us in the contest on the subject of the right of property in intellectual productions, that we do not know but that it would be 'the better part of valour' to quit the field incontinently. There is one motive, however, which might not be without some weight with us, to persist in the controversy, even after being convinced we had espoused the wrong side. If our doing so would continue to draw such writers into the field as we have heretofore had to contend with, we should not be without excuse, as their forcible reasoning and perspicuous style would far more than counterpoise the influence of our erroneous opinions, exert what ingenuity we might to establish them.

"But we choose to deal ingenuously with our readers. We took up arms to battle for the truth, and shall lay them down the moment we find we have inadvertently engaged on the side of her adversaries. That we are shaken in the opinions we have heretofore expressed, we freely admit. The idiosyncracies of style, to use the term aptly employed in the eloquent communication annexed, are marked with such distinctness, that a bare phrase of three or four words, from a writer of admitted genius, is often so characteristic and peculiar, as to indicate its source at once, even to those who have no recollection of its origin, but who judge of it as a connoisseur does of a painting.

"How far this peculiar mode of expression can be considered property, on the principles of natural justice, is the question in dispute. We are not entirely convinced that we have taken wrong ground on this subject; yet we by no means feel so confident of the correctness of our opinions as we did when we put them forth. One thing seems to us, and has all along seemed, very clear: if the author has a natural right of property in the products of his intellectual labour, it ought to be acknowledged as extensively as the capitalist's right of property in his money, or the merchant's in his goods. It is a common-law right, not a right by statute, maugre all decisions to the contrary."

We annex the cogent article of our Correspondent.

"What is the copyright, as the law confirms it, or we claim it? A right to ideas? I do not so understand it. Two persons attend an exploring expedition, and one describes, on his return, the events of the voyage, the countries, nations, and objects discovered; yet his companion has an indisputable right to give his own account of the same subject, and violates no law or legal privilege. Two, or fifty, historians select the life of Alexander for their subject. They may all describe the passage of the Granicus, the destruction of Tyre, the founding of Alexandria, and, in short, every action of their hero, and still there is no infringement of their respective domains. Two philosophers, or theologians, or lawyers, may discuss the same questions of metaphysics, or ethics, or law, and advance, too, the same arguments; and there may be no violation of a copyright. What then is a copyright? A right merely *to the peculiar expression of ideas which the author has used*; a right which nature has invested with

an individuality never to be mistaken, and to which natural taste attaches an inappreciable value.

"It is never to be mistaken. The variety which pervades all nature, which is seen in every blade of grass, and which makes one star to differ from another star in glory, stamps every production of man with the idiosyncrasy of its author. Two painters may select for a portrait the same features, and bestow on them equal labour, under equal opportunities; and we pass the work of one without interest, to stand entranced before the canvas of the other, where 'expression pours its kindling magic.' So too there is no subject (unless possibly in geometry or mathematics) on which two writers can employ themselves, without their productions being distinguished from each other by a decided peculiarity; and it is this peculiarity alone which is the object of copyright."

"I reassert then, in conclusion, that all we ask to be secured by a copyright, and all the law does secure in a copyright, is the writer's own peculiar mode of expression—meaning by this, of course, the structure of his work, the sequence of his remarks, and above all, his language and style. Leave to genius only the results of its communicable power, which defy imitation, in a painting of Raphael, or a drama of Shakspeare, or a romance of Scott—leave but that, and the author asks no more.

"BIBLIOPOLE."

It is clear that what is here so justly claimed can only be secured to the author by his being reinstated in the unrestricted possession of his own work, so that he may no longer either be deprived of his just reward, or made to say or not to say what he never intended, according to the pleasure of those who may stamp his name on a publication over which he has no control and in which he can have no participation.

TO A LADY.

"*Ἀστὲρας εἰσαθρεῖς, ἀστὴρ ἐμὸς, εἶθε γενοίμην.*"—κ. τ. λ.

THE stars aloof with eager gaze,
My soul's loved star! thine eye surveys—
Oh, that I were the spangled skies
To doat on thee with countless eyes!

Plato ex Laërtio.

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIA, AND THE SLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

III.—THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE.

THE two great edifices in the Altstadt, which now contain all that still exists of the University of Prague, were both erected in their present form by the Jesuits of the seventeenth century. The building which is still called the Carolinum after Charles IV., the founder of the university, was the seat of that high school at a much earlier period, but the monuments and ornaments coeval with its origin have been superseded by the architecture of its new masters, by whom it was restored in 1744. The more vast and magnificent edifice, called the Clementinum, was built for the Jesuits in 1653, by the Emperor Ferdinand III. The site upon which it stands was previously occupied by the church of St. Clement, (whence its name is derived,) besides two other churches, a Dominican convent, and several houses, gardens, streets, and squares. This immense area is covered with halls of the richest Italian architecture, in which the libraries, cabinets, and scientific collections are deposited; and although the great Order, to whose labours this splendid habitation was dedicated, has long disappeared from the scene of its power, whilst the Carolinum is exclusively devoted to medical, legal, and scientific instruction, the higher branches of philosophical and theological learning are still taught in the Clementinum—the great seminary of Bohemia.

The University of Prague is so intimately connected with the revolutions and persecutions of the country, and the fate of Bohemia has, at all times, been so strongly influenced by the opinions originating and professed within those walls, that its annals do, in fact, record the causes of all the great struggles sustained by the nation for whose instruction it was designed. When Charles IV. had founded this great institution, it became the central point in the countries of northern Europe, which borrowed and reflected the light already glowing over Italy. It attracted at its very origin the notice of those great men of the fourteenth century, who were the heralds and the fathers of art and philosophy in Europe. It grew to be the rival of the schools of Paris, Oxford, and Italy, from which it had been imitated; and within a little more than fifty years from its foundation, the dissensions of its members served to throw out those vigorous offsets, which strengthened the infant University of Cracow, and founded the first academies in Germany.

As early as 1220, Pope Honorius III. had admonished the prelates and chapters of Christendom of the necessity of establishing high public schools, in the great sees and cities of their various countries. In Italy ten universities sprang up in the fourteenth century; those

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of Paris and Oxford collected crowds of students from all parts of Europe. But it was not till 1348—one year after Charles IV. had ascended the throne of Bohemia—that a university was established in Prague to be the school of central Europe, and more especially of the Slavonian people; to the end, as Charles expressed it in the deed of foundation, “That his subjects should no longer be obliged to satisfy their ceaseless cravings for the fruits of knowledge, like beggars, in foreign lands.” The benefits of the institution were speedily felt in the city, which was thronged with students from all the adjacent countries. The masters and scholars were divided into four nations: the Bohemians, including the Moravians, Hungarians, and Slavonians; the Bavarians, comprising the Austrians, Franconians, and Suabians; the Saxons, with the Danes and Swedes; and the Poles, including the Russians and Lithuanians. The University was possessed of eight endowed colleges, exactly similar to those still existing in Oxford and Cambridge. These colleges had separate fellowships for the masters in theology, and scholarships or bursaries for the poor students. The Collegium Magnum was endowed by Charles in 1366, with fellowships for twelve masters of arts, of whom one was to expound the Scriptures and another the Book of Proverbs. The Collegium Reginae Hedvigis was endowed by that admirable Queen Hedwige of Poland, who had already founded the Jagellonian University at Cracow, where, before these sketches are concluded, we shall retrace some monuments of her saint-like beneficence, and visit her early but unforgotten tomb. The College of the Apostles was endowed in 1451 for the express purpose of maintaining students, who should take upon themselves the engagement of spreading to the utmost of their power those *Compactata Basiliensia*, by which the Council of Basle had granted the sacramental cup to the laity of the Bohemian church. The original constitution of the University had, with extraordinary liberality, granted an equal voice in its senate to each of the four nations of which it was composed; whereas in the University of Paris, the French nation had three votes, and the other nations had only one between them. The consequence of this regulation was, that the Germans and strangers outvoted the Bohemians in the university, as they already did in the corporation of the city. In 1408, John Huss, who had already distinguished himself by the bold eloquence of his preaching, and by his lessons in the schools, excited his countrymen to deprive the foreigners of this preponderance. The measure was national and popular; it was followed by a secession of no less than thirty-six thousand students (according to *Æneas Sylvius*) who repaired to Leipzig, Ingoldstadt, and Cracow, where they speedily formed schools of their own; and John Huss was elected Rector of the University of Prague. From that hour the Carolinum became the seat of those schismatical doctrines, which had already begun to sever Bohemia from the pale of the Catholic church; and the heresies which brought Huss and Jerome to the stake at Constance, were defended for ages in the halls and churches where they had first been taught. The scholastic dispute of the Realists and the Nominalists, and the national animosity of the Bohemians and their neighbours, envenomed the quarrel; for it is worthy of remark,

that, whilst the reformers in Germany, from Occam to Luther, were violent Nominalists, Huss and the Bohemian schoolmen upheld the higher and more speculative principles of the Realists.

But although the watch-word of this great revolution had been given from the chair of the University, the changes which it portended speedily assumed a political character, and were driven to their most remote consequences by political agents.* The head and representative of the truly popular party in the wars of the fifteenth century was Zizka: his undaunted courage, his iron constitution, and his lawless character, fitted him to be the chief of a band of robbers; but his religious fanaticism, and the awakened energy of his countrymen, made him the leader of a great national army, which measured its strength with the chivalry of the empire, hard by the walls of Prague, on that steep knoll which still bears his name.† The character of Zizka may be compared to that of Balfour of Burley; the men he led had the same ascetic piety, and the same grotesque pretensions to the manners of the children of Israel, which characterised the English and Scotch Puritans two centuries later. Like them, he broke the traditions of all constituted powers; and in the name of a principle of freedom long unknown, he protested with all-enduring energy, and fought, with barbarous fanaticism, against the abuses of feudal and ecclesiastical authority.

During these wars of the Hussites, the University most frequently performed the appropriate part of a mediator; whilst it defended the liberties which it had obtained, it moderated and even combated the excesses of the puritanical party. Under the reign of George of Podiebrad (1458—1471) it supported with success the just and temperate policy of the government. But the effect of this long period of disorder was fatal to the cultivation of letters; and a century later, in 1527, the acts of the University itself declare that, “the youth of

* “Admiranda sunt quæ tempestate nostrâ inter Bohemos emergere, sive pacem, sive bellum recenseas. Nec meâ sententiâ regnum ullum est, in quo ævo nostro, tot mutationes, tot bella, tot strages, tot miracula emergerint, quot Bohemia nobis ostendit.” Such was the language of Pius II., (*Æneas Sylvius*), a man certainly inferior to few of those who have occupied the highest station in Christendom, and to none of his contemporaries; but who did not think it beneath his dignity to write the history of the Bohemian people, amongst whom he had had opportunities for discerning those principles of civil and religious liberty, and that energy in the defence of them, which augured great and sure changes in Europe.

† The name of Zizka is still popular in Bohemia, and the traditions of his physical strength are proverbial. There is an old oak not far from Prague, under which he is said to have slept the night before his battle with the Emperor Sigismund; and it is customary for the young blacksmiths of the city to gather a bough from this tree, which is believed to impart the sinewy virtues of the great chieftain to the men of the anvil. A portrait of Zizka exists in the convent of Strahow, and although it has been cruelly retouched, the muscular features, and the gigantic hand with which he grasps his spiked mace, probably preserve some likeness to the person of the Bohemian Sampson. Zizka was a Bohemian nobleman; his real name was John Chwal, of Trocznow and Machowitz; but in his great victory over the Teutonic Order in 1410, he lost an eye, from which he was ever after called Zizka, or the one-eyed. In the course of his wars he lost the other eye; but he continued, like King John of Bohemia, to fight, and even to conduct successful campaigns in total blindness. With a ferocity worthy of Attila, he left his skin to be made into a drum to frighten his enemies after his death; but as he died of the plague in 1424, this savage bequest was probably not attended to.

these modern times, being badly brought up by bad men, are rarely found to thirst for the fountain of sacred philosophy; that all philosophers are exposed to be laughed at; and that it seems to be commonly believed that gain and plunder are the chief good in life."

In that same year Ferdinand I., brother of the Emperor Charles V., entered Prague as the newly-elected king of the Bohemians. It is difficult to say whether he betrayed the brilliant promises at first held out to his subjects, from the influence of the politics of his great brother, from an impatience of the control of the constitution of Bohemia, or from the perfidious bigotry of his race. But it is certain that the conduct of the Bohemian states at that eventful period, had a decisive effect upon the affairs of Europe. At the formation of the league of Smalcalde, Bohemia stood poised between the two hostile parties: on the one hand, she was bound to the Protestant princes by the faith of treaties, by her sympathy with a sect which received the Eucharist, like herself, under both elements, and by her ready inclinations to adopt those Lutheran doctrines which had been preached in her Utraquist churches, and her schismatic University. Hawel Czahera had openly praised Luther's doctrines in the Teyn church; and Luther himself had addressed overtures of friendship to the Bohemian states. But on the other hand a strong Catholic party existed in the country, and the Bohemians were animated by feelings of loyalty to their elected king, Ferdinand, who had solemnly sworn to maintain their liberties. In this predicament they refused to obey the positive order of their sovereign to furnish troops against their Saxon neighbours; and they also refused to join the Protestant league against the emperor.* This neutrality of Bohemia decided her fate for centuries, and sealed the doom of her religious liberties. The battle of Mühlberg was won by Charles V. and Ferdinand, and the cause of the Protestant princes seemed to be lost. The victorious eagles of the house of Austria pounced like hawks upon the devoted capital which had refused its succour in their utmost need; and the Bloody Diet sat in Prague. The work of destruction began with the nobles and the knights, who lost their liberty or their lives; it scarcely ended with the cities, which were cited before the tribunal to be robbed of their property, and deprived for ever of their municipal immunities. The University alone remained—the stronghold of the Utraquists, and the sanctuary of the language, at least, of Bohemia.

* Robertson, in his history of Charles V., has not described the policy of the Bohemian states with his usual accuracy. It is not true that they had "entered into a close alliance with the elector of Saxony:" if it existed at all, that alliance was partial and secret; and the states expressly declared to the Saxon ambassadors, that although Bohemia would not take up arms against their cause, she could promise them no assistance against the emperor. The Diet afterwards levied an army, commanded by Caspar von Pflug, Lord of Beczow, to maintain an armed neutrality, and especially to prevent the occupation of the Bohemian territory by Spanish and Italian troops, which was contrary to the constitution, and would have afforded the advantages of a line of territorial operations against the Saxons, of which Wallenstein made so distinguished a use against the Swedes, in the course of the Thirty Years' War. It cannot, however, be denied, that there was a growing desire amongst the Bohemians, to shake off their allegiance to a king, whose policy already threatened their dearest and oldest constitutional privileges.

The time was, however, approaching, when this remaining institution of better days was to be gradually undermined and finally overcome by a powerful rival. The Court and the Catholic nobles, indignant at the exclusive power enjoyed by the Utraquists in the education of youth, and eager to extirpate the schism, concerted the establishment of a Jesuit's College in Prague. The fathers of the order of Jesus, who were already established at Ingoldstadt, by William of Bavaria, were sent to Prague in 1555, at the emperor's request, by Pope Julius III., and by Ignatius Loyola himself. They were at first only twelve in number, and they were strictly warned by the emperor rarely to allow themselves to be seen. But although they followed this advice so closely as scarcely to have stirred out of the Clementine College, which had been assigned to them, for several years, they were execrated by the people, their windows were broken, and their persons insulted.

Yet notwithstanding the animosity of the Bohemians, the Jesuits pursued their course with unvarying adroitness and perseverance. The College of St. Clement was raised to the dignity of a high-school of philosophy and theology; so that Prague had then two universities, the one Utraquist and national, the other Catholic and Austrian. The brethren of the Order began to win upon the population by the purity of their lives, by their sedulous application, and even by the theatrical shows and pageants with which they amused the city: for in these respects they were favourably contrasted with the corruptions, the ignorance, or the asceticism of the other regular clergy. In 1564 they first received twenty-four novices, and they gradually began to appear as the supporters of the principles to which they owed their institution. Their first suggestion was to erase John Huss and Jerome of Prague from the calendar of Bohemian saints. But for sixty-three years (1555—1618) they occupied a precarious and subordinate situation, suspected of intriguing with a detested party, and eclipsed by the signal superiority of the Carolinum during that period.

The reigns of Maximilian, Rodolph II., and the earlier part of that of Matthias (1564—1610) are the last periods of Bohemian history which its sovereigns may recal with pride, or its people with gratitude. Just to their subjects, tolerant of either sect, and devotedly attached to science and the arts, these princes had the glory of founding and fostering the golden age of Bohemian literature, which not even the fear of the Turks, nor the dissensions of the imperial house, could overwhelm. The first act of Maximilian was to proclaim complete religious toleration; and the Compactata of Basle, which had hitherto protected the Utraquists alone, were superseded by an extension of the same liberty to the religious persuasion of all sects. The same rights were confirmed by the royal letter of Rodolph to the states, and renewed by Matthias on the deposition of his brother. The consequence of this measure was that a great portion of the people, and the University itself, became avowedly Protestant—some adhering to the Confession of Augsburg and others to Calvinism. During the same period, the condition of the peasantry was improved, the proverbial industry of the Bohemians encouraged, and the Diet exer-

cised a sound constitutional control over the supplies and the policy of the administration. At that time Bohemia contained as many elements of civil and religious liberty as England herself; and the list of her worthies may almost challenge a comparison with the age of Elizabeth.

Where shall I begin, or how shall I close the record of men and of things which sheds so bright a lustre on this page? The halls of the Hradschin were then adorned with a collection of incomparable pictures, which the Emperor Rodolph had brought from Italy, and which have since enriched Dresden and the noblest galleries of Europe. The court itself became a seat of learning, to which Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and other foreigners, were drawn; whilst the native nobility cultivated the sciences in their own language. Many of the nobles wrote the history of their times; and not only the University of Prague, but many of the schools of Italy and Germany, boasted of rectors and professors sprung of the best blood in Bohemia. Perhaps in no country in Europe was the vernacular tongue so frequently employed by the statesmen, historians, and professors of the time, more especially by those who were Protestants. The works of Radowsky of Hustirzan on astronomy, were written in Bohemian. Works were translated into Bohemian from all languages, and a magnificent edition of the Bible in that language issued from the printing-office of the Moravian brothers, which had been founded by the munificence of Zierotin. John of Hodiejowna and Charles of Zierotin were the ornaments of their country in letters and in arms. The chronicles of Bohemia were industriously compiled by Hagek, Daubrawriczky (Dubravius,) Wartowsky, and Blahoslaw. The University took the lead in this rapid march of knowledge and civilisation; the schools of Prague were increased to the number of sixteen; the schoolmasters and ministers who superintended the minor institutions of Laun, Satz, Klattaw, Leitmeritz, and Chrudim, were commonly appointed by the Carolinum; and the exertions of that learned body were unceasingly directed to improve their native Cheskian language—the most perfect, the most energetic, and the most complicated of all the Slavonian dialects.*

The days of Bohemian liberty were, however, counted, and happy were those amongst this constellation of great and good men, who did not live to witness the storm which struck the fabric they had raised. The condition of the country was such that it was placed between the alternatives of becoming frankly and freely Bohemian, or of un-

* The great family of Slavonian languages, including the Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Dalmatian, &c., are all branches of the old Slavonian tongue now extinct; but, unlike any other family of languages, they have retained so much analogy with one another, that a Russian can converse with a Bohemian, and so on. In construction, the absence of articles recalls the Latin idiom: the extraordinary number of forms of the verb allows of great variety and strength of expression. In pronunciation, the lips of a native can alone give the peculiar delicacy and softness of sounds which we should term unpronounceable. The following sentence of five common Bohemian words is sometimes quoted as an instance of the singular absence of vowels:—

“STRCPRST SKRZ KRK.”

I shall have great pleasure in communicating the meaning of this abracadabra to any Englishman born, who will do me the honour of repeating it.

dergoing a terrible reaction on the part of Austria. All countries, whose national independence is in the hands of a foreign power, are in a state of transition: they must either eventually regain that independence entirely, or they must lose, by assimilation or by violence, the distinct rights which they have been allowed to retain. Such was the state of Poland from 1815 to 1830; such was the condition of Bohemia which led to the Thirty Years' War.

Each party advanced a step: the Diet proclaimed the absolute use of their vernacular tongue in the country, and declared that henceforward the schools, clergy, and townships should, as the existing generation died away, become exclusively Bohemian. The Emperor Matthias, on the other hand, supported by the Catholic nobility and the Jesuits of the Clementinum, insisted on naming his own successor, in the person of Ferdinand of Austria—thereby abolishing the elective constitution of the monarchy, and the electoral rights of the States. Troubles broke out; and the Carolinum was the spot at which the Protestant and national nobility met to defend the principles so long inculcated within its halls. The first act of the States, when they found themselves in open insurrection, was to expel the Jesuits from the Clementinum and the kingdom altogether: and one of the fundamental conditions, on which alone they proposed a reconciliation, was that neither the University nor any other school in Bohemia, should ever again be ruled by that banished Order. Those troubles and those conditions were the signals of the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War. After two years of frightful agitation, the battle of the White Mountain was lost within sight of the Hradschin; the Winter King, as the Palatine was sarcastically termed from the duration of his reign, was put to flight, and Bohemia was sacrificed. In the train of the victorious emperor the Jesuits returned; they were reinstated in their former college, and the balance had now turned in favour of the Clementinum; for no sooner had the imperial decree gone forth for the extirpation of the Protestant faith in the country, than the Carolinum, with all its endowments, privileges, and libraries, was delivered over to its rival. The University of Prague thenceforward assumed the name of the Carolo-Ferdinandean University. For twelve years the chairs of the professors in the Carolinum remained vacant, and the building itself was closed. At the expiration of that time the faculties of law and medicine were removed to its halls, where they are still taught; but the theological and philosophical studies were confined to the Jesuits' seminary; and the great spirit of the University of Prague, which had been the life and pride of central Europe, departed for ever.

Amongst the victims of the massacre by which Ferdinand chastised the rebellious city, when eight of the great nobles and officers of the land, fourteen counsellors, and divers magistrates of the corporation perished on the scaffold, John Jessenius of Jessen, the Rector Magnificus of the Carolinum, bore testimony, even in that fierce tragedy, to the unbroken constancy of the University in the national cause. And as if to vent upon his person all the indignities reserved for the institution of which he was the chief, his tongue was torn out before his head was struck off, his body was hung upon

a gibbet, and afterwards quartered and exposed in different parts of the city.

The hundred and fifty years, during which the Jesuits retained an undivided authority in Prague, were devoted with equal zeal and equal success to the aggrandisement of their order, and to the extirpation of the national and schismatical traditions of the country. The language, which had already borne such rich and early fruits, was no longer used in public instruction; and every art was employed to emasculate the mind of the Bohemians, when the University became a seminary, and the kingdom an Austrian province. The religious books of the people were burned wherever they could be found; the very soil was turned up to find those concealed in the earth. A Jesuit of eminence, who died in 1760, boasted that he had committed sixty thousand volumes to the flames with his own hands, and indeed all books in the Bohemian tongue were indiscriminately destroyed, so that the greater part of the remains of the national literature perished. This incredible persecution, which had been sanctioned by an edict of Ferdinand II. in 1625,* was crowned by a success wholly unexampled in history. The Protestant faith, which had been that of a large and powerful majority, was **WHOLLY AND PERMANENTLY EXTIRPATED**; and at the present time not one-hundredth part of the population is Protestant. The aspiring spirit of the aristocracy was broken by the jealous precautions of the government. The character of the people has been changed by their unsatisfied wants and their degraded condition; their natural buoyancy, wit, and shrewdness, have been debased into deceit and cunning: and the prosperity of the land was annihilated for more than a century.

In the meantime the Jesuits grew in temporal wealth and spiritual power. The very city was rebuilt and re-adorned under their direction; and, with the exception of the older buildings which I have before described, there are few parts of Prague which do not bear traces of their peculiar architecture, decked with the cloven heart and the symbols of St. Ignatius. Their three great convents in Prague may rank amongst the most gorgeous edifices in the world. Before 1773 the order consisted of 1,068 members; it had twenty great colleges in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, with possessions amounting in value to nearly one million sterling, and their income from landed property alone exceeded 30,000*l.* a year.

But in 1773 the Jesuits were dissolved, their wealth and their power passed into the hands of the government, and in one week they were

* This edict contained fifteen clauses, enacting, amongst other things, that all those who should refuse to embrace the Catholic faith were forbidden to exercise any trade or handicraft in Bohemia; that any one concealing a reformed preacher should forfeit life and goods; that whoever did not attend the mass should pay a fine of four pounds of wax-lights if rich, and two if poor; that whoever was discovered to give private instruction to youth should have everything taken away from him, and be whipt out of the town; that no Protestant should make a will; that whoever should speak or sing anything improper concerning God, the Virgin, the Saints, or the glorious hereditary house of Austria, should lose all his property and be punished without mercy; and that the poor people in the hospitals who should refuse to become Catholics before the ensuing feast of All Saints, 1626, should be immediately turned into the streets!

stripped—even to their dress—of all that they had amassed. The people regretted the men whom they had been taught to regard as their advisers and instructors. But although the control of the University passed into the hands of Joseph II., the most liberal prince who ever sat upon the Austrian throne, nothing was done to restore its national character. The nomination of the professors was reserved to the board of education in Vienna, and every part of the studies continues to be conducted in Latin or German.

Since that time Bohemian literature has been successfully though cautiously cultivated by men whose talents and patriotism deserve well of their country. But the jealous policy of the court still hangs like an incubus over the university which was once so great and free; and, if it formed any part of the plan of these sketches to allude to the events of the present day, the persecution of Dr. Bernard Bolzano, a professor of theology of extraordinary distinction, would supply us with an unparalleled instance of bigotry and injustice, on the part of the late emperor, towards a man not unworthy to rank with the best and wisest of those who have taught in the University of Prague.*

IV.—THE CITY OF THE JEWS.

I do not think that I can find a greater contrast to the magnificent buildings and the eventful history of the University of Prague, than in the narrow streets which lead to the Jews' quarter on the low banks of the Moldau. If you have ever left the great thoroughfares of London to plunge into the region inhabited by the silk-weavers of Spitalfields, you may form some idea of the change which would strike you in passing from the Altstadt of Prague to the City of the Jews, within its walls. In Spitalfields nothing remains of London but the countless burrows which are tenanted from week to week by a squalid population; the children who are too young to sit up at the loom, play in the stagnant streets, where the noise of a cartwheel or a dust-man's bell is never heard to interrupt the click of the shuttle from the upper rooms of the low houses. To the pallid population of these sequestered toil-rooms, the very city which surrounds them is a strange and remote country; and the busy splendour of the metropolis flows past them unheeded, like the waters of a river round some barren island of sand upon which the pleasures and triumphs of life can take no root. It is a city set apart within the city, where the inhabitants seem to have lost the cheerfulness of man.

This quarter of Prague which is densely inhabited by eight thousand Jews reminded me of the painful impression which a visit to Spitalfields had made on me a short time before. In the very first street you perceive that the whole character of the population and of the dwellings is changed. No more of golden saints or chiselled pannels over the doorways; no more of ornamented windows with painted medallions or armorial devices; no more of antiquity embellished by art, or of monuments beautified by time: the low rows of dingy houses are interrupted by neither church nor palace; the streets are

* The reader may find an accurate account of this extraordinary persecution in a little work recently published at Sulzbach, and entitled "*Lebensbeschreibung des Dr. B. Bolzano.*"

strewn with litters; and the only antiquities which meet the eye are old rags, and the old hovels of the race of Israel.

The absence of all the christian ornaments which are lavished upon every other part of Prague, the Hebrew inscriptions over the shops, and the peculiar features of the population, would lead a stranger, who should have wandered thither unawares, to believe that he had entered the city of an eastern people, living in another age. Yet the dwellings of the Jews have scarcely the regular appearance of a city: their houses are divided into an incredible number of small tenements, and several families frequently inhabit one floor. Their furniture, their stalls, their articles for sale, are scattered in the desolation of confusion, and this ghetto of the execrated race resembles in its disorder a dung-hill or an offal-tub of men.

The first time I crossed this singular quarter was on a hot afternoon in August. The whole population was out of doors; the old women in turbans, embroidered with the scanty tarnished threads of a metallic tissue, were rocking or sleeping on low chairs; whilst the young Jewesses, with their dark Syrian beauty, relieved by bright red shawls, were grouped in every variety of attitude round the old crones; some braiding their coarse black hair, some dozing in the sun, and some nursing babies as naked as in the hour of their birth. The men were mustered in separate stations round large piles of tattered Hebrew books, music, and old wares: and they turned round to watch the christian stranger, with as much astonishment as if I had been a Frank in the sacred streets of Damascus.

We penetrated, on another occasion, to the Old Synagogue, which is one of the most ancient buildings in Prague. The steps by which we descended into this strange edifice are as narrow and dirty as the entrance to a hovel; and we recoiled for a moment, at the gloomy portal, and at the crowd of ill-looking Jews who had gathered about us. The first impulsion to uncover our heads was suddenly repressed, and we obeyed the sign of our guide to enter the building. Its solemn and striking character corresponds to the traditions of its extreme antiquity. The lofty vault is supported by three Gothic pillars, now black with age, in the middle of the edifice, which join in pointed arches at the roof. The hue of the walls is as gloomy as that of a crypt; and the only light which enters the interior shoots down from a few lancet-shaped windows thirty or forty feet above the ground. The Jews assert that this synagogue is nine hundred years old; but it is believed to have been erected in the latter half of the twelfth century, and its Gothic architecture is in some parts intermingled with Byzantine ornaments, which give it a fantastic and moresque character, totally unlike the christian churches of the same period. The arrangement of the interior is not less remarkable: in the middle an oblong platform is raised, with desks and stools upon it, where the rabbins and the students of the law sit. The younger Jews were bending studiously over their books, and occasionally they broke out into the harsh accents of Hebrew prayer. The elders, with long brown coats, three-cornered hats, and flowing white beards, were also poring over huge volumes, and passing alternately from the altar to the platform. I thought I saw the doctors who disputed with Christ:

they had the same low forehead, the same dogged mouth, the hooked nose and the identical expression which Leonardo da Vinci has so admirably contrasted with the divine mildness and wisdom of the Saviour, in the picture which we possess in the National Gallery. The physiognomies were those of Leonardo: the light which broke into the gloomy building, and the attitudes of the humbler Israelites, gave a living image of Rembrandt's conceptions. Leonardo da Vinci has given to his Jews the cruel and sceptical expression of the Pharisee and the Sadducee; Rembrandt has painted the Jew of the modern world, the money-changer in the Temple; and here, in the sanctuary of their old religion, we had the realities of both before our eyes.

At the end of the synagogue is the altar; silver candlesticks, with numerous branches, were placed upon it, and from the roses of the roof hung the silver lamps which 'shall give light over against the candlesticks.' (Numbers viii.) Upon a shelf, half concealed by an embroidered curtain, lay the Tora, or Book of the Law, wrapped up in a white napkin. The Rabbin, who stood by the side of the altar, occasionally ejaculated prayers, which were repeated with excessive volubility by all the Jews present.

The rites of the synagogue, as they are now observed, in these countries at least, are the only religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed, which are wholly devoid of the solemnity of devotion. They remind one of the worship which a tribe of savages pays to God, by shaking prayers in a calibash: and notwithstanding the antiquity of the Jewish law, and the divine origin of its rites, they present a mournful spectacle of age without dignity, and religion without elevation.

We passed from the synagogue to the old cemetery, close to its walls, where the desolate condition of the Jewish race has left its wildest and strangest memorials. This vast extent of ground, allotted to the tombs of the Jews from the middle of the fourteenth century, is now a chaos of graves. The moist irregular soil is broken on every side by heaps of earth and pointed grave-stones, which are sloping and falling in all directions, as if no care was taken to smooth a decent resting-place for the dead: and this rude wilderness is thickly planted with elder-trees, whose twisted trunks, grey foliage, and melancholy berries on their blood-red stalks hang dolefully over the tombs. The grave-stones are neatly engraved with Hebrew inscriptions in relief; and many of them bear emblems of the rank and character of the deceased. The tombs of the rabbins are covered with a kind of cenotaph; and the signs of the tribes are marked on most of the monuments. The upraised hands belong to the house of Aaron—the jug to Levi—the lion betokens the descendants of the great Rabbin, Bezalel Löw—and the bunches of grapes are chiselled over the tombs of those Israelites who drank no wine with Christians during their lifetime. This crowded burying-place is now abandoned, for every inch of ground contains the dust of a human being; and the Jews have a new cemetery out of the city. But the old resting-place of their fathers still retains a character of sanctity; for although it has often been desecrated in more troubled times, and the grave-stones

have even been used in the fortifications of the city, many still remain which are coeval with the oldest monuments of Prague.

Although little reliance can be placed on rabbinical traditions, which vie with the pretensions of the Chinese chroniclers to a fabulous antiquity, it is certain that a settlement of Jews existed in the capital of Bohemia from its foundation. The Jews of Prague possess a series of records, known under the name of the *Wallersteinischen Juden-Chronik*, which contain ample materials for the history of their race in Bohemia and the adjacent provinces. Those annals must, indeed, record the darkest chronicle of human misery. At a very early period the Jews of Prague suffered from the rapacity of their christian persecutors; in 1098 they were pillaged by the Duke Bretislav, and the old chronicler Cosmas exclaims, that their wealth exceeded all the riches contained in Troy. These cruelties were constantly renewed, and the truce which was granted to the Jews by the more enlightened policy of Charles IV. was of short duration. In 1507, and again in 1545, an attempt was made to drive them wholly from the city. In 1703, the Emperor Leopold I. confirmed the privileges which had been so often granted and so often broken by his predecessors: he acknowledged the good service which the Jews had done the state in divers perils of revolution and war, by the incorporation of a regular Jewish magistracy for their quarter of the city. But in 1744 an order was issued by Maria Theresa for the total expulsion of the Jewish population. In 1745, more than ten thousand Jews left the country; and a protest still exists, addressed by the Bohemian Stadtholder to the Imperial cabinet, showing the immense loss which the measure brought upon the city by the destruction of commerce, then wholly in the hands of Jews, and by the removal of the capital by which the smaller tradesmen were enabled to subsist. Nevertheless, towards the close of 1746, the *Juden-Stadt* was wholly deserted, and those melancholy streets were occupied by piquets of troops, whilst their wretched inhabitants were driven to perish of cold, hunger, and disease, in the neighbouring villages. Their total exile, however, lasted for only one night; and in 1749 the richer Jews were legally allowed to re-establish themselves in Prague.

In 1782, the Jews were relieved by Joseph II. from the excessive burdens and hardships inflicted on them by his mother. He not only encouraged their own schools, but he authorised them to frequent the schools, gymnasia, and universities of the Christians, without prejudice to their religion. He opened to them the faculties of law and medicine; he did away with the odious distinction of dress; he empowered them to farm and purchase land; and to complete this system of assimilation to his German subjects, he enjoined upon them the adoption of German names. Alike unchanged by persecution and concession, the Jews pursue their mercantile occupations, rising occasionally to the possession of wealth with few of the enjoyments which attend it, and going on to flourish, like the old and sacred *misseltoe* upon the oak, in spite of the ineradicable hatred and contempt of Germans and Slavonians.

A large portion of the floating capital, which is available for the

purposes of commerce in Bohemia, Silesia, and the adjacent provinces, is in the hands of Jewish merchants. The retail trade in common articles of clothing, &c. is carried on by Jews, who, from their manner of life, their irregular traffic, and their constant communication with the great fairs, almost always find means to undersell the Christians. In some districts of Prussia, where the hereditary aristocratic capitalists have been destroyed by the division of land amongst the peasantry, the poor freeholder is reduced to borrow capital on mortgage of the Jews, who have thus stepped into the place of the feudal lord, exacting the same service and the same dues as the noble families which are now impoverished or extinct.*

After crossing the frontiers of Poland, the Jewish population assumes a more striking and important character than it has retained to the west of the Vistula. Throughout the Russian empire the Jews, despised as they are, depraved, and even banished by ukases of the Czars, have acquired a degree of influence over property which no class of Christians enjoys: for the management of estates and the whole internal trade of the country is in their hands. The Polish Jews were remarkably favoured in the middle ages, at a time when they were treated with the utmost rigour in the other countries of Europe. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, after the country had been devastated by the Tartars, they were received with open arms; and in the fourteenth century, Casimir the Great became enamoured of a fair Jewess, for whose sake he conferred peculiar privileges upon her people. How often have the dark eyes of the daughters of Judah earned the emancipation of the race of Mordecai!

In Prague—whence I seem unconsciously to have wandered to the banquet of Ahasuerus—the wealthier Jews have houses in the better parts of the city; and the lower order of Jewish chapmen have the privilege of exposing wares for sale, during the day-time, in an old building called the Kotzen. Here, under the venerable vaulted arches, they keep a kind of perpetual fair: their booths are lined with pipes, toys, and all kinds of manufactured goods; one side of the street is occupied by Christians, and the other exclusively by Jews. All the cries of a cock-pit are soft music to the vociferations of this Jew's Tandelmarkt in Prague. As I pursued my way through the throng of eager sellers, I was baited like an animal in a bear-garden; every kind of stuff was thrust upon me; my coat was pulled by one, my arms seized by another, whilst my ears were assailed like those of the Princess Parizade, who climbed the Black Mountain to fetch the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. Like that

* The conduct of the Prussian government to the Jews has been of late years of the most illiberal kind. At the very time when M. de Labourdonnaye, as minister of the Restoration in France under Charles X., founded a rabbinical college at Metz, Baron Altenstein, the Prussian minister of Public Instruction, decreed that the Jewish priests should not be allowed to preach in German. And an order emanated last year from the cabinet of Berlin, (though I am informed that it has since been rescinded,) to compel the Jews to bear names taken from the Old Testament; and adding, that these names are henceforward not to be pronounced according to the European custom, but like the original Hebrew; thus Samuel was to be called Schemöel, and Solomon, Schelomo!!

adventurous heroine, I advanced without looking behind me; and congratulated myself when I had escaped from this confusion of the tribes.

The last time I crossed the city of the Jews was on the evening of what is styled the "Long Day"—the day after their Fast of Atonement. That it should seem long to the faithful Hebrews is the less wonderful, as a complete fast is kept from dawn to sunset; and the moment the first star is seen to glitter in the sky, the men, already exhausted with abstinence, hasten to the synagogues, where they spend the whole night in beating their breasts, and uttering the most discordant cries. As I passed along the narrow streets, none of the houses seemed to be closed; but they were lighted up, in their several stories, with brass lamps hanging from the ceilings of the rooms, which shed a bright light upon the quaint furniture and singular groups within. The public way, usually so deserted, was filled with comers and goers; the curious from different parts of the town were clustered round the corners: and the Jews themselves, dressed in white gaberdines, with white scarfs and caps, were flitting like ghosts towards the synagogues, whence we already heard the wild chorus of their wailings. Within the buildings the incoherence of their gestures, the violent paroxysms of their lamentations, and the fantastic garb of these strange-featured beings in their white robes, presented an indescribable picture of fanatical excitement. Nothing seemed to stop their clamour—nothing to assuage the violence of their artificial grief: and if it was occasionally interrupted by the voice of a priest at the altar, it broke forth again with renewed force, and seemed to tear their very frames. To make the contrast more striking, the wives and daughters of these frantic penitents were sitting, smartly dressed, in a gallery above, and looking on with the greatest complacency.

I was informed that a very singular custom has been retained amongst the Jews of Prague at this fast-day, somewhat analogous to a practice which existed in Germany amongst Christians during the middle ages.* They assemble at midnight, on the banks of the

* Petrarch gives so graceful an account of this ceremony in one of his letters, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing a translation of it from some manuscript notes on the prose works of that eminent poet and admirable philosopher. The letter (Ep. fam. l. 4.) is addressed to John Colonna, and gives a detailed account of Cologne, where Petrarch had recently been staying.

"The eve of St. John the Baptist happened to fall during my visit; and just as the sun was setting, I was led by my friends (for even here my reputation has gained me more friends than I deserve) from my lodging to the river, to behold a very curious sight. My expectations were not deceived; the whole bank was covered with an immense number of women, all of surpassing beauty, both in figure, in features, and in dress: so that any one whose heart was not already engaged, could not fail to have fallen in love there. I stood upon a slight elevation, whence I could see all that passed; the crowd was very great, but no offence was given to any one, and all seemed to be in high glee: some were engarlanded with odoriferous herbs, and with their sleeves tucked up above the elbow, they washed their white hands and arms in the stream, murmuring I know not what in the gentle tones of their foreign tongue. * * Now as I was ignorant of the ceremony which I was then witnessing, I asked one of my companions in the words of Virgil,

' Quid vult concursus ad amnem
Quidve petunt animæ ?'

Moldau, to throw pellets of bread into the running stream, accompanied by a suitable prayer, in the belief that each pellet carried away by the water bears a sin away with it. This Talmudic superstition has more than once given rise to dreadful persecutions of the Jews, from a popular notion that the pellets were meant to poison the waters and fountains of the city.

But long before the hour at which this ceremony is performed, I had loitered homewards through the enchanted city. The night of which I speak was remarkably clear: the heavens were bare: and the moon, then in her second quarter, was shining with perfect brilliancy. The narrow streets of the Jews' town were darkly shaded, but the fantastical caves and jutting peaks of the houses were sharply relieved by the clear air, and the walls assumed a sober tint from the reflected light of the moon. I passed the cemetery, whose aged trees shook their berries in the chill autumnal wind, whilst I heard the Jews' chorus from the illuminated synagogues and hospitals which surround its precincts. A street as narrow as the approach to a fortress, which was, in fact, anciently one of the fortified passages opening a communication between the cities of the Christians and the Jews, brought me into the wider thoroughfares of Prague, and through the archway on to the bridge. The moonbeams were shivered into a thousand splinters of light upon the white foam of a low weir a little higher up the stream: whilst a fire on the bank, such as Vernêt loved to paint, contrasted its ruddy blaze with their silver lustre. The admirable architectural harmony of the city was yet more softened by the vague tints of night, and the proportions of the towers and arches around were brought out by the intensity of the shadows. The vast front of the palace on the heights shone like a wall of talc; and the snow-white convents rose majestically out of the dense woods and vineyards about the base of the hills on which they stand. The statues on the bridge seemed awake; the mystical ornaments of the saints, and the brazen wings of the angels, glittered like blades of gold; and whilst I gazed on these majestic groups, with their outstretched arms and upraised foreheads, I felt as if some solemn and silent act of christian devotion was going on, which responded to the benignant influence of the stars.

I was then informed that this was an old custom of the place, and that the common people, and especially the women, were persuaded that any impending calamity was washed away by that day's ablution in the river, and that happy seasons were sure to follow, so that this ceremony is performed every year with unabated zeal. At this I smiled, saying, 'Oh! happy inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, whose misfortunes are all swept away by your river, whilst neither Po nor Tiber can rid us of our's. You throw your ills on the bosom of the Rhine, who bears them away to Britain; we might send our's to the Afric or Illyrian coast, but (as I am given to understand) our rivers are far too lazy in their course.'

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.¹

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"MR. LUCAS was the patron of a living, which he had always intended for a cousin of his own, but by one of those remarkable coincidences, which seem as if they occurred to mock the plans and the foresight of man, the gentleman for whom the living was destined, died within a week of the incumbent. Mr. Lucas had no friend in the church to whom he wished to present it; Caroline was warm in the praises of my husband; Mr. Lucas took measures to inform himself of his general character, and the result was, that the living in which we are now fixed, was presented by Mr. Lucas to Bernard. This event decided the plans of Caroline. Mrs. Dornton had been endeavouring to prevail on her to take a house in Russell Square, give pleasant parties, and go to Cheltenham in the summer, and Brighton in the autumn; but Russell Square was connected with too many distressing reminiscences to be a scene of temptation to Caroline; she was resolved to fix her abode near us, and soon after we were settled here, she engaged the pretty house which you see from this window, that is, you may see the blossoms of the almond trees."

Ellerby looked with all due veneration on the blossoms of the almond trees, and Lucy continued:—

"While Caroline was in London, she had not sought any interview with her mother-in-law; she imagined that it would be distressing to both parties; she would willingly have offered her pecuniary aid if she had stood in need of it; but she knew that she was still an inmate of the house of her sister, Miss Chesterton, who was well able to support her. Caroline had been settled in her new house about two months, when she received a letter from her sister Emily; it contained the following paragraph.

" 'I do not think you can be sorry to hear that your old torment, Mrs. Clifford, is very uncomfortable in the house of her sister, and made keenly to feel her dependence. I met a lady the other day who is intimate with them, and she told me that Miss Chesterton is quite tired of the airs and interference of Mrs. Clifford, and has informed her in plain terms, that she must not expect to rule and govern her, as she did her poor daughter-in-law. Miss Chesterton keeps a great deal of company, which her sister is seldom able to join, for she has latterly had a complaint in her eyes, which is painful as well as dangerous, and she is obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room, without the ability to read, and without any one to talk to. I think she is now pretty well punished for her unkindness towards you; I would not be ill-tempered for the world, for I am sure all ill-tempered people are punished sooner or later.'

¹ Concluded from vol. xviii. p. 448.

“ Caroline brought this letter to me in tears ; I returned it to her without any comment, although in my own mind I could not help longing to inform the thoughtless Emily, that a defective temper may be shown in exultation over the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, as well as in irritable and peevish remarks to them. ‘ You have often asked me, Lucy,’ said Caroline, ‘ whether I forgave Mrs. Clifford as a Christian, and I answered you in the affirmative : I hope that I did not say more than I really felt, and I hope that I may be enabled to act up to that feeling. Poor Mrs. Clifford is the mother of my once dear, my still dear husband—she is ill, neglected, and in sorrow—she has nothing to make life pleasant, and I fear she is scarcely prepared to die. She has treated me with unkindness, but what have I ever done to soothe or to amend her ? what christian graces have I displayed to her ? I have returned scorn for scorn, and railing for railing ; I cannot be easy till I have seen her, exchanged forgiveness with her, and offered her the means of leaving her present abode, and seeking one where she will meet with respect and attention.’ I did not attempt to dissuade Caroline from putting this resolution in practice ; and as both she and ourselves had received a pressing invitation from the newly-married couple, the young Lucases, to go and stay with them in London, I resolved to leave home for a few days, and accompany her in her journey.

“ The day after we reached London, we went to Miss Chesterton’s. Caroline had decided on not sending up her name, lest her mother-in-law should feel any unwillingness to admit her ; she desired that Mrs. Clifford might be informed a lady who was intimate with her was anxious to see her, and we were consigned to the care of a housemaid, who told us the old lady seldom left her bed-room. As we passed the drawing-room, we heard a loud voice declaiming, and were informed by our guide that the famous Mr. Rantwell was reciting an Ode to Sensibility ; she added, that this was one of Miss Chesterton’s literary mornings. In a very indifferently furnished attic, we found Mrs. Clifford sitting, wrapt in a shawl, gazing on a slender fire. She uttered a hurried exclamation of surprise at the sight of Caroline, and seemed not to know how to receive her ; but Caroline put an end to all doubt by warmly pressing her hand, and making kind inquiries respecting her health. Caroline had so often described Mrs. Clifford to me, that I thought I should immediately have recognised the original of her sketch ; but grief and mortification, as I afterwards found, had had all the effect of time in bringing a premature old age upon her.

“ Caroline had represented her as stiff and erect, but she was sitting in a stooping attitude, evidently from real weakness ; the ‘ wide blonde cap ’ was exchanged for one more suitable to a bed-chamber than to a drawing-room ; and even the ‘ cold, scrutinising eyes,’ wore a completely different expression from the redness attendant on their painful affection. Caroline introduced me as a friend and relation, and we talked for a few minutes on general subjects. Mrs. Clifford then spoke of Sophy Bennet, and spoke of her in terms of great indignation and asperity ; in fact, her conduct appeared to be even worse than we had supposed it to be. Mrs. Clifford had ascer-

tained, after her departure, that she had originally become acquainted with Webster at the house of a family far from respectable, whom she visited without the knowledge of her aunt. He flattered her vanity for his own purposes, he entreated her to present him to Mrs. Clifford and her son; and her creative ingenuity immediately devised that story of his partnership with her late father, and voluntary payment of a sum of money to herself, which introduced him, so much to his credit, in Keppel Street. We sympathised with Mrs. Clifford for being thus duped and deceived by her niece, but we soon found other causes for our sympathy. Little incidents sometimes show how a person is valued in a house. Mrs. Clifford's fire had sunk down to the second bar; she rang the bell twice before any one attended, and when she uttered a reproof to the housemaid whom I have before mentioned, the girl replied with a flippant sauciness of tone, which testified that she was aware that she was speaking to a dependant on her mistress, and the lofty, scornful Mrs. Clifford bore the retort in silence. When, however, the angry housemaid closed the door after her, (which she did with a prodigious bang, that might have made a suitable symphony to Mr. Rantwell's Ode to Sensibility,) Mrs. Clifford, subdued and humbled by calamity, disclosed to us the particulars of her uncomfortable situation; her sister, she said, treated her with the most pointed unkindness, constantly taunting her for the imprudent folly which had rendered her a burden on her, and the servants were not only permitted, but she feared encouraged, to treat her with disrespect. 'O Caroline!' she concluded, 'when I sit hour after hour by my lonely hearth, unable to employ myself in any other way than in thinking, how often do I bitterly reproach myself for my conduct towards you, for the delight I felt when I could draw your husband to my house, knowing that you were left to your own thoughts in solitude.'

"Caroline would not suffer her to proceed; she eagerly avowed her conviction that there had been much to blame in her own behaviour. 'We should both act differently, dear madam,' said she, 'could we recal the past; but let us now resolve to be good friends in future, and as a preliminary step, let me prevail upon you to favour me with a visit at my new house in the country. You will be able to procure the best medical attendance from Bath, the change of air will be likely to do you good, and I will guarantee you as pretty a sitting-room and as civil a hand-maiden as you can possibly desire.'

"The proud spirit of the poor old lady was quite vanquished by this speech, and she wept and blamed herself, till I absolutely began not only to pity, but to like her. It was settled that she should go back with us in a week; Miss Chesterton considered it a delightful arrangement, was all smiles and suavity, and for the first time in her life asked Caroline to have the goodness to write something in her album. Caroline, however, politely excused herself. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters were not so well pleased with the plan; the former thought it the most mean-spirited thing she had ever heard of in her life, and the latter said that Caroline must be very whimsical and contradictory, to dislike the old lady's visits so much when she was obliged to receive them, and now to court her society when there was

no necessity to do so. Caroline, however, had the approbation of her own heart and feelings, and her conduct to her visitor was uniformly kind and considerate; she allotted two rooms entirely to her, and engaged a new servant, that she might transfer to her one of her previous establishment, of whose civility and readiness to oblige she entertained a good opinion. The complaint in Mrs. Clifford's eyes continued troublesome, and her daughter-in-law frequently read aloud to her. Caroline told me once, with a smile, that her husband had occasionally held up to her the example of some female relation of his own, who was accustomed to read a sermon to her mother-in-law on a Sunday; but Caroline far exceeded this lady in her devotional attentions, for not only on Sundays, but on week-days, it was her practice to read to Mrs. Clifford the works of the best religious writers.

"Mrs. Clifford, however, although sincerely grateful to Caroline, was not, I fear, for some time imbued with a proper religious spirit; her temper was softened and humbled, but an indication of her want of real christian charity and forgiveness at length displayed itself. She had been staying about three months with Caroline, when one morning she received a letter, dated from an obscure court in London, and signed Sophy Bennet. Sophy, it appeared, had accompanied her husband to France, and was soon treated by him with the greatest neglect and barbarity; he seemed to wish to provoke her to leave him, but this she was not inclined to do, (it was, as Mrs. Dornton used to observe, no easy matter to affront Sophy,) till at last a first wife made her appearance to claim her husband, who, probably from the attraction lent to her by a long separation, seemed greatly to prefer her company to that of his second; and poor Sophy, who had just money enough to carry her to London, took a cheap lodging on her arrival there, and endeavoured to support herself by needle-work. This, however, proved a precarious resource; and a violent cough, attended by consumptive symptoms, rendered her frequently unable to complete in time the work she had procured; she was in arrears for the rent of her apartment, and her landlady threatened to turn her out of doors. She had sought Miss Chesterton, and had requested her assistance, but was repulsed by her with the utmost anger and contempt; she, however, gave her the address of Mrs. Clifford, and Sophy earnestly hoped her aunt would take pity on her, since she was actually without the common necessaries of life. Mrs. Clifford had scarcely patience to read this letter to an end; she declared that all that Sophy suffered was little enough in comparison to the punishment which she deserved, that she had neither the ability nor inclination to give her a shilling, and that she earnestly hoped nobody else would.

" 'How can she dare,' pursued she angrily, 'to ask me for assistance, when her deceit and falsehood have robbed me of everything I possessed? She imposed this villain on me by a fraud, she concealed from me her attachment to him, and I therefore believed her disinterested in all her high-flown encomiums on his honour and principle; she made herself a deliberate party with a swindler to ruin her benefactress.' Caroline here ventured gently to suggest that it was

but charitable to suppose Sophy was herself deceived in the character of Webster; at least in the first period of her acquaintance with him. 'You are the last person, Caroline,' said Mrs. Clifford, 'who ought to defend Sophy Bennet; she has been your most bitter enemy. I am convinced I could never have remained so long blind to your good qualities, had it not been for her artful insinuations, her constant lamentation over your evident dislike to me, and avowal that it was with difficulty she could command her temper when she saw how disrespectfully her dear aunt was treated. Depend upon it, Caroline, she will make you suffer even yet, in some way or other, if you caress and encourage her.'

" 'I am not going to caress or encourage her,' calmly replied Caroline; 'I have no wish ever to see her again; but she is a person with whom I lived many months in habits of intimacy, she is nearly related to my husband, and as Providence has so largely endowed me with the goods of fortune, I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to allow her to undergo want and destitution. I have already thought of a plan by which I can procure her the comforts of life, without exposing you or myself to the least inconvenience from her society.'

" Caroline mentioned her plan to me, and I fully approved it. A favourite upper servant belonging to Mrs. Dornon had, some years ago, married a nursery gardener in the neighbourhood of London. Caroline and her sisters had occasionally visited her to procure flowers and fruit, and they knew that she sometimes received an invalid lodger into her neat little cottage. Caroline wrote to Mrs. Gilbert, enclosing a sum of money, giving her Sophy's direction, and requesting that she would pay all that she owed, bring her to her own house, and procure for her everything that was comfortable and necessary.

" Mrs. Gilbert soon replied to Caroline's letter, telling her that all she desired had been done, and her account would to most people have appeared highly satisfactory. Mrs. Gilbert was absolutely delighted with the poor dear lady, who was so grateful for all that she did for her, and who was never tired with talking of the goodness of Caroline, saying, that 'her conduct, admirable as it was, excited no astonishment in her, for she had always been persuaded that if there ever was an angel upon earth, Caroline Clifford was one.' Mrs. Gilbert concluded by expressing her fears that the poor dear lady would not be long for this world, for her cough was incessant, and she was evidently wasting away. Caroline wrote again, enclosing more money, and desiring that Sophy might have regular medical attendance; but she entertained few hopes of a change for the better in her mind, the 'ruling passion' is as 'strong in death' in sycophants as in other people. Mrs. Gilbert being the person through whose hands all Sophy's comforts were to pass, became the principal object of her fawning cajolery; and Mrs. Gilbert, not knowing her previous character, mistook her wheedling arts for the spirit of genuine meekness and resignation.

" Sometime afterwards Caroline, at the earnest request of her mother and sisters, passed a little time with them in London, and she then thought it her duty to go and see Sophy, feeling that, in her de-

clining state of health, she ought to have a few useful observations addressed to her. She gave me an account of the interview on her return, but said that it was far from satisfactory; although Mrs. Gilbert stood by with her apron at her eyes, protesting that she had never heard anything so moving in her life. Sophy poured forth the warmest expressions of thankfulness to Caroline, which, however, were not coupled, like those of Mrs. Clifford, with any contrition for her own past offences; on the contrary, she declared that 'she had never thought so highly of any one in the world as of Caroline, and that it had almost broken her heart to see her so undervalued as she had been by her husband and his mother.' Caroline waived this part of the subject as quickly as she could, and gently alluded to the probably serious termination of Sophy's illness. Sophy would not, for a moment, allow the possibility of danger; 'she had certainly been very ill,' she said, 'but now, with the medicine and nourishing diet that dear Caroline had procured for her, and with the assiduous attentions of good Mrs. Gilbert, she felt quite invigorated, and doubted not that she should soon be able to come and see her kind Caroline at her house in the country.' Caroline took no notice of the latter part of this speech, but earnestly dwelt on the propriety of endeavouring to prepare herself for death. 'O, as to that,' Sophy replied, 'she felt perfectly easy; she had never wronged anybody; in fact, her heart had been always running over with the milk of human kindness, and she was now the victim of her too great readiness to think well of others!'

"Caroline conversed with her for some time, and left her some books to read, but made little impression upon her. Soon after Caroline's return to the country, she received a letter from Mrs. Gilbert, telling her that Sophy had made what she called 'a very resigned, fine end;' that at the last she became sensible of her approaching death, that she expressed great satisfaction at the review of her past life, saying, 'she had always loved her fellow-creatures, and endeavoured to make them happy; that she certainly considered it a little hard to die in a cottage and on a tent-bed, although she felt truly grateful to dear Caroline Clifford for preventing her from dying in the streets; she did not, however, repine at her lot, for she had no doubt of being amply rewarded in another world for all her unmerited sufferings in this!'

"Such were Sophy's final words, and such was poor Mrs. Gilbert's idea of a fine end!

"I am truly happy to say that Caroline was more successful in her endeavours to benefit the latter days of her mother-in-law; the light of divine truth seemed gradually to illuminate the understanding of Mrs. Clifford, and as her bodily frame decayed, her mind acquired an added portion of serenity and strength. Caroline too had a valuable coadjutor in my good husband, who seldom allowed a day to pass without visiting Mrs. Clifford."

"Pray include yourself also, Lucy," interrupted Bernard; "you spent many more hours with Mrs. Clifford than I did; and Caroline, I doubt, would never have become the admirable character she did, had it not been for your advice and example."

"Nay," said Lucy, "do not elevate me at the expense of Caroline; I was never called upon to undergo her trials."

"Most people would think, my love," answered her husband, "that you had undergone much greater; Caroline has always enjoyed the luxuries of life, while, for the first few years of our marriage, you were deprived of many of its comforts."

And Bernard was upon the point of entering into a circumstantial detail of the sweetness and equanimity with which Lucy had borne her confined rooms, smoky chimney, and narrow staircase, when Ellerby interrupted him by inquiring whether Mrs. Clifford had suffered much at the last.

"Very little, I am happy to say," answered Lucy; "her decline was gradual, and she was perfectly resigned to the contemplation of death; her only subject of regret was in the continued absence of her son; she could have died, she said, quite joyfully, could she only have joined his hand in that of Caroline, and prayed that they might be as happy together as they had once, through her instrumentality, been unhappy; but her death-bed, as it was, presented a gratifying sight, for she was thoroughly penitent for all her misdeeds, and ready and anxious to rest her every hope of pardon on the sacrifice of her Redeemer."

"A happy end—a blessed end!" exclaimed Ellerby's friend, from the corner of the room; and Lucy felt quite glad that her simple eloquence had at length aroused him to take a little interest in what was going on.

"You have quite enchanted me with your delightful Caroline," said Ellerby; "does she ever mention her absent husband?"

"Often," said Lucy; "in fact, I may say, continually: she not only is free from all feelings of resentment towards him, but she is disposed to affix blame on herself for the sake of exonerating him; and if he be alive, which I am rather inclined to doubt, I am convinced no day ever passes in which, if he presented himself to Caroline, she would fail to receive him with the warmest affection and kindness."

"Does she see much company?" asked Ellerby.

"Not much," replied Lucy, "although her society is greatly sought; but considering herself as in part a widow, she is reluctant to mix in scenes of gaiety; she reads a vast deal, and occupies herself much in deeds of charity. She does not, however, live in seclusion; her near neighbourhood to Bath, and her carriage, place agreeable associations within her reach. General S——, with whom she is a great favourite, is frequently at Bath, and I met him last week at her house; he was accompanied by his nephew, Sir Henry Milner, and his wife; they have recently returned from Italy, where they have been residing since their marriage. Lady Milner is quite delighted with Caroline; she told me that Sir Henry's description of her had raised her expectations very highly, but that they were more than answered by the reality."

The stranger in the corner groaned heavily, and Lucy wondered what she could have said to cause his agitation.

“Are Mrs. Dornton and her daughters frequent visitors at the house of your cousin?” inquired Ellerby.

“They have often been invited,” said Lucy, “and stayed once for three weeks, but they all seemed completely tired of the visit. Caroline neither gave dances nor went to them—could not answer the question whether the theatre at Bath was open or shut; and so far from being ambitious to set the fashions, was seldom among the first to follow them. They parted on the best of terms, as to kind expressions, but I believe without any anxiety to pass much of their time together. My aunt told me I had spoiled Caroline. I heard the accusation in silence, but cannot say that it affected my conscience very deeply. Of our other relations I have nothing very gratifying to tell. Lady Bradbury died a few months ago, from the effect of repeated severe colds, caught by venturing into the night air, after dancing in heated rooms, in defiance of medical prohibition. Anna Morris married Lieutenant Gayville, and began housekeeping, armed with a little manual, which had long been the subject of her studies, and which professed to teach the art of living on two hundred a year; but the book was either so deceitful a guide, or was so badly put in practice, that at the end of the first year after their marriage, the young couple were three hundred and fifty pounds in debt beyond their means to pay. The lieutenant went abroad, and Anna returned to live with her mother. I think now I have given you a tolerably long family history, but I am sure you will allow my heroine to be a very interesting character.”

“Interesting indeed,” said Ellerby; “I only wish I could be fortunate enough to gain a sight of her.”

“Your wish is likely to be soon gratified,” said Lucy, looking towards the window, “for Caroline is at this very moment entering at the gate, and will be here immediately.”

“Caroline!” echoed the invalid stranger, and he burst into a succession of convulsive sobs.

Lucy, imagining that he was suddenly taken ill, was running to his assistance, when Ellerby prevented her.—“Go to your friend, Mrs. Bernard,” said he, “and do not let her come into this room till you have prepared her for the interview awaiting her—the stranger who accompanied me is her unfortunate husband, Edmund Clifford!”

Ellerby briefly explained to Bernard the cause of Clifford's appearance. Ellerby, within the last few months, had been staying at New York, with a relative engaged in mercantile concerns, and was introduced by him to a young man in his employ, bearing the name of Wilson. Ellerby was pleased with the manners and talents of his new acquaintance, and was so successful in winning his confidence, that he soon revealed to him his real name and situation.

Ellerby, although ignorant of all the circumstances which had happened to Clifford's family since he left England, with the exception of Mrs. Clifford's death, which had appeared in the newspapers, earnestly pressed his friend to remain no longer an exile from his native country, but at least to see his wife, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation with her. This he at length persuaded him to do; he accompanied

him to England, and Ellerby's old friendship for Bernard seemed to offer a favourable opportunity for Clifford (who was personally unknown to Lucy and her husband) to obtain from the lips of the latter a frank and full account of the principal events in the life of Caroline for the last two years.

"Little did we think," said Ellerby, "that those events would be so diversified, or would place her character in so admirable a light."

"In too admirable a light," sighed the unhappy Clifford; "I was never worthy of Caroline, even in her former days, and she showed herself sensible of my unworthiness; how then can I now hope for her love and esteem?"

"I can answer your question in a few words," said Bernard: "Caroline in former days was talented and amiable, but she was not under the influence of religion; and therefore she resented as an injury your want of a due appreciation of her various advantages and recommendations. Now she has learned humility of Him who teaches his followers to be 'meek and lowly in heart,' she has ceased to think highly of herself, and she is not disposed to exact devotion from her fellow-creatures."

"Nor is it the character of Caroline alone that has undergone a transformation," said Ellerby: "most happy am I to tell you that my feeble efforts to do a slight portion of good to my young friend Clifford have not been without effect; he is now convinced that his conduct towards his wife during their union, and his subsequent desertion of her, were not only ill-advised, but sinful—not only reprehensible in the eyes of man, but of God. My acquaintance with him has been of very short duration, otherwise I am inclined to hope his return to his native country would have taken place long before the present time."

Lucy now entered with a face radiant with smiles—"Come with me directly," said she, extending her hand to Clifford, "Caroline is impatient to see you; do not anticipate anything distressing—your meeting will be one of unmixed joy."

"Does she—can she forgive me?" asked Clifford, in a tremulous tone.

"She does not use the word forgiveness," said Lucy, "she only speaks of welcome; but come to her, without any further inquiries, or you will have to ask her forgiveness in good earnest for this needless delay of your happy meeting."

The re-union of Caroline and her husband was not received with so much approbation as their marriage by the family of the former. Mrs. Dornton predicted that "in the course of a month, things would be just as bad as ever;" but the almond-trees are again in blossom, and the intervening period has been to the young couple one of the utmost felicity. They understand, they admire, they respect each other; they live on the happiest terms with their valued friends, the Bernards, and with the kind-hearted Ellerby, who has purchased a house at Bath; they mix moderately with the society in their neighbourhood, and they have a few chosen associates, but they make it a rule never to court the intimacy of any one who is not equally acceptable to each of them; and they not only abstain from coveting, but absolutely shun and dislike any unfortunate being who, in the most

remote degree, seems desirous to lessen either of them in the estimation of the other ; they are indeed said to be rather nervously suspicious and irritable upon this latter point ; but they have purchased wisdom in the school of affliction, and must be pardoned if they now and then bring it into play where it is not absolutely necessary.

Long may their happiness continue, and long is it likely to continue ; for they have the strongest bond of union between them—the love of God, of his laws, and of his ways ; and deep and fervent is their gratitude to the Almighty Director and Friend who has restored to them the blessings which they once rashly cast away, and has joined in the most perfect concord and congeniality those hearts formerly chilled and disunited by the fatal effects of FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

LINES SUGGESTED ON SEEING GUIDO'S MAGDALENE.

SHE sat her down, the Magdalene, beneath the spreading trees,
While o'er her fair and silken hair swept many a lightsome breeze ;
Before her gleams the holy cross—ah ! 'tis her refuge now,
For lonely thoughts beam heavily upon her beauteous brow.

And there are books, " the book of life," within its sacred page
The young, the frail, may read and glean some balm for helpless age ;
Thy pardon, thou may'st seek and find, poor weary wand'rer thou,
While holy angels stoop to bless the record of thy vow.

Ah ! why dost fling thy soft white hand upon that eyeless skull,
The soul has fled its palace now, and left it empty—dull
Sad memories cling around it—alas ! thou too shalt be
All that our hearts would quail to hear, our cheeks turn pale to see.

Where, where are all thy flatt'ers now, in this thy great distress,
They who once dwelt upon thy charms in life's young happiness ?
The flow'rs have ceas'd to bloom for thee, the birds forgot to sing,
The golden draught has left enough of bitterness to sting.

Yet 'mid thy sorrows lift thine eyes—the Holy One above
Yearns o'er thee with a parent's heart and with a Saviour's love ;
He sees thy penitence and tears, and marks thee for his own,
Thou, wand'rer, hast a home above, a refuge near his throne.

E. H. B.

NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

NAPLES BAY IN 1799.

EIGHTEEN ships of the line were anchored in battle order, in this beautiful bay, on the morning of the 29th of June, under the justly celebrated Nelson, whose flag floated gaily from the foretop gallant mast of the *Foudroyant*, on whose quarter-deck were seated the gallant hero of the Nile, and of a hundred other victories; and by his side the *Cleopatra* of the age, the fascinating and beauteous Emma, Lady Hamilton; when a Neapolitan boat, guarded by ragged ruffians, (twenty thousand of whom, led on by Cardinal Ruffo, had long been the terror of this devoted city,) brought on board the Prince Caraccioli, admiral of the Neapolitan fleet, and some other nobles of that land, whose place of retreat, a cave among the mountains of Calabria, had been discovered by the banditti, who now came, with these wretched men, to claim the price of their blood. The veteran admiral, who was placed under my charge, being then signal-mate to Lord Nelson, was brought on the poop, strongly guarded by marines: he was a short, thick-set man, of apparent strength, but haggard with misery and want: his clothing in wretched condition, but his countenance denoting stern resolution to endure that misery like a man: he spoke a short sentence to me in pure English, as if perfectly master of the language, and was shortly ushered into our ward-room, where a court was assembled of his own officers, Count Thurn sitting as president. His defence, which was spoken in a deep, manly tone, will best explain the nature of the charge.

“I am accused,” said the prince, “of deserting my king in distress, and leaguings with his enemies. The accusation is so far false, that the king deserted me and all his faithful subjects. It is well known to you, gentlemen, that our frontier was covered by an army under General Mack superior to the advancing enemy, and you are aware that the sinews of war is money. The king collected everything that could be converted into specie on pretence of paying that army, embarked it in his Britannic Majesty’s ship *Vanguard*, even to the enormous amount of five hundred casks, and fled with it to Palermo, there to riot in luxurious safety. Who was then the traitor, the king or myself? After such uncalled for, and, I must say, cowardly desertion by the sovereign, Mack’s army disbanded for want of pay, and the French occupied Naples. It is known to you, gentlemen, that my patrimonial possessions lay in the city, and that my family is large: if I had not succumbed to [the ruling power, my children—(here his emotion was shown by the altered tone, the quiver of the lip, and the suffusion of the eyes: he quickly conquered his emotion, and continued in the same stern tone)—would have been vagabonds in the lands of their fathers. Gentlemen, some of you

are parents, and I appeal to your feelings; let each of you place yourselves in my situation, and say how you would have acted; but I think my destruction is predetermined, and this court anything but a court of justice. If I am right, my blood be upon your head, and on those of your children."

The veteran spread his hands abroad, and presented a fine picture of a brave man in extreme peril. The court was cleared, and a very short time elapsed before it was again opened to pronounce sentence on this devoted noble. Count Thurn covered his head, and addressed the wretched old man:—

"Admiral Prince Carraciogli, you have been unanimously found guilty of the charges brought against you; you have repaid the high rank and honours, conferred on you by a mild and confiding sovereign, with the blackest ingratitude. The sentence of the court is, that you shall be hanged by the neck at the yard-arm of your own flag-ship in two hours from this time, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The countenance of the veteran admiral, betrayed no other emotion than a stern composure.

"Hereafter," said he, "when you shall be called to your great account, you will weep for this unjust sentence in tears of blood. I take shame to myself in asking any favour from such men; but, if possible, I wish to be shot as becomes my rank, and not hung up like a felon and a dog."

"It is inadmissible," said Count Thurn; "and the court is hereby dissolved."

At two o'clock in the afternoon the veteran, with a firm step, walked into Lord Nelson's barge, and with a party of thirty of our seamen, under one of our lieutenants, was taken to his flag-ship, the gun fired, and the brave old man launched into eternity at the expiration of the two hours from the time the sentence had passed. The seamen of our fleet, who clustered on the rigging like bees, consoled themselves that it was only an Italian prince, and the admiral of Naples, that was hanging, a person of very light estimation compared with the lowest man in a British ship. His majesty of Naples, the prime minister, Sir John Acton, and many of the foreign ambassadors, joined and took up their quarters in the *Foudroyant* two days after the execution; and my Lord Nelson removed to the first lieutenant's cabin as his sleeping apartment, giving his cabin to the king's use, and the larboard side of the main-deck for his cooks, who condescended to officiate as ours; and never did midshipmen fare so sumptuously as during the king's long stay on board the *Foudroyant*. The day was passed in administering justice (Italian fashion) to the wretches who fell into the grasp of Cardinal Ruffo's lambs, enlivened by the bombardment of St. Elmo, which we were battering in breach. At noon, dinner was served to the royal party and their guests on the quarter-deck; Lady Hamilton's graceful form bending over her harp, and her heavenly music gave a gusto to the desert. As the sun went down, the opera singers, in a large decked galley, came alongside, and all that could delight the ear or please the eye, was there to fascinate and charm.

Some days after the execution, when the name of Admiral Carra-

ciolli had ceased to be remembered among the great and noble of the land, I was roused from my slumbers with an account of the king being on deck. Wondering at his bad taste for early rising, I hurried up, and found his majesty gazing with intense anxiety on some distant object: at once he turned pale, and, letting his spyglass fall on deck, uttered an exclamation of horror. My eyes instinctively turned in the same direction, and under our larboard quarter, with his face full upon us, much swollen and discoloured by the water, and his orbs of sight started from their sockets by strangulation, floated the ill-fated prince. All the superstition of the Italian school was called into play by this extraordinary (and, in truth, it was a fearful) apparition. The old man's grey hair streamed in the light breeze that rippled the placid waters of this lovely bay—the king and court were alarmed, and looked very pale—the priesthood, who were numerous on board, were summoned, when one more adroit than his brethren, told the king that the spirit of his unfortunate admiral could not rest without his forgiveness, which he had risen to implore. This was freely accorded; and on Lord Nelson (who was suffering from ill health) being awoken from his uneasy slumbers by the agitation of the court, he ordered a boat to be sent from the ship to tow the corpse on shore. This unlooked-for appearance of the dead did not lessen our appetite for the good things in the king's larder, or our zest for the evening's opera.

Things moved on in the same gay strain, though many hearts were breaking with incurable sorrow, and many a brilliant eye was dimmed by incessant weeping; while famine, with its attendant miseries, reigned in the populous city of Naples, preyed on by twenty thousand banditti under the primate Cardinal Ruffo, and who (I suppose in derision) were denominated the Christian army. These scoundrels, unchecked by law or justice, with no force to restrain them, freely indulged their licentious habits, and, with tiger-like ferocity, waded deep in blood. Many, very many, of Italy's beauteous daughters, and those of high rank, have I seen prostrate on our deck, imploring protection from these bloody ruffians, by whom their natural protectors had been murdered. In my mind's eye I see them now! Their graceful forms bent with misery—their dark eyes and clasped hands raised to the Father of all for mercy—their clear olive complexion changing to a sickly hue from anguish of mind. How could men, possessing human hearts, refrain from flying to their relief? Yet, I am sorry to say, they were placed (without regard to their feelings) in polaccos, under the guidance of young English midshipmen, there to let their afflicted hearts break at leisure. Dear, amiable, and gentle sex! how infinitely greater appears to me thy share of the curse brought upon the descendants of Adam and Eve by their disobedience than ours! I grieve to say, that wonderful, talented, and graceful beauty, Emma Lady Hamilton, did not sympathise in the manner expected from her generous and noble nature. This lady was one of God's nobility, for her virtues were manifold; her vices proceeded from unfavourable circumstances, to which, in some degree, we are all victims. This noble but unfortunate lady has been most grossly calumniated; she served the country

with unwearied zeal and activity, and in a greater degree than any female ever had the power: she was the cause of saving millions of British property from the grasp of the Spanish king in 1797, she enabled Lord Nelson to fight the battle of Aboukir, and kept steady to our interest the fickle and dissolute court of Naples, from her influence over the daughter of Maria Theresa, then queen of that place. Her generosity and good-nature were unbounded—her talents and spirit unequalled; and, to my knowledge, her heart was of softer materials than to rejoice in the sufferings of the enemies of the court, to whom both her and Lord Nelson were bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection. To that high sense of gratitude for benefits conferred on them, must we attribute the execution of Prince Carracioli and some other acts much to be lamented; but poor human nature is very fallible; they sinned and deeply sinned through their affection to their benefactors. One short tale, and I consign this unjustly-treated and wonderful woman to oblivion.

On the peace of Amiens taking place I was paid off from the frigate to which I had been appointed lieutenant by Lord Keith, and served as such during the Egyptian expedition (of which more anon,) and retired from full pay to nothing and find myself, with the comfortable assurance from those in power, that the peace promotion had taken place, and there was no hope for me. As a last resource, and “forlorn hope,” I went to Lord Nelson’s seat at Merton, and fortunately gained admission to his lordship through his well-known and favourite servant, Tom Allen, who approached his study-door under some apprehension of the nature of our reception. The voice of Lord Nelson, denoting vexation, reprimanded my friend, and declared, most truly, he was pestered to death by young gentlemen, his former shipmates. Tom pushed me into the room, and went in search of an able auxiliary, who entered the study, in the most pleasing shape—that of a lovely and graceful woman; and, with her usual fascinating and playful manner, declared, “His lordship must serve me.” His countenance, which, until now, had been a thunder-cloud, brightened; and Lady Hamilton was the sun that lightened our hemisphere. She, with that ready wit possessed by the fair sex alone, set aside his scruples of asking a favour of the first Admiralty Lord, by dictating a strong certificate, which, under her direction, he wrote.

“Now, my young friend,” said her ladyship, with that irresistible smile which gave such expression of sweetness to her lovely countenance, “obey my directions minutely: send this to Lord St. Vincent, at Brentwood, so as to reach him on Sunday morning.”

My commission, as an officer, was dated the same as the aforesaid certificate: may it be made up to thee in another and a better world, sweet lady! for man’s injustice in this—*where thou hast been most foully calumniated*; and thy sins and weaknesses attributed to their proper source—thy low birth and association of thy infant years, joined to the most extraordinary talent and beauty that ever adorned thy sex—had that well-proportioned head been encircled by a diadem, thy memory would have been held up for the adoration instead of the execration of mankind.

THE CHASE.

"Deck, there! the stranger is evidently a man-of-war—she is a line-of-battle ship, my lord, and going large on the starboard tack."

"Ah! an enemy, Mr. Stains: I pray God it may be Le Genereux. The signal for a general chase, Sir Ed'ard (the Nelsonian pronunciation of Edward,)—make the Foudroyant fly!"

Thus spoke the heroic Nelson; and every exertion that emulation could inspire was used to crowd the squadron with canvass, the Northumberland taking the lead, with the flag-ship close on her quarter.

"This will not do, Sir Ed'ard; it is certainly Le Genereux, and to my flag-ship she can alone surrender—Sir Ed'ard, we must and shall beat the Northumberland."

"I will do the utmost, my lord: get the engine to work on the sails—hang butts of water to the stays—pipe the hammocks down, and each man place shot in them—slack the stays, knock up the wedges, and give the masts play—start off the water, Mr. James, and pump the ship. The Foudroyant is drawing a-head, and at last takes the lead in the chase. The admiral is working his fin, (the stump of his right arm,) do not cross his hause, I advise you."

The advice was good, for at that moment Nelson opened furiously on the quarter-master at the conn. "I'll knock you off your perch, you rascal, if you are so inattentive—Sir Ed'ard, send your best quarter-master to the weather-wheel."

"A strange sail a-head of the chase," called the look-out man.

"Youngster, to the mast-head—what! going without your glass, and be d——d to you?—let me know what she is immediately."

"A sloop of war or frigate, my lord," shouted the young signal midshipman.

"Demand her number."

"The Success, my lord."

"Captain Peard, signal to cut off the flying enemy—great odds, though—thirty-two small guns to eighty large ones."

"The Success has hove to athwart-hawse of the Genereux, and is firing her larboard broadside. The Frenchman has hoisted his tri-colour, with a rear-admiral's flag."

"Bravo—*Success at her again.*"

"She has wore round, my lord, and firing her starboard broadside. It has winged her, my lord—her flying kites are flying away altogether. The enemy is close on the Success, who must receive her tremendous broadside." The Genereux opens her fire on her little enemy, and every person stands aghast, afraid of the consequences. "The smoke clears away, and there is the Success, crippled, it is true, but, bull-dog-like, bearing up after the enemy."

"The signal for the Success to discontinue the action, and come under my stern," said Lord Nelson; "she has done well for her size—try a shot from the lower deck at her, Sir Ed'ard."

"It goes over her."

"Beat to quarters, and fire coolly and deliberately at her masts and yards."

The Le Genereux at this moment opened her fire on us; and, as a shot passed through the mizen stay-sail, Lord Nelson, patting one of

the youngsters on the head, asked him jocularly, how he relished the music, and observing something like alarm depicted on his countenance, consoled him with the information that Charles XII. ran away from the first shot he heard, though afterwards he was called "the Great," and deservedly, from his bravery—"I therefore," said Lord Nelson, hope much from you, in future."

Here the Northumberland opened her fire, and down came the tri-coloured ensign, amidst the thunder of our united cannon.

"The signal to discontinue the fighting." And Sir Edward Berry boarded the prize. Very shortly he returned with Rear-Admiral Pèrè's sword, who, he stated, was then dying on his quarter-deck, with the loss of both legs, shot off by the raking broadsides of the little Success. This unfortunate Frenchman was under the imputation of having broken his parole, and was considered lucky in having redeemed his honour by dying in battle.

THE BALL.

Lord Nelson was truly elated by capturing one of the two ships that alone made their escape from the battle of Aboukir. Leaving the squadron, under Captain Ball, to blockade Malta, the Foudroyant bore-up for Palermo—there to receive the incense of refined Italian flattery, incessant balls and feedings, the smiles of beauty, and the witchery of music. The pencil of Hogarth would have been well employed in sketching our cockpit, preparing for one of these exhibitions.

"Two *dirty* shirts, nearly new, for one *clean* one," shouts a midshipman.—"Who will lend a pair of uniform breeches? for mine are worn out by pipe-clay and cleaning," cries a second-reefer. "John, yours will fit, and you are not on turn for going—do, there's a good fellow!"

"Excuse me, Jack, for you ruined my number-one coat at your last turn out, by rolling in the gutter, when you received that ugly cut of the stiletto from the cut-throat Italian who calls himself a marquis."

"Ay, ay; but I am to give you one for it, made by Stultz, should we both reach old England."

How different to this capering, fiddling, frivolous people!

When assembled on the Prado, at Palermo, to the number of fifteen, a collection was ordered by our leader to pay for the requisite carriages to the king's palace, at Colley, the splendid scene of our night's festivities. To our great dismay, each of the party had forgotten his purse, from long disuse, except one, who, after long and laborious search, produced a paulo, value five-pence. To walk four miles would not do in dancing-pumps, and to return, when in ball-room order, which had cost us a world of trouble and tried our resources to the utmost pitch of human ingenuity, for I (the author) substituted the leg of a stocking that had once been white for a cambric pocket-handkerchief; and most serviceable it proved; for, on crowning the statue of Lord Nelson, erected in the illuminated gardens, to the appropriate tune of Rule Britannia, which was done by his present Majesty of Naples, then a little boy, my lord's feelings were so overcome as to betray him into womanly weakness, and his trusty aides-de-camp could do no less than apply their handkerchiefs, though, in some, from a contrary feeling of mirth.

At this time the aforesaid stocking was invaluable:—but to return to our dilemma of how we could get to Colley's. The leader proposed seizing the first carriage, which he called putting it into requisition for his majesty's service, viz. *to convey his midshipmen*. A nobleman's splendid vehicle, that was standing at his palace door for the purpose of conveying the family to the royal ball, was the first that we encountered, and after a little scuffle in displacing the coachman and footman, we succeeded in lining it inside and out, with young English midshipmen, in training for future Nelsons. This notable exploit created much amazement, and, from their exclamations, displeasure in the minds of our Italian allies, and the upset of another coach from the careless driving of our leader: this unfortunate occurrence damped our buoyant spirits, from a young and beautiful duchess having sustained considerable injury from the concussion. But beyond all description was the fairy scene presented by the illuminated palace and the gardens, the assembled royal family, the great in rank, the bold in arms, with Italy's nut-brown daughters, their lustrous black eyes, and raven tresses, their elegant and voluptuous forms gliding through the mazy dance; and the whole presided over by the genius of taste, whose attitudes were never equalled, and with a suavity of manner, and a generous openness of mind and heart, where selfishness, with all its unamiable concomitants, pride, envy, and jealousy, would never dwell—I mean Emma, Lady Hamilton. These agreeables soon drove from our youthful minds all unpleasant impressions, and the kind manner in which the presiding genius attended to our wants and covered our blunders—for, for one of our young companions (now a commodore) she won at Rouge et Noir five pounds in as many minutes—most probably divining the low state of our finances, and this enabled us to retreat as gentlemen, when our entrée had been the reverse. At midnight we were marshalled by the officers of the palace into the illuminated gardens. Gentle reader, if you have seen Vauxhall on a gala night, you may form some conception of the fairy scene, heightened by the attendance of a Turkish admiral and his officers, whose squadron lay in the Bay of Palermo. Their rich and unique attire, the contemptuous gravity with which they viewed the dancing, and the attention and adoration paid to the fairest and likewise the best part of God's beautiful creation, excited in their minds astonishment, and probably disgust. Their warlike sash, studded with loaded pistols, caused terror among the fair, and acted as a repelling power, by keeping the gentle sex at a gazing distance. These grim-looking gentlemen, on making an awkward attempt to take the same liberties with the natives they saw practised with impunity by their modest allies, (the diffident English,) were haughtily repelled, and many a turbaned head was laid low by that handy little instrument, the stiletto. Their indignant admiral demanded the murderers for the pleasure of impaling them; but Lord Nelson checked his fury by anchoring the Foudroyant between them and the town in battle order, with an intimation that the first shot fired at our allies, would be construed into a declaration of war against the Sons of the Ocean, and be resented by the Duke of Thunder in the true Nelsonian style. An Herculean-made Maltee slave, having got the shackle off one leg, jumped into the sea,

and, with astonishing exertion, swam on board us with a great weight of chain attached to his right leg: never shall I forget the poor fellow's wild and earnest supplication to Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton for protection. It drew tears from the eyes of the fair Emma, and fruitless wishes, for his lordship would not risk a war, and have his flag ship destroyed for a wretched slave. With some other youngsters interested for the poor man, I went on board the frigate he had jumped from, but our questions respecting his fate were deemed intrusive and impertinent. Great coolness for some time existed between the followers of our blessed Saviour and the impostor Mahomet. But to return to the palace gardens—the fireworks were astonishing, by their ingenuity and brilliant effect, the vast company that were moving to the centre to view a temple erected to the goddess of Fame, who, perched on the dome, was blowing her trumpet; under the portico was seen an admirable statue of our gallant hero, supported by Lady Hamilton on his right, and Sir William on his left. These statues were imposing and excellent likenesses. As we approached, the king's band played Rule Britannia. At once silence prevailed. His present majesty of Naples (then Prince Leopold) mounted the steps behind the large statue of Nelson, on which he placed a crown of laurel, richly inlaid with diamonds. The trumpets then blew a point of war, and the bands struck up with great animation, "See the conquering Hero comes." Lord Nelson's feelings were greatly touched, and big tears coursed each other down his weather-beaten cheeks, as on one knee he received the young prince in his only arm, who, with inimitable grace had embraced him, calling him the guardian angel of his papa and his dominions. All who were susceptible of the finer feelings, showed them by their emotion, and many a countenance that had looked with unconcern on the battle and the breeze, now turned aside, ashamed of their womanly weakness. This was the time my substitute stocking rendered great service; for I do not hesitate to say, that I sobbed as if my schoolmaster had just applied his most forcible arguments.

The king, queen, and three fair princesses, one of them beautiful, approached the trio, and warmly congratulated his lordship on the recent capture of *Le Genereux*. Dancing recommenced, and I made some awkward attempts, as partner to the youngest Princess of Castlecicallo, who good-naturedly endeavoured to get me through the *santarella*, but I fancied was glad when she exchanged me for the Prince of Palermo, whose form resembled a wasp, (being pinched in the waist by his military sash,) and spun round like a *te-totum* on the light fantastic toe; and by the elegance of his waltzing soon effaced the recollection of a clumsy English boy, whose healthy apple cheeks were his only recommendation. This splendid entertainment was concluded by some of the wildest of our youngsters attempting to break through his majesty's foot guards, who refused to give way to their orders. They were instantly charged by the midshipmen with their dress dirks, and broken. One of the savages fired, and shot a fine boy through the thigh, who did well. For this notable and ill-timed feat, Lord Nelson stopped our leave for six months, and many an anathema was showered on us by our equally unfortunate contemporaries of the squadron.

THE BATTLE.

The shattered person of Lord Nelson—for in battle he had lost an arm and an eye, and got a fractured skull—acting upon a delicate and diminutive frame, (for as Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador, justly observed, he had a great soul enshrined in a small casket,) disabled and rendered him unfit for sea; therefore his flag-ship, the *Foudroyant*, sailed for Malta, under his captain, who was *not* Sir Thomas Hardy. On arriving off Valetta, the capital of that island, a message from Commodore Sir Manly Dixon, (then commanding the *Lion*, 64,) was delivered through the trumpet of the commander of the *Minorca*, that he had certain intelligence that the *Guillaume Tell* would try an escape to Toulon, as she was destitute of provisions. The commodore ordered us to anchor close in with the harbour's mouth, and watch her motions. Our station was accordingly taken just out of gunshot. At midnight (the darkness being intense) a movement was observed on shore, skyrockets exploded, and blue lights and false fires gave intimation that the *Guillaume Tell*, Rear-Admiral Decres, was attempting an escape through our blockading squadron. The ship was put in battle order, and the crew impatiently waited the order of our commander, who, deficient in general knowledge of the French language, had acquired a phrase that, from its rarity, was deeply impressed on his mind, and influenced his conduct. He said the French were practising a *ruse de guerre*, and remaining fast at anchor. The frequent flashes and roar of heavy artillery caused a disposition in the minds of our officers to doubt the correctness of their gallant commander's judgment; and the message delivered from the *Minorca*, that the commander had sent him to say that the *Guillaume Tell* was going large on the starboard tack, closely followed and fired into by the *Penelope* frigate; and that we being the only ship able to cope with such a monster, was ordered to bring her to close action instant.

The *ruse de guerre*, haunting the mind of our commander, prevented immediate obedience; and the late Sir Thomas Stains (then third lieutenant, and commanding the lower-deck guns) indignantly offered to pull into the harbour of Valetta, and ascertain to a certainty whether the *Guillaume Tell*, or some substitute, had misled the British squadron. "I will not risk so valuable a life as yours, Mr. Stains:" and things remained in the same state of quietude, until broken by a shot from the Port Mahon brig athwart our stern, and on the "*Foudroyant* ahoy!" from a hoarse, powerful voice, compelled the attention of our chief. "I am ordered by Commodore Manly Dixon to express his great surprise at the inactivity of the flag ship of Lord Nelson. It is his most positive orders, that the *Foudroyant* cuts from her anchor, and bring the *Guillaume Tell* to close action, without losing a moment's time. Nor am I to leave you, sir, until all your sails are set in pursuit of the flying enemy, with whom Captain Blackwood is in close and interesting conversation." This gentle intimation dispersed the ideas engendered by the *ruse de guerre*, and the *Foudroyant* was crowded with all sail that could bring her into the conference of Captain Blackwood and Admiral Decres. Our

gallant ship (like the noble greyhound slipped from his leash) bounded after the flying foe at the rate of eleven knots.

I must here observe, that we had on board a Sicilian general, the Prince of Palermo, with two hundred picked men, going to reinforce and take the command of the troops besieging Malta. Now, fair and gentle reader! do not picture to your mind an old man worn out in hard service, solacing himself with an immoderate quantity of snuff dirtily taken; but present to your mind's eye the figure of the Apollo Belvidere, tightly girded round the waist, and with a face that your brilliant eyes would bestow a second glance on, and you have a faint image of this veteran general of thirty, the most illustrious the Prince of Palermo, who declared, on his most sacred honour, that his grand desire was to see the English fight at sea. "They are one great people," said his highness; and leave was granted by our chief to his "grand desire." This proved fortunate; for most of our marines were before Malta, and we were short-handed.

As day broke we observed the Lion, with her sixty-four small guns, receiving the smashing broadside of the huge foe. It was a settler, and the Lion retired to digest the dose. The Penelope, commanded by the Honourable Captain Blackwood, hung close on her stern, and the effect of his well-directed fire was seen by the dismantled state of the enemy, who now wore to receive us, and like a gallant stag brought to bay, showed a noble front to his assailants. Here, again, our noble captain's imaginative turn hoodwinked his judgment. "Youngster," said he to me, "tell the officers of the main and lower decks to remain prepared, but not to fire without my orders, as I think the Guillaume Tell has struck at the sight of us." Little did he know of her chief, the valiant Duke of Decres, (afterwards Minister of Marine to Napoleon Buonaparte,) nor did he calculate that this news at the batteries would throw the crew off their guard. This erroneous idea was stoutly combated by the first lieutenant and master, who judiciously observed, "that no British man-of-war would fire into an enemy that had surrendered."

And "Old Soundings," who, from the peculiar conformation of his nose, was better known among the midshipmen as "Rigdum Funnidos," now determined to correct his captain, and began in his own strange way of prefacing everything with "I am thinking—I am saying," at the same time using his right hand, as if taking bearings, (from which he also had attained the name of "chop the binnacle,") now addressed the captain as follows: "I am thinking—I am saying, Sir Ed'ard; that is, I am thinking you had better reduce sail to working order, pass athwart her bows to windward of her, and then under her stern, and whether she has struck or not, it will place us in a very advantageous position; that is, I am thinking so—I am saying so, Sir Ed'ard."

During this admirable speech, "chop the binnacle's" hand was moving in its usual way. Sir Edward threw as much scorn into his countenance as it was capable of expressing, and, with great hauteur, answered thus: "Whether the enemy has struck or not, I feel certain that no person but yourself is afraid of her broadside."

"Chop the binnacle" stood aghast, his hand worked in the usual

manner, and at last 'out came thinking and saying, "That he was thinking, Sir Ed'ard was calling him a coward—that he would find his courage equal to his Sir Ed'ard's—that he was at his post to obey his orders, but no more advice would he offer;" and then took his station at the conn, in a very sulky mood.

During this time the valiant Decres was silently preparing a settling dose of three round shot in each of his enormous guns for us, sustaining with great patience the teasing fire of our small craft. We are now opening her, and perceive the tricolored flag fluttering from the wreck of her mizen topmast, to which it was apparently nailed. "Shorten sail," said our chief, "and back the main topsail;" and jumping on a gun he hailed the French admiral, who (decorated in all his orders, even to the cross of the Legion of Honour) stood conspicuously on the poop, with his sabre naked in his hand, and a brace of pistols in his belt. "Strike your French colours," bellowed our captain through his trumpet, in what he must have thought impressive terms. The Frenchman silently and gracefully waved his sabre—his small arm men poured in a volley—their tremendous artillery vomited forth their three round shot, the concussion heeling us two streaks—the crashing of masts and yards, with shrieks and death-groans, attested well the precision of their aim; and the destructive effect of their broadside, so closely delivered, that our studding-sail booms were carried away against his main-yard. *I had done good service* in the battle of St. Vincent, in the year 97; that is, I selected, tasted, and conveyed such oranges, as I did not approve for my own eating, to Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, and his captain, James R. Dacres, Esq. but not through the whole of *that glorious* and unprecedented victory did I hear such a fatal broadside as was poured into the Foudroyant by the Guillaume Tell; it resembled a volcanic eruption, crashing, tearing, and splintering everything in its destructive course. "Hard up," said our chief, "set the jib, and sheet home the fore-top gallant sail, (for we had shot past the enemy like a flash of lightning). The jib-boom is gone, and the fore-topmast is badly wounded," roared the forecastle officer; "look out for the topmast,—stand from under." Down it came on the larboard-gangway, crushing some to pieces under its enormous weight. Still the force of the helm, acting on the flying rate at which we had attacked our enemy to leeward, (for our captain most magnanimously disdained to take any advantage of her crippled state,) brought his majesty's ship in contact with the leviathan foe; and a deafening roar of artillery again rent the sky. The Frenchman, who had fifteen hundred men, had crowded his decks, lower yards, and rigging, ready for boarding. The naked sabre hanging by its becket from the wrist, the pistols in the belt, and the determined look of these half-starved ruffians, quite dazzled my vision; but still it took in their valiant admiral, standing in the most conspicuous situation, and animating his men both by voice and gestures. None who beheld the anxiety of our small-arm men to shoot him, and his miraculous preservation, could doubt a special providence: his men fell around him like corn before the reaper; but there he stood in the glittering insignia of his rank, upright and uninjured. I saw a marine, who taught us the broad-sword, and to fire at a mark, take dead aim at

the admiral, within half pistol-shot: just as his finger reached the trigger, one of their forty-two pounders carried off the head, musket, and arm of this excellent marksman. Another marine, (a rare instance in the corps,) disgraced it by lying on the deck, and was thought wounded by my brother signal-midshipman, Mr. West, who approached with the view of rendering assistance; but when he found it rank cowardice, he obliged the man to rise, under fear of immediate death: the poor wretch had scarcely assumed the perpendicular, when a bar that connects grape shot passed through both thigh bones close up to the hips, and could not be extricated. His torture lasted two days, when death relieved his sufferings.

At this time, my friend West fell across my feet with a hideous groan; a large splinter from the mainmast had bared his right thigh bone from the knee-pan to the hip: he lived to reach Palermo, and then sank under his sufferings. These, with other shocking sights, made me feel sick at heart, and I thought the glorious pomp of war anything but pleasant. I heard the captain exclaim that he was wounded, and in pompous terms desired the quarter-master to bring a chair, which he filled in great state: splinters from the mainmast had struck every person on deck; but fortunately our chief so slightly, that the master afterwards declared that he bound it with a white handkerchief for fear of mistaking the leg.

We were at this time totally unmanageable, and cracking masts and yards in close contact with our foe, who now tried his last effort at boarding. "Small arm men, and pikemen, forward to assist boarders," shouted the chief. "Request his highness of Palermo to assemble his troops on the forecastle." Alas! sorry am I to say that very few responded to the martial call; and the prince shortly after passed me, covered with the blood of two of our seamen, killed at the cabin guns, his cheeks divested of their roses, and the "grand desire" filled to satiety.

"Sare," said his highness, addressing the captain of one of the quarter-deck guns, "can you tell me where Colonel St. Ange, my aide-de-camp, is gone?"

"I don't know," said Jack, with great unconcern, replacing an old quid he had just discarded; "unless you mean the spindle-shanked, hook-nosed fellow I saw with you when the boarders were called forward."

"Ay, ay, he has de Roman nose; where shall I find him?"

"Below," said Jack.

"Why for he go below?"

"To save his bacon," quaintly said the sailor; "heave her breach aft, so,—stand clear," and the gun being fired, rebounded with great velocity.

The dismayed prince, turning to me, asked for an explanation of save his bacon. I with difficulty made him understand, that, in the opinion of the captain of the gun, Colonel St. Ange had not consulted his honour in going into a place of safety.

"Have you the place of de safety here?" said the prince.

"What we consider so—where the wounded are dressed," replied I.

"Sare," said his highness, raising his hat, "I will be particularly obligated to you to show me this place of de safety dat you have here."

"Your highness must excuse my leaving the deck, which I dare not do; but by descending two ladders below this, you will arrive at the cock-pit, where I have no doubt you will find Colonel St. Ange."

It is unnecessary to say, that his highness was not visible on deck again during the action, which still raged with unremitting fury. A few thumps increased our distance from each other, and placed us in a raking position for the foe to hammer at.

"It is twenty minutes, sir," said Mr. Stains, "since a gun would bear from the lower deck."

"I am truly sorry to hear it," said the chief; "I wish they would all bear."

"Do order the *Penelope*, sir, to tow us fairly alongside."

"Here, youngster, the *Penelope's* pendants."

"We have no means of hoisting them," said I.

"Don't start difficulties, boy, but hold the tack up on the rail, and I will carry the head up the mizen-rigging;" and our gallant lieutenant climbed the rigging like a cat.

"Mr. Stains, I command you to come down, and the whole of you, off the poop, for the mizen-mast is falling," shouted our captain.

There was a rush to obey, and in the struggle I was thrown down with some violence by the long legs of John Collins, our tall marine officer. It took me some time to ascertain, first, the safety of my head, and then if I had my proper quantity of limbs left. To my great relief, I found legs, arms, and body untouched, and forthwith proceeded to use them, by scrambling off that slaughter-house of a deck, and out of the way of the falling mizen-mast, which now came down on the quarter-deck with a horrible crash, breaking through it, and crushing to death the captain of the mizen-top; a very fine lad, whose father, a quarter-master at the helm, had only a few minutes before been carried down with his right arm shot off. Captain Blackwood had seen our distressed situation under the raking fire of our foe, and his own pendants now approached us.

"I will heave about, and tow you close enough to singe the Frenchman's whiskers." His foremast, that had been tottering some time, now fell with a thundering noise, and a heart-felt cheer was raised from both ships. Our larboard broadside now bore upon him, and away went his main-mast.—"Work away, my hearts of oak, and his tricolored flag will soon be under water," responded fore and aft; though, give the devil his due, he is a good piece of stuff, and merits better than drowning.

At this time the only sergeant of marines on board, (the rest being before Malta,) a very gallant man, was borne across the quarter-deck, with his left thigh shot off. The blood played like a fountain, and deluged all within its reach.—"Set me down," said the wounded man; "water, water—O give me water." He drank eagerly, and fell back dead. The body was immediately consigned to the deep; and before I recovered the shock given to my feelings, "Youngster," said the captain, "get me the number of wounded from the surgeon."

"Ay, ay, sir,"—and not particularly sorry for a short respite from such an infernal fire as the *Guillaume Tell* kept on us, both in artillery and small arms. But when I entered the cockpit, and my optics served me by candle-light from the broad glare of the sun, after stumbling against some of the wounded, I approached the medical tribe, who, with shirt-sleeves tucked up to the shoulders, their hands and arms bathed in human blood, were busily employed in taking the old quarter-master's right arm out of the socket, whose only son, the captain of the mizen-top, I had just seen crushed to death.—"Is my boy doing well, mister?" addressing me in the low voice of pain.

I felt choking as I answered, "I hope he is."

The old man groaned heavily; he suspected the truth from the tone of my voice.

"Pour a glass of Madeira down his throat—he is sinking fast," said the surgeon.

The complication of noises in this den of misery—the shrill cry from agonised youth, to the deep and hollow groan of death—the imprecations of some and the prayers of others—the roaring of guns—and the hopes and fears that pervade the wounded—formed a very shocking scene, and is deeply impressed on my memory, even in the year 1837.

"I am too busy to count the wounded," said the surgeon; "say the cockpit is full, and some bad cases."

This I delivered to our chief, seated on his chair in regal dignity, surrounded by young midshipmen, his aides-de-camp.—"I think their fire slackens, Mr. Thompson," addressing the first lieutenant.

"It evidently does, sir; many of the crew have deserted their guns, and will not relish their admiral's determination to go down with colours flying. He is a brave boy, and fights like an Englishman. The stump of his mainmast is just gone, and nothing can be seen above his bulwarks. Listen to that mutinous cry—the rascals want to strike their colours—the brave admiral is flashing his sabre around it—grape and canister in this gun, and fire on that mutinous gang; for I like discipline, even in an enemy," said our first lieutenant.

Down came the tricolored flag, and "Cease firing" resounded along our decks; but one of our lower-deck guns gave tongue and killed their first lieutenant, much praised and lamented by the prisoners, his brother officers. The slaughter on board the *Guillaume Tell* was about four hundred, and in our ship alone eighty, taking in the wounded. Never was any ship better fought, or flag hoisted by a more gallant man than Rear-Admiral Decres. Our captain received his sword, and took it to the commodore, wearing half a cocked hat, the other half having been carried off by that impudent shot that dyed his cabin with the blood of two seamen, and blanched the bold front of that pretty dandy, the most illustrious the Prince of Palermo.

"Good God! how did you save your head?" said the commodore.

"The hat was not on it," replied our chief.

Few of the prisoners were removed. The *Penelope* took the prize in tow, and one of the sloops ourselves. Completely exhausted both in body and mind, I threw myself down among the wounded, and slept soundly, till roused by the cheering of the crew, who had, in the *Nel-*

sonian style, been assembled to return thanks to Almighty God, the giver of all victory, and were now applauding their captain's short speech of praise of their conduct, which had not appeared to me extremely commendable; in fact, she was not in a high state of discipline: the men, when threatened with punishment for misconduct, applied to Lady Hamilton, and her kindness of disposition, and Lord Nelson's known aversion to flogging, generally rendered the appeal successful. As an instance of which, one of his bargemen addressed her, in my hearing, "Please your ladyship's honour, I have got into a bit of a scrawl."

"What is the nature of it?" said she, with great affability.

"Why, you see, your ladyship's honour, I am reported drunk when on duty yesterday, to the captain, and he will touch me up, unless your ladyship's honour interferes. I was not as sober as a judge, because as why, I was freshish; but I was not drunk."

"A nice distinction!—let me know what you had drunk."

"Why, you see, my lady, I was sent ashore after the dinner-grog; and who should I see, on landing, but Tom Mason, from the *Lion*; and Tom says to me, says he, 'Jack, let us board this here wine-shop: so after we had drank a jug, and was making sail for the barge, as steady as an old pump-bolt, in comes Ned, funny Ned—your ladyship's honour recollects Ned, who dances the hornpipe before the king. 'My eyes, Jack!' says he, 'but we will have another jug, and I'll stand treat,' says he; so, you see, wishing to be agreeable like, I takes my share, and the boat waited for me. 'You drunken rascal!' says Mr. St. Ives, the middy, to me; 'but I'll report you.' So I touches my hat, quite genteel like, which shows I was not drunk, and pulls on board without catching crabs; and if your ladyship's honour will tell the admiral that I pulled on board without catching crabs, he will see with half an eye that I only shook a cloth in the wind."

"Your name," said "Fair Emma," taking out her tablets.

"Jack Jones—and God bless that handsome face, for it is the sailor's friend." And Jack, hitching up his trousers, gave a scrape with his foot, and bounded off, with a light heart, well knowing the powerful influence he had moved in his favour would save his back from severe flagellation. She was much liked by every one in the fleet except Captain Nesbit, Lady Nelson's son, and her recommendation was the sure road to promotion. The fascination of her elegant manners was irresistible, and her voice most melodious. Bending her graceful form over her superb harp, on the *Foudroyant's* quarter-deck, each day after dinner, in Naples' Bay, she sang the praises of Nelson, at which the hero blushed like a fair maiden listening to the first compliment paid to her beauty.

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO "GOD SAVE THE KING."

COMPOSED BY MISS KNIGHT, AND SUNG BY EMMA, LADY HAMILTON.

See loyal Nelson's name
First on the roll of fame,
Him let us sing.

The Appointment.

Spread we his praise around,
 Honour of British ground,
 Who made Nile's shores resound,
 God save the king !

While now we chaunt his praise,
 See what new glories blaze—
 New trophies spring !
 Nelson, thy task's complete,
 All their Egyptian fleet
 Bows at thy conquering feet
 To George our king.

THE APPOINTMENT.

HE will not come—he will not come ; indeed 'tis very wrong
 Of him to keep me waiting thus, I cannot tell how long.
 My feet and legs are aching so with jumping up the seat,
 To see if I could see him turn the corner of the street.

Go, Jenny, run and fetch my watch, it must be past the time ;
 No, stay, I broke the spring just now, (that clock will never chime.)
 Give me my hat, my cloak, my gloves, my muff, and boa too ;
 I ll walk alone, and he shall see—(here, stupid, tie my shoe.)

And if he should come when I'm out, then, Jenny, you may say—
 (I've kicked that kitten from the hearth a hundred times to-day)—
 Yes, yes, I'll to my cousin Tom's, and he shall be my beau ;
 And for that wretch, whene'er he comes, you'll quickly bid him go.

'Tis—'tis—his footstep on the stair ; hark ! how my heart is beating ;
 Like some sledge hammer, 'tis so loud ; now—now—there's no retreating.
 But never will I wait again, no, Jenny—never—never—
 He comes !—Love, have you waited long ? *Dearest, I'd wait for ever !*
LARA.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER II.—LIBERAL MEMBERS.

MR. SERJEANT WOULFE—SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH—MR. LEADER—
MR. BANNERMAN—MR. CHARLES LUSHINGTON.

MR. SERJEANT WOULFE, the member for Cashel, was returned to Parliament, for the first time, in February last. He had not been many nights in the house when circumstances compelled him to make his maiden speech. The second reading of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, coming then under the consideration of the house, he could not, as the Attorney-General for Ireland, omit making a speech on the occasion, without, to a certain extent, compromising the government of which he had been but a few weeks before made a member. In Ireland the hon. and learned gentleman had, for many years previously, enjoyed the reputation of a man of very superior talents. That impression was general at the time of his entering the house. It is one which is always very prejudicial to a new member; for to produce an effect on a first appearance, it is necessary that the house should, to a certain extent, be taken by surprise. Mr. Serjeant Woulfe's parliamentary *débüt* did not come up to the general expectation, though it could not, without doing injustice to the hon. and learned member, be called altogether a *failure*. Perhaps it could not be more correctly designated, than by saying it was a *respectable* maiden speech. He showed none of that trepidation or want of confidence which is so common with practised out-of-door orators and with hon. gentlemen on their first effort at speech-making in Parliament. He was seemingly as much at his ease in the outset, as if he had been a member of a quarter of a century's standing. All was attention for some time after he rose. It was clear from the silence which prevailed and the circumstance of all eyes being fixed on the hon. and learned gentleman, that the expectations of the house were wound up to no ordinary pitch. For some time, say ten minutes, after he had commenced, he acquitted himself in a more than creditable manner; and the presumption for that length of time was, that he would improve in his eloquence, and in the animation of his manner, as he got further into his subject. Instead of that, however, he became much heavier in his matter and more languid in his manner. He consequently lost, to a corresponding extent, the attention of the house; and many members rose and went out. In about a quarter of an hour after this he rallied, and made what is called a number of good points. He also became much more lively in his manner, and repeatedly elicited loud cheers. He continued to speak for a full

hour more,—making at least an hour and a half altogether, during which he addressed the house.

His speech was undoubtedly an able one: it was full of excellent matter; but the argument was a great deal too close and continued for telling with effect, under any circumstances, on the house,—especially when the speech was not very well delivered. Mr. Serjeant Woulfe is evidently an original if not a very philosophical speaker, and he can arrange his ideas with clearness, and express them in appropriate phraseology; but to make any impression on the house, it is necessary that there be more or less of declamation, or what is called “taking points,” delivered with animation and energy.

In my “Random Recollections of the House of Commons,” I mentioned the remarkable similarity there was in the voice of Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, to that of the late Mr. Cobbett. An equally striking similarity exists between the voice of Mr. Shiel and Mr. Serjeant Woulfe. Any person accustomed to hear Mr. Shiel, would have been as confident as he was of his own existence, that it was that hon. and learned gentleman who was addressing the house, had he been conducted blindfolded into St. Stephen’s on the evening in question, and heard Mr. Serjeant Woulfe in some of his more energetic moods. This is the more surprising, as Mr. Shiel’s is the most extraordinary voice, perhaps, in the house. It has something in it which I cannot describe, and which, I take it, nobody could; but it has often reminded me of the squeaking screeching way in which Master Punch speaks when he condescends to play the orator on a small scale. Mr. Serjeant Woulfe’s utterance, too, bears an equally close resemblance to that of Mr. Shiel. It is as rapid at times as if the words were instinct with life, and were struggling with each other as to which of them should first make the ascent of his throat. At Elgin, in Scotland, the boys have a certain game at which they play. I do not now recollect the particulars; but I remember quite well that it ends in their all starting off on a race for a certain point, while in order to stimulate their efforts at swiftness, one boy, who acts as a kind of master of the ceremonies, sings out, “D——,” (I do not like to mention the party’s name,) “D—— take the hindmost.” Though the personage to whom I refer were to take the last term which Mr. Shiel utters, there could not be a greater struggle among his words to make their escape out of his mouth into the atmosphere of the house. It is the same with Mr. Serjeant Woulfe. His elocution, when I first heard it, reminded me of one of those scientific rat-tat-tats at which an experienced footman is so expert. Parts of his speech were a sort of constant explosion: for a reporter to follow him, was out of the question. Hence, a very imperfect report of his speech appeared on the following day. Had the speech been well reported, it would have produced a much greater effect on the country than it did on the house. The hon. and learned gentleman attempted, after its delivery, to report it himself from recollection, for one of the morning papers. He proceeded so far; but was obliged to give it up.

The hon. and learned gentleman’s style is correct without being polished. He does not appear to care much about rounded periods.

His diction is always plain but vigorous. So far it resembles that of Mr. Shiel. I mention this, because I have referred to so many other points of resemblance between the two men: the former, however, has not the rhetoric or brilliancy of the latter; nor can he ever hope to attain to anything like the same status in the house.

Mr. Serjeant Woulfe is not so prodigal of his gesticulation as Mr. Shiel; but so far as it goes it resembles that of the hon. and learned member for Tipperary. His figure has naturally somewhat of a decrepit appearance; but it looks more so than it really is by the awkward position in which he stands when addressing the house. He always stoops and leans over the table, except when, in his more energetic moments, he raises his arms and throws them about as if he were determined to have nothing more to do with them: sometimes he leans down on the table altogether, and keeps his eye as steadily fixed on Mr. Shaw, or some other leading Irish member, as if he were making a speech for that member's special benefit.

Mr. Serjeant Woulfe is seemingly upwards of fifty. His figure, as I have just hinted, is not prepossessing. He does not appear to be a man of strong constitution. His height is about, or perhaps rather above, the average. If anything, he is slenderly formed. His nose is sharp, and so is his face altogether. His complexion is sallow, and his hair, which is abundant, is of a dark brown colour. It exhibits no traces of being ever brushed or combed, to say nothing of the application of oil to it.

The hon. and learned gentleman has something of an absent minded, if not eccentric appearance, and his conduct sometimes goes to support the hypothesis, that there is a degree of eccentricity about him. Two nights after the delivery of his maiden speech, he went up, while Lord John Russell was addressing the house in opposition to Mr. Walter's speech on the Poor Law question, to one of the side galleries, and stretched himself at full length on his back on one of the seats. For some time I thought he had addressed himself, as the poet says, to sleep; for he lay as tranquilly as if he had formed a part of the cushioned bench on which he reposed: nor would it have been matter of wonder, if he had after, like Sancho Panza, invoking a thousand blessings on the head of him who first invented sleep, taken what Lord Brougham calls a moderate nap; for it was impossible to conceive of anything having a more soporific tendency than that particular speech of Lord John's. Whether Mr. Serjeant Woulfe did or did not actually commit himself on this occasion to the arms of Morpheus, is a point which I cannot determine with anything like absolute certainty; nor is it a matter of much importance to the public. If he did sleep, it was only for a very short time; for in less than ten minutes he turned and tossed himself about as if he had been, as one of his own countrymen would say, "spitted" before a fire. At last he sought to dissipate the *ennui* caused by Lord John Russell's heavy oration, by amusing himself with his ample crop of hair. Putting the fingers of his left hand about one inch apart from each other, he thrust them in among his luxuriant hair, just as a barber does when about to apply the scissors to the excrescences of a customer's cranium; and then, with his right hand, he seized the

tufts which made their way up between his fingers, and pulled at them with as much seeming violence as if he had been trying how much of his hair he could uproot at once. Had it not been that I knew the dulness of Lord John's speech had imposed on him the necessity of resorting to some expedient or other to kill time—though this, I must confess, appeared to me a very extraordinary one—I should have leaped at once to the conclusion, knowing him to be a Roman Catholic, that he was doing penance on himself. But leaving that matter where it is, I may mention, that finding he could not extract the hair from his head in large quantities at a time, he sought to diminish the quantity by going to work in detail.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, the member for the county of Cornwall, has acquired very great prominence both within and without the walls of Parliament of late. He is a young man of great promise: he possesses very respectable talents as a literary man, and acquits himself very creditably as a public speaker, including in the phrase the matter of his speeches. It is true that he always prepares his speeches beforehand, writing them out most carefully and then committing them *verbatim* to memory; but as he is so young, being only in his twenty-seventh year, it is not improbable that as he increases in confidence in his own powers, he may become a respectable extemporaneous speaker. His plan of writing out his speeches is one which, in the case of any young man just entering on an important public career, is worthy of all commendation. I wish it were more generally adopted by our senators in the House of Commons: we should, in that case, be spared much of the crude undigested matter and everlasting repetitions, which those in the way of attending that house are doomed to hear night after night, and which are inflicted on the public through the columns of the papers of the following morning. Writing one's speeches insensibly causes the party to arrange his ideas in their proper order: it prevents the excess of mere words, which with few exceptions characterise extemporaneous effusions, and it guards against repetitions. Sir William Molesworth's speeches usually indicate a deeply reflective mind. They prove him to be possessed of the faculty of close and continuous reasoning. His style is always clear: it does not want vigour, but there is a harshness about it, which impairs the effect his speeches—I speak of them as read—would otherwise produce. It cannot but strike every one capable of judging on the point, that he bestows much more pains on his matter than his manner—on his ideas than on his diction. This is certainly to be preferred to the circumstance—a very common one, by the way, both with our legislative orators and with authors—of sacrificing one's matter to the manner, the sentiments to the style; but I conceive it quite possible to give due attention to both. I am afraid, however, that there is little hope of Sir William's improving, in any very marked degree, in his language. I fear he has deliberately formed it on a bad model; and that he thinks it is unexceptionable. I should like him to be disabused of this notion, if he really does entertain it. If he could only be prevailed on to endeavour to round his periods somewhat more, and to impart a greater smoothness to his style, he would speak with much more effect. As a writer, the gain to him would be still greater.

As a mere speaker, apart from his matter, Sir William Molesworth does not rank high. His voice is feeble, and has little or no power of intonation. He is just audible when the house is in a tolerably tranquil state, and that is all. When the house is in an uproarious mood, even though only moderately so, he is not heard at any distance from the place whence he speaks. His enunciation is somewhat rapid, as is almost invariably the case with those who speak from memory. The very mistakes he makes show how carefully he has committed his speech to his faculty of remembrance. His attitudes were, for some time after he entered Parliament, highly theatrical. Now he is more subdued in his action. Sometimes, indeed, he runs to the other extreme of using no gesticulation at all. I have seen him, on more than one occasion, fold his arms in each other on his breast, and in that attitude remain during the delivery of a speech which occupied ten or fifteen minutes. On such occasions he has strongly reminded me of a school-boy giving a recitation at an annual examination. Sir William always, when he speaks, advances two or three feet from the first bench towards the middle of the floor, and with his back to the door and his eye intently fixed on the speaker or the speaker's chair, I am not sure which, remains in that position till he has uttered his last word.

His personal appearance has nothing commanding about it. He is of the middle height and of a passably good figure. His complexion is fair, and his hair is of a colour approaching to redness. It is usually long and flowing. His features are small and regular. He uses a glass for his right eye so frequently, that I am sure he must sometimes fancy he is looking through his glass when it is dangling by means of a black ribbon, on his breast; on no other hypothesis can I account for his sometimes making such queer faces, that a stranger would conclude he had a very marked squint.

Sir William is an excellent scholar. He has a good knowledge of languages, and is, I believe, a superior mathematician. He was expelled the University of Cambridge under singular circumstances. His private tutor, who was also a fellow-student, having quarrelled with another student, determined on calling out the latter. Sir William was the bearer of the challenge, and of course was to be his tutor's second. The party challenged having no notion of exposing his person to the fire of his antagonist, gave information of the circumstance of his being challenged,—not to the magistrates, but to the head-masters of the university. The latter immediately decided on the expulsion both of the intended principal and second, which expulsion was duly carried into effect. But what, it will be asked, became of the party challenged? Why, he was expelled also; not, certainly, in the same way as Sir William and his friend, but by the other students. They literally persecuted and hissed him out of the university for what they considered ignoble conduct,—not so much because he refused to fight as for his playing the part of an informer against two fellow-students.

Sir William Molesworth is a man of great energy of character and decision of conduct. He goes the whole hog in Radicalism, and presents a bold front, both to Whigs and Tories, in the House of Com-

mons. Though he stood alone in that house, I believe he would as fearlessly assert his principles as if he knew he had a majority of the house with him. I admire this trait in Sir William's character, without at all identifying myself with his extreme opinions. I like to see a man boldly and fearlessly avow his views, whatever they may be, when they are the result of conviction after mature deliberation. It is his resolute and straightforward course of conduct which gives Sir William much of that weight which he has in the house.

Every one has made the observation that the Ultra-Radical party have this session possessed greater importance in the house than on any former occasion; and I have heard various conjectures as to the cause. The most common one is, that, though few in number, these extreme Radicals have been more united, and acted more in concert, this session than they ever did before. This is the true hypothesis; but the cause of this closer union and greater concert in the course they have pursued, is not generally known. I cannot see any harm in letting out the secret. The unity of purpose which has lately characterised the extreme Radicals is to be ascribed to the circumstance, of Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Leader having come to a resolution—and carried it into practice, too—of giving a series of parliamentary dinners to their party. This course of parliamentary dinners commenced the week before the opening of the session. They are given in the Clarendon Hotel. Sunday* was the day fixed on for the purpose. Sir William pays one week and Mr. Leader the other. A good dinner is proverbial for the good feeling it produces. To many of the Radicals a dinner in the best style of the Clarendon Hotel must be an object of especial importance; and there is nothing uncharitable, any more than unphilosophical, in the supposition that the fear of exclusion from these Sunday festivals has been of infinite use in keeping the party closely together.

Sir William Molesworth, as is generally known, is the principal proprietor of the "London and Westminster Review." He occasionally writes articles for it. The opening paper in the January number for the present year, which was regarded, and justly, as the manifesto of his party with regard to the course they would pursue in the then approaching session, was written by him. I am aware it has been said that he was the writer of only a very small part of it, and that it was chiefly written by a literary gentleman of great talent in London, who is a regular contributor to the "Review." This supposition is altogether groundless. Sir William wrote the whole of the article himself, down in Cornwall. Mr. Leader chanced to be on a visit to him for two days while employed on it, and threw out two or three suggestions as to topics which he thought should be touched on in the article; but surely no one would say that this was assisting to write it. I refer thus particularly to this article, because it made a good deal of noise at the time, and some speculation was indulged in as to the authorship.

Should Sir William Molesworth continue to pursue the independent

* It is much to be regretted that the practice of giving political dinners on Sunday should exist. It is peculiarly unbecoming on the part of Ministers thus to desecrate the sabbath, as they are ostensibly the special friends of the christian religion.

course he has hitherto followed, there is every probability that he will eventually become a man of very great importance in the political world. There is the greater probability that he will retain his independence, as his ample fortune, from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a year, renders him less liable to temptation than the great majority of legislators.

Mr. LEADER, the member for Bridgewater, is a Radical of the first water. He and Sir William Molesworth, and Mr. Roebuck, form a sort of Siamese trio: they hold in common the same extreme political opinions. Indeed, on all political subjects, they seem to think, speak, and act together with such entire harmony, that one could almost fancy they had but one mind equally divided amongst them. Not more close or cordial is the union between husband and wife when the clergyman has pronounced them to be one flesh, than is the union of sentiment, feeling, and purpose, which subsists amongst this triumvirate of Radical legislators. Mr. Leader is rapidly rising into distinction, and it would not at all surprise me were he, before many years elapse, a leader in the House of Commons in another sense than that simply of his name. It would not at all surprise me should he, ere long, become the leader of the Ultra-Radical party in parliament. He is a man of superior talents. He distinguished himself at the university in many branches of education. Those, who know him well assure me that he is an excellent mathematician, and that he has considerable pretensions as a linguist. Be this as it may, he is a man of talent viewed as a legislator. He does not speak very often in parliament; but no one ever heard him address the house for two minutes at a time, without perceiving that he is a man of considerable intellectual calibre. There is always stamina in what he says. He is a good reasoner, and displays much ability by the clear and forcible way in which he asserts the peculiar views of the party with whom he identifies himself. His style is nervous: it is always correct; but would tell with better effect were it sometimes more polished. The great fault of most speakers is, that they evidently bestow too much pains in their efforts to round their periods. I have sometimes thought that Mr. Leader runs to the other extreme, and is too careless as to the construction of his sentences. As a speaker, Mr. Leader acquits himself very creditably. His voice is clear and pleasant. I am convinced it is capable of every variety of intonation; but, from some cause or other, he has not availed himself of its capabilities this way. There is something of sameness in its tones. He is, however, always audible, and is usually listened to with attention in the house. When speaking in parliament he takes, I believe, the precaution of doing so from memory, having previously committed his thoughts to writing. I am satisfied, however, that he possesses in a very respectable degree the faculty of improvisation, did he choose to exercise it. I have heard him speak without the slightest premeditation at public dinners, and seen him get through his speech in a highly respectable manner, and seemingly without an effort. He is a man of great decision of character, and of great determination of purpose. When once he has resolved on pursuing a certain line of conduct, neither the most alluring appliances of seduction, nor ridicule, nor menace, nor abuse of any kind, will divert him for one moment from

the path he has pointed out for himself. That he is a man of more than common nerve, may be inferred from the fact, that though all his relations are Tories, he has, in defiance of threats, and solicitations, and entreaties from innumerable quarters, openly embraced the very opposite class of political principles. This is the more to be wondered at, as he is only, if I am not misinformed, twenty-eight years of age. And he has taken an active part in the assertion of the same set of opinions for several years past. His appearance is quite boyish. You would fancy, on first seeing him, provided you did not know him, that he was some youth who had not yet finished his educational course of instruction. His personal appearance, notwithstanding his being short in stature, and of a slender figure, is very prepossessing. There is something exceedingly pleasant in his countenance. It is always open and cheerful. His whole appearance and manners are those of a perfect gentleman, without anything of that dandyism in dress, or laboured politeness in company which are so common in persons in his station of life, and which make them so ridiculous if not contemptible in the eyes of men of judgment. His complexion is clear, and his features are regular. His face, like his stature, is small, but his forehead is ample. The expression of his countenance is intellectual; but no one would suppose, from an inspection of his face, that he possessed the decision of character I have mentioned: one would rather think that he was deficient in energy of purpose. His hair is usually ample, and is of a moderately dark colour.

Mr. BANNERMAN, the member for Aberdeen, is well known, and much respected by members of all parties, in the house; but he very seldom speaks. When he does address his fellow legislators, he is always brief. The length of time he remains on his legs, hardly ever exceeds five minutes: it seldom exceeds two or three. The longest speech he ever made—I mean in parliament—was when he either moved or seconded, I do not recollect which, an address to his majesty, in answer to his speech on the opening of parliament some two or three years ago. Mr. Bannerman possesses none of those oratorical qualities which could render him a superior speaker; but he acquits himself in a very creditable manner when addressing the house. He does not often stutter, or pause for the proper word; but speaks with considerable seeming ease. His voice is feeble, (at any rate, he does not betray any great strength of lungs,) and remarkably monotonous. If there were a possibility of gauging the loudness of its tones, I think it would be found there was no variation, in this respect, from the time he rises till he resumes his seat: nor does he evince any animation in his manner. It were hardly possible to be more sparing of his gesture. He belongs to the stock-still class of speakers: when I say this, I mean as to his speeches in parliament. When addressing the electors and other inhabitants of Aberdeen, Mr. Bannerman divests himself of that lifelessness which he shows on the floor of the House of Commons, and displays considerable animation. His voice indicates flexibility of tone, and he is pretty liberal of his gesticulation. He is an intelligent man, and the attribute of good sense characterises all his speeches. He is not

eloquent in the proper signification of the word; but he is always clear, and his style is usually correct. His excellent private character, as well as his consistent conduct as a public man, renders him popular with his constituents. He has made great exertions for the spread of liberal principles in Aberdeen and the neighbouring counties: four or five years ago he took an active part in the establishment of a newspaper in Aberdeen,* with the view of promoting a modified Radicalism, and also, no doubt, of securing the continuance of his seat in parliament for that enterprising and rapidly prosperous city. In person he is about the average height, and well formed. His complexion is dark, and so is his hair. His features are regular, and have something of an intelligent expression. I should suppose, judging from his appearance, that he is between forty-five and fifty years of age.

Mr. CHARLES LUSHINGTON, the member for Ashburton, is rising into notice: he was pretty well known before as a liberal and enlightened member; but he did not bring himself with the same prominence before the house and the public, as he has done of late. He has recently distinguished himself out of doors, as well as in the house, by his zealous advocacy of the interests of the Dissenters. His advocacy of their cause is the more important, and the more creditable to himself, from the circumstance of his being a decided churchman from principle. He is one of the few who think that the church would gain in usefulness as well as popularity, by trusting exclusively to her own resources and to the support of her own members and friends, than by compelling the Dissenters to do violence to their consciences, by contributing to her maintenance. This is an opinion which is rapidly gaining ground among the more enlightened and conscientious churchmen. The same feeling of an anxious desire to see the church strengthened, has induced Mr. Lushington to take an active part in the exertions which are now making to eject the bishops from the House of Lords. His conviction is, that they not only neglect their spiritual duties, and impair their usefulness as individuals, by mixing themselves up with politics, but that they thereby bring much odium on the church herself in her collective capacity. Actuated by these convictions, he brought forward a motion in the third week of last session, for relieving the bishops from the toils of political legislation: but the motion was lost by a large majority.

Mr. Lushington is a man of superior intelligence. He possesses a sound judgment, as well as extensive information. He is cool and calculating in all he says and does. Reason, and not the passions, is the guide of his conduct. In politics he is liberal, but cannot with propriety be classed among the Radical party. He is one of the most consistent of our public men; and his strict integrity as a politician, any more than his excellence as a private man, has never, so far as I am aware, been questioned. I believe there are few men who act more thoroughly and uniformly from conscientious motives. As a speaker he cannot be ranked high: his voice has something hard about it, and is not sufficiently powerful for effective public speaking. He appears to much greater advantage at a public meet-

* The Aberdeen Herald.

ing than in the House of Commons. His utterance is timid, with judgment to the ear: it avoids the extremes of slowness and rapidity; but it wants variety as well as a pleasant tone. He occasionally stutters, especially when speaking extemporaneously. His speeches usually indicate the possession of more than a respectable measure of intellect on the part of the speaker. He is a good reasoner: indeed, were there sometimes less argument, and more declamation, in his speeches, they would tell with much greater effect on a popular assembly like the House of Commons. His statements are always clear; and the drift of his argument can never be mistaken. His style is chaste, without any indications of its being laboriously polished. He deals not in the flowers of rhetoric; nor has he, either in matter or manner, any of the clap-traps so generally observable in the speeches of our modern orators. His gesture is moderate and rational. He seldom speaks long at a time; but his speeches usually contain much valuable matter. If they never display originality, or any particular vigour of mind, there is never anything feeble or silly in them.

Mr. Lushington is apparently upwards of fifty years of age. His personal appearance is prepossessing: it is that of the gentleman and man of intelligence. He is a little above the middle height, and has a handsome figure. His face has something of the oval conformation. His features are regular and pleasant in their general expression. He has a clear intelligent eye and a well-developed forehead. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a dark grey.

Mr. Lushington does not speak with frequency; but he is much respected by men of all shades of political opinion, and always commands attention when he rises. He invariably employs the most unexceptionable language in speaking of an opponent. He never mixes himself up with any of the squabbles which take place in the House: even when attacked in acrimonious terms by others, he maintains his temper. He repels the attack with much firmness, but in the most temperate language. I recollect seeing the hon. gentleman, two or three years ago, give a striking proof of his command of temper, at a meeting of the supporters of the Mendicity Society. Some nobleman, whose name has escaped my recollection, made some ill-natured observations, in consequence of some unpalatable opinions—unpalatable, I mean, to the party—which Mr. Lushington had previously expressed. The tone and temper in which Mr. Lushington replied to the noble lord's attack must have administered to his assailant a severe rebuke, apart from the words, if the mind of the latter had any ordinary share of susceptibility.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c. &c.

No more of the dangers of sea—of hurricane—of wrecks. Ocean, thy magnificence shall no more win me to do thee honour—thou hast ever been my greatest enemy—when the calm smiled and nestled on thy illimitable bosom, it was ever to betray me. When there the winds pursued each other in madness, I was ever driven over thy deeps like the murderer fleeing from vengeance, and yet, old Ocean, I tell thee I defy thee. Nothing have I asked of thee but the cool and translucent grave of thy depths, and that hast thou refused me, my ever greatest enemy : for weeks and months my body lay a willing victim upon thy billowy altars—yet the offering was refused, and then thou heavedst me as something loathsome from off thy breast to peril my immortal soul by temptations almost beyond mortal sufferance.

And yet, thou sea, whom the men great in song have named "multitudinous," what are thy tempests, howling along thine unechoing waters, compared to those of my passion-tossed soul!—verily no more than the lightest breeze of the south that wantonly lifts the fair small curl on the white forehead of beautiful infancy. But the fearful and continued struggle in that desolate island has long been over—and did I conquer? Alas! yes, and no. Reason and conscience were strangely at variance; these two powerful gods strove together in the human temple, and in their strife shook it to desolation. Conscience at length conquered; and, for a time, reason, the vanquished and the coward, fled. But I speak in vain parables. I must away with these reminiscences of pure thought. I have lived to know that the greatest of all blessings is the power to forget. Let me chronicle action only for a space, and leave the workings of the mind untold.

I was prone on my back upon the earth, my body one universal ache, all my senses steeped in agonizing lassitude, and the many painful attempts to open my eyes were protracted by the dazzling brightness of what I at length knew to be an almost vertical sun. I struggled to alter my position, and I then found my bosom oppressed by some heavy substance. In time I contrived to lie upon my side, and then I gradually accustomed my eyes to bear the brightness of the almost intolerable day. A gentle breeze came across the dimpling waters that brought with it a delicious sense of life, and something like vigour to my frame. I now discovered that I was lying upon a fine sand, nearly as white as drifted snow, which was singularly contrasted by numerous tufts of the most verdant grass bursting through its bed.

There was something so invigorating in the breeze and in my change of position, that I felt it a positive happiness; and this sensation I wished to prolong to the utmost, dreading to anticipate, and fearing to find my situation surrounded by horrors. As yet I seemed to be

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dreaming, or if awake, all consciousness centred in self. But memory slowly began to dispel the mists that hung before her terrible pictures, and gave to me the rending ship, the engulfing waters, and my clinging sister—the last idea was enough—I called upon her name—the desolate shore rang to the sounds of “Honoriam!”

The call of despair was heard—I sat up—in all the pallor of death her beautiful face lay in my lap, her fingers were entangled in the lappel of my coat, my dress was rent from my bosom, and her grasp was not to be removed. I looked upon her for some moments in stupor—I could not comprehend the extent of my misery. I think that I must have fainted, for I cannot else account for my inactivity, or the oblivion that ensued upon my first seeing this dreadful spectacle.

At length I remember me, that, not being able to unfasten her rigid fingers from my torn dress, I cut away, with my penknife, the portion that they held; and the sun growing every moment more insupportably hot, I arose, and rallying all my energies to overcome the faint sickness that was upon me, I lifted the body in my arms, to bear it away to the shade of many an unknown tree that I discovered inland a few yards from me. An ecstatic thrill shot through me, when laying her blanched cheek against mine, I found that it was not cold, that her lips were still red, and that the blood was oozing from a slight wound in her temple. She lived—it was enough. What sovereign elixir—what magic medicine could have given me more strength? The burden of her weight was no longer heavy. She lived! I was in power a Goliath—in fortitude a hero—I could have laughed for joy, had it not been for an irrepressible passion of tears that came to my relief. Again, I was supremely, madly, happy—she lived—for what?

The awful question occurred to me—but I drowned it—I pushed the horrid thought under the waters—I strangled it as I would have strangled the assassin of my mother; but it rose again to the surface—it would not be slain. Honoriam lived—and for what?

I placed her under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading tree, of a genus totally unknown to me; but from whose leaves there continually distilled, in large drops, dews of a refreshing coolness, and there arose around us, a gentle mist of refreshing and aromatic odours. The turf upon which I sate was more like moss than grass—the spot was deliciously cool, and had even the surprising effect of enabling me the better to sustain a raging thirst, that, till then, had been preying upon my vitals.

Having placed Honoriam upon the cool and soft grass, and adjusted her torn habiliments over her beautiful person, I left her for a moment, and repaired to some bushes, amongst which I saw a vast plant growing with scoop-shaped leaves, in the hollows of which, as I suspected, I found much limpid water, either from the rains of the late storm or the dews of the previous night. These leaves I cut away with my knife, taking care to lose none of the liquid that was contained in their hollows. With this water I moistened my lips. I found it extremely cold, with a slightly bitter, and a somewhat stringent taste, by no

means unpleasant, but whether wholesome or not, then and there it would have been useless to have thought upon.

With these vegetable cups I approached my sister, and taking her hand gently upon my lap, I proceeded to drop the water between her lips. I distinctly perceived a faint breathing. I found also that the blood was stealing languidly through her veins. At length she breathed forth a deep sigh, and her lustrous blue eyes opened upon me; the look shook me to the soul—there was a smile in them so deep and so blissful, that they seemed to have borrowed their beneficent light from above—and then her lips gently moved. At first, no sounds issued from them—I bent my ear over them, and then I heard her say, with a pause between each word, “Ardent, I am so happy—I thought that I should never bring you to life again.” She then drew me towards herself, with a gentle, an almost imperceptible pressure of the arm, that had hitherto hung lifelessly round my neck, her head fell on my bosom, her eyes closed, and a blissful slumber enfolded her in its shadowy and downy wings. I looked upon her as she slept—the rigidity of her features had passed away, and given place to a serene expression of loveliness, a calm delight. A whole heaven of content was written upon her countenance. Even smiles began to dimple round the corners of her mouth, and the “eloquent blood,” to sing the song of triumph of returning beauty in her cheeks.

And then I aroused me up to meditation. I looked upon the transcendent loveliness sleeping in my arms—and casting my eyes on the solitude that surrounded me, I shuddered. I became one vast principle of thought. Everything physical seemed to be driven from me, and scattered to the viewless winds. Fever no longer raced through my pulses—thirst had ceased to squeeze my heart like a dry sponge grasped in the hand—and hunger no longer fed upon the principle of life. During that prolonged and healthful sleep of Honoria, I lived over my life again. Not an event escaped me. It appeared to me that I had the supernatural power of controlling time itself—of making one of its hours do the work of almost a quarter of a century.

Again I advanced and retreated in innocent flirtations with the five Misses Falcks—again I posted up the books of their respectable father, and treated with a contemptuous kindness his fine and city-bred sons. Again I listened to the superstitions of the enthusiastic and honest Gavel—was again wrecked with him, and saw, once more, his noble self-immolation. Again, I first saw my sister, and unknowing her as such, profanely dared to love. Again I fought with the pirate Manuel for the lives of my parents—and long, very long, I dwelt on that blood-stained scene;—and here I paused—here I made my memory linger. And were not all these retrospections madness? Another would have thought of the present moment, and of the immediate future—but these I shunned as I would a city teeming with the plague. I could look guiltlessly, and somewhat proudly, upon the past—but the present was to me a mingling of bliss and torture, almost insupportable—the future full of pitfalls and gulfs that led to perdition.

Yes, that present was a fierce blending of agony and happiness—for she was confidently sleeping in my arms—my sister! Would she

awake to die here with hunger? I looked around me, and saw the many shrubs and trees bearing fruits—some of them must be wholesome—and not far away I recognised the stately cocoa-nut tree, with its long fan-like leaves, and its clustering fruit embedded in their centre—these, I knew at once, from the many drawings and engravings that I had seen of them. No, our danger lay not in hunger—but in a foe more dreadful.

Again I forced my mind to recur to my father and mother—that father, so mild, and sensible, and upright—that mother, so beautiful, so noble, and tender—and both, though so lately known, so deeply loved. I persuaded myself that they were dead. With a wilful grief I conjured up the manner of their dying—I saw the flowing of their blood—I heard their last ejaculations—I fancied that they even blessed me and Honoria as they died: the picture grew too affecting, too tender for me, and I began to weep. At first the tears appeared to be wrung from me slowly, and each as it fell gave birth to a pang. At length they fell more copiously, and brought with them a strange solace—a feeling of comfort. Yes, weeping may sometimes be a pleasure—'tis a pity that man's nature denies this consolation so savagely to man.

I had thus been chewing the cud of bitter fancies, and Honoria had been sleeping more than three hours. The sun had made a considerable progress in his downward course, towards the wood-crowned hills in the west, when my hot tears falling upon the brow of my sister, she awoke. She kissed me affectionately, and then gently said, "Ardent, my beloved friend, where are we?"

"Alas! my sister—I know not."

"And you have been weeping."

"Strangely—passionately."

"Why, kindest, best of brothers?—but silly, silly girl to ask you why."

"Not for ourselves—not for ourselves, O my Honoria, did I weep; but our present afflictions are enough."

"Say not so—I know of none—are you not with me?"

"Fond and foolish girl."

"Yes, I am foolish, very silly, do you know, Ardent? And yet to mention at such a time—pardon me, but—I feel that I am perishing with hunger—do you not blush for me?"

"Why, why, Honoria? This seems a bountiful land. Look, between those picturesque rocks, nearly on the water's edge, are trees that bear for us both a refreshing and a nutritious repast—but I fear to leave you here alone."

"I will rise and go with you—we will never part more."

"Never."

As she arose, and I was drawing her to me with a tender embrace, a slight scream of pain or of terror shot through my brain. The volumes that I read in that scream were terrible—and yet it was, with her, but a simple expression of physical pain.

"Oh, Ardent, look at the back of my neck."

I examined it, and found the flesh nearly lacerated, by the deep indentation of the teeth of the upper and lower jaw of some animal. I

told her what I had observed. She passed her hand two or three times over her brow, and said, "Everything is in confusion here, Ardent. I was going to ask you by what means we were brought hither. Now I remember me, that I found myself on yonder white sand, endeavouring to recal you to life. How I came there I know not. I thought that you had borne me through the whirl of waters. Ah! Ardent, you did—you did—and thus almost exhausted your own life to preserve mine."

"No, love, a merit so glorious is not mine. I only remember having clasped you firmly in what I conceived to be the embrace of death. On the contrary, when I first awoke to consciousness, I found you apparently lifeless, but evidently having rescued me, for a part of my coat was held firmly in your grasp."

"How could we both have been saved?"

"I know not—let us advance to the scene itself."

Forgetting our hunger, we stood upon the beach, on the spot where we had found ourselves in the morning. The view was one of a peculiar loveliness. The white sanded beach extended in a curve from north to south, for about two miles, and we had been cast ashore in the deepest part of the bight. The horns of this bay terminated in two headlands of jagged, lofty, and terrific rocks, yet even on these, so genial was the climate to vegetation, many beautiful plants and shrubs had taken root.

The chord of the arc was one nearly straight line of continuous surf, extending from headland to headland. This was probably formed by a coral reef. Along this line, the turmoil of the vexed waters was astounding; though as we looked around us there was a calm in the heavens, and all near us on the waters, and beyond the surge. Yet on it a riot of bubbling foam was dashing, like distant thunder. Beyond us the long unbroken heave of the sea rose and fell gently; yet when its quiet swell touched that magic line, it seemed driven into sudden madness. It was there a contention of the waters, awful to look upon.

"We must have passed through that!" said my sister, closing towards me, and shivering. "We must have passed through that, and in the midst of that dreadful storm."

"It must have been the storm that enabled us to pass through it. The waves must have risen high above the reef to have borne us over it, so little bruised as we find ourselves."

"But why, Ardent—has not this miracle of preservation happened to others?"

"It may have, and yet we know it not; when the vessel plunged into the abyss of waters, we alone were on the sternmost part of the ship, the most remote from the point of concussion—the stupendous wave that dashed her head amongst these sunken rocks, and strewed her in pieces, must have been followed by another equally large, that sweeping us, linked together in each other's arms, over the barrier, thus insured our safety, and ours only, for we were the only substances that was detached from the vessel. Even the men, in the later part of the storm, had lashed themselves to the rigging or on the

decks, and all must have gone down with the vessel in the deep water on the outside of the reef."

"But this dreadful reef, my brother, seems at least half a mile from where we stand—what bore us to the shore?"

"The impetuous waves—at least, I can assign no other cause."

"A horrible thought comes over me, Ardent. What ~~awoke~~ me when I found you lying, as I thought, dead upon the sand? It must have been the pain of this wound in my neck, made by some wild beast. We shall be devoured, unarmed as you are. I must have cried out, and thus startled the monster away. We are utterly defenceless, and must sleep no more."

"On this there is no use speculating. But few of these islands contain animals of any size to be dreaded, even by an unarmed man; let us see what we can procure for food."

We now turned our steps to the clump of cocoa-nut trees, and, in so doing, we mutually felt how physically weak we had become; yet each of us assumed a strength that was not possessed, to cheer, and if possible, to support each other. When we had arrived beneath these trees, that, for the present, were to be the storehouses from which life itself must be supported, we found the fruit far beyond our reach; it was therefore most providential for us that we discovered five of them had fallen from over ripeness. Of these five, one only, which had recently dropped, contained the refreshing and milky juice that we so eagerly sought for. This we shared between us, and ate the greater part of the fruit that lined the interior of the shell. This was the first meal that we made upon this island, for such we conjectured it to be—a frugal and a crude meal truly, but still an invigorating one.

As we sat upon the sands, after our repast, the din of the distant surf still roaring in our ears, the idea of our utter solitude seemed simultaneously to strike our souls with dread; for, after gazing at each other anxiously for some moments, we broke out together in nearly the same expression, Honoria in Spanish and I in English, "How awful is this wilderness!"

"And yet," resumed I, "ought we not to be more than thankful—to be grateful? God grant that our solitude may not be made more solitary. One of us might be taken from the other. I would sooner die on the wreck than linger life out here alone."

"That solitude never can be mine, Ardent; I would not, I could not, survive you an hour. But see, the sun is already behind the mountains. The shadows of night are stealing over us, and I am growing chilly."

"Do not despond, my beloved Honoria."

"O no, Ardent—my spirits are growing lightsome. My lord and king—for surely you must be sovereign of the land—a poor shipwrecked maiden prays of you your royal hospitality—a chamber, a couch, and a leech, for my limbs are growing weary and my wound, from some ravenous animal of your majesty's dominions, stiff."

"Fair princess," said I, smiling languidly—"for doubtless, by your beauty and the dignity of your carriage, although disguised as a sea-faring youth, you can be no less, I will give unto thee not the half only, but the whole of my kingdom. Myself will be your leech, and

as we marvellously lack servitors, we will also be your chamberlain, and your guard through the night; but sorry are we to add, that your sleeping-room is yet to be found. But does not this banter sound hollow and mockingly? Honoria, we have as yet used only the language of affection—we should, before this, have used that of piety and of prayer for our more than miraculous deliverance.”

“ You say rightly, my brother. He who gives the bird its nest and the wild beast his den, will not surely utterly desert us, whilst we duly honour His name and bend submissively to His holy will.”

“ And, Honoria, we will not pray apart as heretofore.”

“ Surely not, my Ardent; henceforward and for ever my God is your God, and your faith in him my faith. You are more eloquent than I; give words to the grateful aspirations of my soul—pray, and aloud.”

We knelt together upon the sands, prayed, and felt supported and comforted. I then examined the wound, or rather bite, on the back of Honoria's neck. It was of no consequence, though, from the discoloration between the marks of the two rows of teeth, it must have been very painful. Nowhere was the skin abraded, yet the indentation made by every tooth was distinctly visible. It struck me as having been the morsure of an old animal. All I could do was to bind round her neck my own silk handkerchief, merely to keep from it the chill of the evening. Our clothes had long before dried upon us by the heat of the sun. We had lately led a life of too great exposure to fear from any attack of what is generally called cold.

Hand in hand, we walked up from the beach to where the rocks, trees, herbage, and underwood, were fantastically intermingled. Though the distance was not more than a few hundred yards, owing to the extreme purity of the atmosphere affording no refraction for the light, it was nearly dark before we reached the spot most likely to afford us a resting-place for the night. I saw, at once, that we had made a great mistake in not sooner seeking for our covert. However, Honoria bore up wonderfully. For myself, when I found the dried leaves crackling under my feet, I could have thrown myself down upon them and slept, regardless of danger from beast or reptile, so weary did I feel myself; but this danger I would not permit my gentle companion to encounter.

I soon found that it was useless to penetrate into the interior, for, owing to the thickness of the foliage, the darkness was intense. I therefore looked along the face of the isolated rocks that fronted the sea. I was just upon the point of recommending Honoria to lie down and repose beneath one of them that arched over the sanded turf considerably, when I perceived something very dark on the surface of another rock close by. About as high from the earth as my own face I discovered a hollow embedded in the solid stone, of no great dimensions, but sufficiently large to receive a human body much larger than that of Honoria, when lying horizontally. I groped about it with my hands, and found the bottom of this niche level and perfectly smooth, and free from any substance. The place was not altogether unlike a sleeping berth, built up against a ship's side.

"You see, Honoria," said I, joyfully, "Providence has not deserted us. It has given you a bed-chamber in the living rock. Your couch will be hard, but it is perfectly dry, and you will sleep secured from the dews of the night. Here no wild beast can reach you. But I will first of all go and gather some of those leaves that just now rustled so loudly beneath our feet."

"No, no, Ardent; you shall not leave me. Besides, what insects might you not put beneath my head among the leaves. I have heard of scorpions, centipedes, and other horrors. No couch can be hard enough to refuse me a balmy repose whilst my dear brother is beside me."

"You are right, Honoria; I must select your bedclothes by daylight. Now, my beloved, as the darkness grows so black, let me lift you in at once, and may all good angels guard you."

When I had laid her gently in this stony recess, by lifting her up in my arms, and she had composed herself, she exclaimed cheerfully, "Ardent, this is beautiful—it is quite commodious, and under my head I find a natural pillow. Come in, Ardent, there is plenty of room."

"Not for kingdoms, Honoria. I will watch here beneath you. Believe me, my love, that I feel neither weary nor sleepy."

"I cannot suffer this; I will get out and come down to you. Why should I thus be in complete safety and comparative comfort whilst you should be exposed to all the unknown dangers of this desolate place, and exposed to the cold of the night? I tell you there is plenty of room beside me—come, my Ardent. Do you cease to love me? Am I not your sister?"

"You are a dear, a blessed, an innocent one. Urge me no more—I have just now sworn to the Great Being who created those brilliant stars that are now shedding their pure light upon us, to remain here beneath you all the night. I am not at all cold—I shall, after a space, probably sleep. Why do you sigh so piteously? I tell you that I am growing quite happy. Say the Lord's Prayer—then sleep, my beloved."

"Kiss me first, Ardent, and I shall try."

I chastely pressed her lips to mine, and bidding God bless her, sate down at the base of the rock in deep meditation. After a pause of some time her gentle voice again fell upon my ear.

"Ardent, I cannot sleep."

"What wants my love?"

"Nothing, Ardent, but to hear your voice, or not to hear that dull and mournful roaring of the surf."

"Turn your face from it."

"I have; but I hear it still; and it makes me think of the ship and all who have perished in it."

"Sing yourself gently to sleep, Honoria; you will then hear it no more."

"I cannot sing anything profane after my last prayer for the night."

"There is your vesper hymn to the Virgin."

"But it is popish, Ardent."

"It is the pure offspring of a sinless heart, grateful to my ears, and doubtless acceptable to God."

"May he bless you, Ardent, as my heart now blesses you, for ever and ever."

And soon her soft voice rose from out the rock in gentle harmonies. The sounds mingled with the mournful booming of the ocean—the stars were shining in their peaceful brightness above—a holy calm stole over my soul—my head drooped upon my bosom—and I slept, ere the sound had ceased in my ears, the dreamless sleep produced by exhaustion and fatigue.

Thus passed and ended the first day of our abode on Honoria Island.

"Up, you sluggard—fie upon you, lie-a-bed!" were the words that awoke me on the following morning, pronounced in the most cheerful of all Honoria's cheerful tones. "Do you not see, Ardent, that it must be at least eight o'clock? Why, this rock of your's will shortly be so hot as to serve us for an oven to bake our breakfasts in—the sun is shining on it so powerfully."

"You are merry, my sweet sister. Have you been up long?"

"Down you should say. Yes, and have performed my ablutions in the bath among those rocks, and there, like Undine, made my toilet among tangled sea-weed. How do I look this morning?"

"Beautiful, most beautiful; but, it must be confessed, a little sun-burnt, and a good deal freckled. Really, sister, you have made the most of your wardrobe—and now for my bath and breakfast. Would that the appliances for the latter were as vast as those for the former."

"Come down with me to the beach among the rocks to the right, I will show you plenty of materials for breakfast, if you dare venture upon them."

Taking me by the hand she led me to where the debris of some granite formation, advancing far into the sea, showed a variety of grotesque forms. The rocks had formed themselves into Gothic arches, Grecian columns, with fantastic capitols, long vaulted halls, floored only by the blue wave, and which seemed here to be eternally still, for the whole was belted in by the vast coral reef that I have so often before mentioned. There were also some grottoes that had bottoms more stable than the waters, and which would form cool and pleasant retreats in the heats of the mid-day.

When I found myself among these natural structures, so grotesque and often so beautiful, I could not repress my exclamations of astonishment and pleasure. "You have brought me, Honoria, to water palaces—we must reside here during the day. See what beautiful seats these ledges of rock make round this almost perfectly octagon room. How lofty is the ceiling, and how beautiful its fretwork—but the breakfast—that you know is the indispensable."

"Well, come a little further out—there the water is clear enough. If my eyes deceive me not there are oysters for you as big as dinner plates, and not very deep either—and what I have heard the seaman call conchs—see, there they are in thousands—in what beautiful

shells they inhabit ! And see, that projecting point is actually covered with something like muscles. What beautiful fish, also, are darting to and fro. Come, Ardent, I am ready for breakfast."

"And so am I, Honoria; but I see that we must walk to our friends, the cocoa-nut trees, for it. The beautiful transparency of the water deceives you as to its depth. The bottom, and the places that contain all these treasures, must be at least three or four fathoms beneath the surface. Alas! owing to the faults of my education, I can swim but little, and cannot dive at all. Had we but Jugurtha here, we might fare sumptuously every day. I am but a poor, helpless being, after all, Honoria."

"Say not so—I care nothing for a fish diet—a cocoa-nut breakfast is a luxury. I will go and select some of the finest."

Having taken advantage of her absence to make my toilette also, I found myself afterwards so much refreshed by my cool bathe in the sea, that I felt myself in perfect health and strength. Emboldened by renovated forces, I even made the attempt to dislodge some of the shellfish that seemed not too deep; but though I contrived to reach some of them, I could not stay beneath the water sufficiently long to detach them from their beds.

I said nothing of my unsuccessful attempts to Honoria when I joined her, who was beneath the trees contemplating the fruit. There they were, it was true enough; but it is a matter of some difficulty to breakfast heartily, whilst the food remains some forty feet suspended over the mouths that are watering for them.

"Now, Ardent."

"Well, Honoria."

"There are plenty there—a couple full of milk will serve us for the present."

"Yes, but how are we to get them?"

"Shake the tree."

"Well, we'll try. It is as immovable as the rock."

"You must climb up, Ardent."

I did not know whether I could climb till I had tried; but I had my doubts about the matter. The stems of the trees were quite bare, and nearly smooth; and so, alas! were my hands. I feared that I should not succeed even so well as I could with my swimming and diving. However, I put the best face I could upon the matter, and contrived to rise my legs at least a couple of feet from the ground, but my head rose not at all.

Let naturalists say what they will, man is not—like bears, squirrels, and monkeys—a climbing animal.

Honoria could not help laughing, awkwardly as we were both situated. She offered me her shoulders, which I accepted. By this assistance I placed myself about five feet from the ground—ascend I could not, and, for a long time, I was too much mortified to descend: there I remained *in medio*—*tutissimus est* it might have been, but the maxim applied only to the cocoa-nuts. At length, I was forced to come down with torn trousers and scratched hands.

"What a helpless creature your brother is," said I, deprecatingly.

"Not at all—you are neither an ape nor a savage. You will learn

to climb in time. We are hungry, but we need not despair. We can, after all, eat the inside of some of the old and fallen cocoa-nuts; and we can easily find fresh water; but can't you knock them down with sticks and stones, as I have seen the naughty boys pelt the walnut-trees in Spain?"

But there were no stones and no sticks. The beach was composed of a fine white sand, and the soil higher up of a rich loam; but nothing bigger than the smallest pebble was to be discovered. We, therefore, as a last resource, gathered up three or four of the soundest nuts, and then proceeded inland to look for water. I knew, from the extent of the mountains to the westward, that land so large as this seemed to be, must not only possess streams, but considerable rivers; but so thick was the vegetation, that the interior seemed impervious. Carrying our food with us, we had walked a few paces inland, when Honoria stopped suddenly, and burst into a wicked laughter.

"Ardent," said she, "we are two innocents. We shall never be able to live on a desolate island. Here we have lost nearly two hours before it struck either of our foolish heads that we might knock one cocoa-nut down with another—at least we may fling at them."

I turned back, little inclined to share in Honoria's hilarity.

"I shall starve you and myself, Honoria, by my brute stupidity and want of invention. There is food both above and beneath me, in the air and under the water, and I am not man enough to procure it. God help me; how am I deceived in myself!"

However, I went to work heartily. Taking off the husks of three or four of the old cocoa-nuts, I began jerking and flinging at the bunches above me. About one shot struck out of ten; and when it did strike, it seemed to have little effect, so tenacious was the tree of its fruit. At last, when I was nearly exhausted by this novel exercise, I loosened and brought down a couple that were in excellent order, and full of milk. The playfulness of the girl seemed to be fast returning to Honoria; she encouraged me by her voice, and when I had gained my object, she fairly shouted with triumph. It had now become extremely hot; so with our breakfasts in our hands, we retired to our newly-found marine palace, and then boring in the eyes of the nuts we drank up the cool, delicious, and refreshing milk.

I now began to reflect upon everything; so, instead of breaking the shells as we had done the day before against the rocks to get at the food inside, I incised them all around with my penknife to a considerable depth, and then striking them smartly against the rock, I produced two tolerable cups and covers. I was proud of this poor attempt at ingenuity, at which Honoria actually shouted with joy. Having each of us devoured a cocoa-nut, eaten would have been too mild a term to express the eagerness of our hunger, we returned thanks in a short prayer.

After our frugal repast, seeing that my sister was in one of the merriest of her moods, I put on my gravest face, and handing over to her the two cups with a low bow, "Permit me, Miss Troughton, to present you these two kitchen utensils towards your commencement in housekeeping."

"I receive the offer gratefully. They are, as you say, a commencement. What shall we do next? Just now, I feel health and spirits enough to do anything."

"I am very happy to hear it—you shall procure our dinner. My arm and shoulder aches dreadfully with flinging at the cocoa-nuts. You may be a better shot than I."

"But when all these nuts are gone, what shall we do? Besides, I don't think that I shall like to live on cocoa-nut, even if we could get it."

"Nor I neither; but let us not be dainty too early. Our joy and gratitude to Heaven for our preserved lives, and wonderful health, ought to be sufficient to our happiness at present; still, as you say, cocoa-nuts and sprained arms for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, will be *toujours perdrix—ad nauseam*, as your padre said of his morning blue-pill. Let us therefore, sweet Honoria, seriously think of our situation. We stand in need of food, clothing, and habitation."

"Are we not gloriously housed in this splendid grotto?"

"We are; it is a palace fit for a marine god. Were it on any inhabited or approachable shore, it would be visited by thousands as a wonder to be looked upon—tables would be set forth with every delicacy—the dancers would wind through these romantic halls—and that beautiful fretted roof would echo to the newest and the most exquisite melodies; yet I do not think any one would be induced to sleep here. Your bed-place, Honoria, in the rock, would be far more comfortable: the dampness of this grotto, that is now so refreshing, would be death if we slept exposed to its chilling action. No, Honoria, we must seek for ourselves a less magnificent, but a more comfortable, dwelling."

"With all my heart, Ardent; this shall be our suite of drawing-rooms, that's settled; you shall build us a more humble and more commodious residence as our kitchen, our dormitory, and for everyday use. We will king and queen it here."

"I build, Honoria! You mock me. Poor child of refinement and civilisation that I am! Would that Jugurtha were here! Nothing can be more pleasant than sitting here, as we do now, hand in hand, in health, and all our present wants supplied; but we must take counsel for the future. Therefore listen to me, my dear Honoria. There is in England a popular tale—the most popular tale that we have—one which every Englishman who can read at all has read: it has been imitated a thousand times, and translated into every modern language. You must have heard of it in Spain—it is called the History of Robinson Crusoe."

"Yes, I have heard of it; but it was forbidden me to read."

"Well, as we sit here, I will tax my memory to tell you all that tale. Mark it well, and as I proceed, give me any, the minutest, suggestion that may occur to you; for truly I am as an infant, as helpless and as weak."

After a pause, employed in rallying my memory, I began as usual, "Once upon a time," and continued, Honoria looking like one entranced. As I proceeded, fact led to fact, and having read this ro-

mance repeatedly, I don't think I omitted a single incident. The fond and intense gaze of my sister's blue eyes was never off my countenance; but she spoke not, but shook her head, from time to time. She saw no parallel in the circumstances. When I detailed Robinson's commencement of his building his tents, she interrupted me for the first time, by asking me *when* the wreck of our ship would be washed ashore, that I might get axes, and adzes, and saws. To expect this, I told her, was hopeless, as it was very probable that, outside the reef, the sea was so deep, that there were no soundings; and that the vessel, having struck against it, rebounded, and was probably, having now met with her centre of gravity, as measured by salt water, being borne away many miles afar by the under-current of the ocean. I again repeated, that, as ourselves appeared to be the only substances not attached or lashed to the vessel, the wave that followed the submersion of the vessel must have lifted us over the reef, and flung us upon the beach.

There was no consolation in this at first; but it produced much after a few minutes' reflection.

"I observed," said Honoria, "that though, just before that mighty crash that was succeeded by our mutual insensibility, the seamen of the ship had tied themselves to the ropes and big pieces of wood that were lying in the middle, that our black friend, Jugurtha, was perfectly free."

"Yes, Honoria, so did I; but he was forward, and, from the nature of the rock upon which we struck, the ship must have gone down, after her rebound, head foremost; we, close under the taffrail, that is, the very aftermost part of the ship, being much above, whilst all the rest of the vessel and her contents were below the water, it was, undoubtedly, by this accident that we were saved."

"But where was our Bounder, our dear delightful dog?"

"Perished with the rest—or if saved, hunting for his own subsistence and recreation in those distant forests."

"Go on with Robinson Crusoe," said my sister, despondingly.

At length I came to that part of the narrative where Robinson sees the prints of footsteps on the sand. At the mention of this we both suddenly started to our feet.

"Let us to the sand—dolt that I am! Let us, Honoria, examine it carefully; we may thus unravel the mystery of the bite upon your neck."

But our wisdom came too late: having for the whole of the day before confined ourselves to so small a space, we had trampled it in every direction, and nothing was to be seen but the prints of our own feet.

"We may as well go on with the story," said Honoria. "The sun is here overpoweringly hot: let us to our marine drawing-room."

"Alas, Honoria! we are more like two babes, lost in a wood, than rational beings cast upon their own resources. Why, why was I ever born?"

"To make my happiness, Ardent."

We resumed our seats on the ledges of the grotto, and the history of Robinson, which I brought to a conclusion.

When I had finished, Honoria said, "Well, Ardent, I must confess that there is but little similarity in our cases. He had everything from the wreck—we nothing. All that you can do is to begin to learn to run fast, and then hunt goats like Robinson Crusoe."

"You are laughing at me, Honoria; I have never yet gone bare-foot, and see, the shoes of both of us are burst. Let us now see what each of us has, in order that we may set up as our own butchers, bakers, builders, farmers, and shoemakers. Let me see the contents of your pockets, Honoria. Everything may be of value."

We each commenced our search—the result was most dispiriting.

"Well, Ardent, I have only a pocket handkerchief, a small pocket-comb, and Murray's abridgment—the former in tolerable preservation—the latter all soiled and rotten with the water."

I had been in the habit of giving her daily lessons in the English language, and she had always the grammar about her. The result of my self-inspection was hardly more satisfactory. I had one penknife, with one slight blade only, one pocket handkerchief, one silver pencil-case, one pocket comb, and lastly, one silver tooth-pick. The latter, it seemed but too probable that I should not wear away with too much use.

When this melancholy survey was over, strong yearnings for food told us that it was dinner-time. We had no occasion to mention the fact to each other. My arm was now stiff with my morning's violent exertion—I could hardly lift it from my side. It was but a poor prospect that, of being obliged, under a burning and almost vertical sun, to go fling stale and old cocoa-nuts at new and fresh ones for our dinner. I stated all these difficulties to Honoria.

"I would not mind trying myself," said she, "had I but some covering for my head. Surely, with your penknife, small as it is, we may be able to procure hats. I will show you my idea of one. Come up, Ardent, to the underwood."

So placing her handkerchief over her head, and tying two of the corners under her chin, she took my hand, and led me over the burning sand. We were soon among the bushes, and she then made me cut off too broad and long plantain leaves. After a little shaping with my knife, we then cut some tendrils of a parasitical plant, that proved to be very strong. Making two holes in the crowns, and two in the sides of the leaves, near where they were bent close to our cheeks, we tied them under our chins, and thus saw ourselves furnished with two immense, green, very light, and deliciously cool coal-scuttle bonnets! As we walked along, we seemed like two gigantic grasshoppers.

"We must have a new bonnet every day," said Honoria, laughing.

"Extravagant spendthrift! You see that we are surrounded by fruits—let us pluck and eat."

"The temptation is great, but do you know the natures."

"Not of a single berry. You know that, like yourself, I have never before been in tropical climates. The cocoa-nut, I knew at once, from description. Fruit, at least, such as these appear to be, if not actually poisonous, must be to us, at first, very unwholesome—and illness, here, is death."

"But I have read in books, that those fruits that the birds have pecked may be safely ventured upon."

"Believe it not. Many animals fatten upon the berries of our own nightshade—but if you vehemently desire to eat of any of them, let me try them first. This looks very like an immense nectarine—shall I try it for you?"

"Ardent, why are you so cruel?"

We then, leaving the tempting fruits behind us, repaired to our larder, the cocoa-nut trees; I made an attempt to strike them, but my arm and shoulder were so stiff, that I could not make a single missive reach them. Honoria's attempts were more ridiculous than my own. These nuts were, to us, as unapproachable as the golden apples of the Hesperides. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with a couple of stale, shrivelled, and milkless ones, which we retired to eat in our splendid marine apartment. Our appetites enabled us to make a tolerable repast, which provoked a thirst that we had no immediate means of assuaging.

"We are likely to lead, Honoria, rather a Brahminical sort of lives. Let us go and seek for some spring. Our cups will be of great service to us."

We had not to travel far before we found a limpid stream, bubbling over a rocky bed, ending in a pool just at the margin, where the sand belted the green turf. It had no apparent outlet, but, no doubt, the loose and fine sand absorbed it, and it was thus filtered through to the sea. The water was perfectly tasteless, and of a delicious coolness. This was a real treasure to us. We drank repeated draughts of it, and enjoyed them the more when we compared them with the bitter water we had been before compelled to drink from the hollow of the large leaves.

"Now that we are so refreshed, Honoria, let us think about making your bed for the night. We will gather carefully, and select the smallest and the driest of the dead leaves; but what is this?" I exclaimed, as we advanced still farther, but very cautiously, among the underwood; "this certainly must be the cotton bush, or something very like it. How soft, and silky, and firm it is—and so plentiful, too. Honoria, to-night you shall sleep on a bed of down—examine it closely—you see that it is perfectly free from every insect. This is a treasure indeed."

We soon denuded several of these shrubs, and bearing the woolly substance in our arms, we speedily made a soft bed in the cleft of the rock, that promised my sister a luxurious repose during the ensuing night.

Determined, for the present, to sleep in the same place as I did on the previous night, that is, immediately beneath her, I also made some preparations of a similar nature to insure me a softer bed.

"We get on extremely well, Honoria; we have our marine and our inshore villas—our orchards, and good water, and no bad beds—fire now is the next most important thing that we must procure. It is the distinguishing mark between the brute and the wild man. The most ignorant savages have been able to kindle it. There certainly are some apocryphal accounts of some human beings about the coasts

of Magellan, that had never seen fire until visited by Europeans; but I believe them not. Surely, Honoria, if such men exist, we are not so degraded as they—we will make a fire. Let us collect some of the driest leaves—some of the oldest sticks—like this, with touchwood in it, as the schoolboys call it. Now we must look about for a flint—we shall do well yet, my love. Are we are not rational and educated beings? Yes, yes, we shall be able to do without Jugurtha, poor fellow, after all."

The idea of a comfortable fire in the evening, and roasted coconuts for supper, had made me quite cheerful. Intending to light our fire, and sup in the grotto, we carried thither everything that we thought the most combustible; this caused us several trips. At last, we had collected what we deemed to be a sufficiency of fuel, but anything resembling a flint we could not find. This, however, gave me but little concern, as I imagined that a piece of the rock would serve as well.

Full of joyful assurance, and determined when our fire was made to attempt to roast, at least some of the muscles, that actually were within reach, clinging to parts of the submerged rocks, Honoria and myself laid our fuel gingerly. I then took some of the dry and dusty touchwood, and, with a piece of granite, began to chop away furiously at the back of my penknife. I struck my fingers until they were covered with gashes and bruises. My sister relieved me, but with no better success. Once or twice we thought that we had elicited a few sparks, but they fell uselessly upon the decayed wood. We were astonished at our ill success. Robinson Crusoe, and all the other shipwrecked mariners, had knocked up a fire so easily: we concluded, therefore, that we were deplorably stupid.

This failure annoyed me excessively. I could not conceal my mortification, and I was fast losing my temper, the more especially as I saw that Honoria was inclined to laugh at me. I then remembered me that rubbing two pieces of wood together violently, would produce ignition. I rubbed, with all my heart and soul, but produced nothing but vexation. I could make the miserable sticks warm, and nothing more. I suppose that, as yet, I was not sufficiently the savage.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.¹

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

OF all Lord Bute's sons, Sir Charles Stuart was the most generally beloved by his relations. Strikingly handsome in person, with manners the most frank and engaging, and a heart overflowing with warm and generous affections, he exhibited that rare union, not often to be met with, of the estimable with the agreeable, the polished with the intrinsic. He was very early devoted to the military life, and distinguished himself as a brave and chivalrous soldier. Sir Charles and his brother William, (the late primate of Ireland,) when boys at Winchester School, often spent the vacation with my grandfather; and in that way a friendship was formed between Sir Charles and my mother, which continued through after life. Even at that early period, the two brothers gave strong indications of the different and rather opposite qualities by which they were afterwards distinguished. Charles manifested all that frank good temper, and genuine warmth of heart, which rendered him a general favourite, and seemed peculiarly to fit him for the profession he subsequently embraced; while William was remarkable for a coldness of manners, and repulsive reserve, which appeared to claim for him a studious and unsocial life. He had the good fortune to rise ultimately to the chief dignity in the Irish church, where he accumulated vast wealth. Sir Charles Stuart served for a considerable period abroad; and on one occasion, while he was at Madrid, about the crisis of the French revolution, his services were called into requisition under very extraordinary circumstances, in which he acted with so much prudence and promptitude, as to receive the thanks of the Spanish king. The story has been variously told; but the following are the facts, as related by Sir Charles himself. There arose in one quarter of Madrid a stench so offensive, that the health of the inhabitants became endangered, and surprise and conjecture as to the cause of it, and apprehension for its effects, were shortly carried to the highest pitch. It was feared that some infectious disorder was on the point of breaking out. At length it was ascertained that a stoppage in the sewers was the cause of the noxious effluvia, and the source of the obstruction was traced to one of the principal convents of the city. The proper authorities immediately repaired to the spot; and after holding audience with the superior, they were admitted into the convent garden. There it was discovered, upon a minute examination, that the ordinary drain was entirely blocked up by the dead bodies of infants, which appeared to have been deposited there immediately after birth! To remove their remains as secretly as possible, was now of course the object; as, had the circumstance unfortunately come to the knowledge of the populace, it would not only have brought a great scandal on the convent, but would probably have en-

¹ Continued from vol. xviii. p. 309.

dangered the peace of the capital. In this emergency Sir Charles Stuart was applied to. He instantly drew a cordon of English troops, at a proper distance, round the convent, so as to exclude all observation. Two convicts were then introduced into the garden, who at once removed the bodies. The unfortunate operators themselves were then seized, bound, and immediately sent out of the country. It was afterwards stated, in the English newspapers of that period, that "the thanks of the king of Spain were given to the English general, Sir Charles Stuart, for his prompt and judicious assistance on a recent occasion, when the peace and safety of Madrid were in danger of being compromised."

One of Sir Charles's sisters married Lord Macartney, whose name is familiar to the public, through his celebrated embassy to China. In his deportment he was grave and reserved, quite the opposite of his countess, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of great domestic harmony. Lady Macartney was one of the most cheerful and entertaining women I ever met with. She was a perfect chronicle of the times she had lived in. At the age of eighty-four, she enjoyed the full possession of all her faculties, and walked nimbly about her delightful retreat at Chiswick. The warm and lively feelings of youth seemed to animate her heart to the last, and made her greatly beloved by all the juvenile members of the family.

She was one of the number of earls' daughters who held up the queen's train, at the coronation of George the Third. Her account of it was highly amusing. "At that period," said she, "those high heads, like the tower of Babel, were all the mode: and on this important occasion hair-dressers were in such request, that it was difficult to secure the attendance of one at the precise hour it might be wished. I got my head done the evening before; and for fear of discomposing or tumbling it, I sate up all night in an easy chair, with my maid to watch by me, to see that I did not fall asleep. You may suppose, therefore, I was pretty well tired by the time the coronation and its subsequent gaieties were ended; and that when at last I did get to bed, I left my head to take care of itself. There never was a fashion that interfered more with the enjoyment of the pillow; for what with false hair, wool, a great cushion, and innumerable bodkins, it was anything but agreeable to sleep in."

Lady Lonsdale was not so fortunate in her marriage as her sister. Very early after their union she made the discovery of her husband's infidelity; but she bore it with great temper and forbearance, and conducted herself through life with admirable discretion and propriety. On one occasion (which would have sorely tried the temper of most wives) her conduct was truly praiseworthy. Going into a shop to purchase some lace, Lady Lonsdale inquired the price of a splendid point cloak, which lay on the counter. "The price of this, ma'am," said the woman, to whom Lady L—— was unknown, "is a hundred guineas; but it has just been bespoke by Lord Lonsdale for Mrs. G——," (his lordship's mistress.)

"Then show me one at fifty," said Lady L——, "that will do for his wife."

I have always understood that, in return for the earldom which

Lord Bute obtained for him, Lord Lonsdale presented the government with a fine ship of war, which he built at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand pounds. He had, besides, great political influence, being enabled at that time to return seven or eight members to parliament from the two counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. When I was in the north of England, I was informed by several, who remembered the circumstance, that his father, Sir James Lowther, was always known by the ludicrous sobriquet of "Farthing Jamie!" The fact is undoubted; but the reason assigned for it is, I think, hardly credible. It is stated, and currently believed in that part of the country, that when Sir James visited London, he used frequently to dine (I suppose, of course, *incog.*) at some very obscure and economical eating-house, which he had discovered in his rambles through the metropolis. At length, as the story goes, the price of some article in the bill of fare was advanced *a farthing!* at which the thrifty baronet took such mortal offence, that he withdrew his custom from the house, and never honoured it with his presence afterwards.

His son, who subsequently became Earl of Lonsdale, was a man of a proud and overbearing temper; and it was entirely through the amiability of her own disposition, that his countess was enabled to keep anything like terms with him. I learned, when in Westmoreland, that his lordship had been very far from popular in his own county and neighbourhood, where the old people relate some curious anecdotes respecting him. He was possessed of immense wealth; with which, however, he did very little good, but rather seemed to take pleasure in letting it run to waste. The good elders still tell of piles of carpets that were never opened out, and furniture that was never unpacked; of game, not a little, that was neither consumed nor given away; and of horses which, entirely unbroken in, ran wild, through woods as wild and neglected as themselves, and which lived for no earthly purpose but to consume the herbage, which would otherwise have rotted on the ground. Some stories of his tyranny and waywardness, on a small scale, were rather amusing. He would set out upon some shooting excursion, or other rural expedition, with perhaps two or three subaltern officers of his own county militia, or other humble friends or dependents, in his suite. When they had all had such a quantum of exercise and pure Westmoreland air, as he knew would induce a keen appetite, he would propose a halt, in some convenient and inviting spot, and order the servants to unpack the well-stored hamper. When the viands were all spread out and arranged, in most tempting order, and the gentlemen of the party were just thinking how extremely comfortable they should be, and only waiting his lordship's signal to begin, he would suddenly propose, upon some frivolous but plausible pretext, that they should rather adjourn to some other still more convenient and delightful spot, (as he termed it,) at some miles' distance; then ordered the servants to repack the hamper, remounted his horse, and rode on, followed by the grumbling and tantalised party, doubtless bestowing silently on his lordship anything but the benediction they were about to bestow on the anticipated repast. I may just briefly add, that on another occa-

sion he invited some of his neighbours to dinner at Lowther Castle, and amongst them two or three country clergymen. Before dinner, he contrived, upon some excuse of showing them a part of the offices, to take them through the kitchen, where a remarkably fine haunch of venison was roasting before the fire. As soon as they returned they were summoned to the dining-room, where a most excellent dinner was served up. Nearly all the party, however, hung back, and were evidently extremely sparing in their attentions to the various delicacies that were set before them. His lordship smiled, and pressed them to eat, in his blindest and most hospitable style. When the several dishes were at length done with, and successively withdrawn, it may be imagined with what doleful countenances the still-hungry guests gazed upon each other, when a few puffs and tartlets announced the concluding scene, and instead of seeing the door again open, to admit the smoking haunch, his lordship politely requested one of the clergymen to oblige him by saying grace!

Occasionally, however, it would seem that the eccentric peer was himself outwitted. Having offered a seat for one of his boroughs to Mr. Robinson of Appleby, he had likewise to provide him (as, I believe, is still frequently the case) with the necessary qualification, on the usual honourable understanding, that as between the parties the estate is only *lent* for the particular purpose, and not *given* absolutely, as the deed may in law import. But the temptation, in this case, turned out to be too great. Mr. Robinson, therefore, thought it right to save one side of his conscience at the expense of the other, by *making* the estate his own, which he had been obliged to *call* his own, before he could take his seat in the House of Commons. He refused to give the property back to the exasperated earl, who found himself left without any legal remedy.

It may be well to observe, that the present Lord Lonsdale is only a collateral relation of the late earl, of whom I have been speaking, and that his character is as estimable and deservedly popular as that of his predecessor was unamiable and generally disliked.

It is well known that Lord Bute was accused by Wilks of doing too much for his own family. He certainly got his two sons-in-law elevated to the Peerage, and many other of his relatives rose to wealth and consideration through his patronage. But had he lived in these times, when nepotism seems to be one of the moving springs of the machine of government, Lord Bute would have been considered a self-denying minister. It is hardly necessary to observe, that Wilks was one of the most inveterate of his political enemies. "The philosopher beats hard upon the anvil of reason to make good his conclusions;" but the logic of a violent politician leans all to one side. Within the experience of my own life, and the limits of my own circumscribed circle, I could quote some marvellous instances of the narrowing effects upon the mind and heart of a political or a religious bigotry. In most families, like commonwealths, there will be differing creeds and diversity of opinions on public affairs. It is painful to witness the perpetual war that is kept up between the powers of common sense and the petty forces of prejudice—I have seen the warmest hearts brought down to the freezing-point, and all the sum-

of natural affection vanish from the atmosphere of home, and hovered over the domestic hearth. I can well remember I was a girl, to have imbibed a saving horror for Mr. Bute, whom I considered to be a most notorious rogue and disturber — nay, almost a common enemy of mankind. In my years afterwards, chance threw in my way his life and correspondence, I was not a little surprised to find that, to the despised gentleman, the elegant scholar, and the brilliant wit, was added those sterling virtues of the heart that made him one of the best of fathers and firmest of friends. It is to be lamented that the influence of party feeling led him to make an attack, as illiberal as it was unjust, upon the *private* character of Lord Bute: but there his arrows fell blunted to the ground. Whatever might be the opinions of Lord Bute's policy as a minister, (and of course they were various,) yet in all the relations of domestic life his character was remarkably free from reproach. As a husband, in particular, he was most exemplary; and I remember having heard my grandmother say, that on one occasion, the anniversary of her brother's wedding, he observed, that after thirty years, he was as much in love with his countess as the day he married her. In that respect he was congenial with his excellent master, George III., with this difference, as to the relative merits of the two cases, that Lady Bute superadded to the possession of every feminine virtue, the attractions of a lovely and most engaging countenance.

Lord Bute used to relate various anecdotes of that truly admirable prince, all illustrative of the soundness of his moral perception, and the strict line of propriety observed by him, in his intercourse with the ladies of the court, some of whom made themselves a little too conspicuous, by their advances to the handsome and youthful monarch, presuming probably on the queen's acknowledged want of personal charms. The celebrated Duchess of Hamilton, who was one of the most beautiful women in attendance upon the queen, was so deeply enamoured of George III. and discovered her *penchant* so visibly, as to attract the observation of the whole court. "I was standing one morning," said Lord Bute, "in conversation with a gentleman, when the king, who was going to her majesty's closet, met the Duchess coming away. She was weeping. 'What! Hamilton in tears!' said the king, good-naturedly. 'I have offended the queen, Sire, though without any just cause.' 'The queen, madam, cannot be wrong,' said the king; and turning on his heel, passed on to her majesty's apartment, leaving the disconsolate duchess to comfort herself in the best way she could." At the same time that George III. maintained his fidelity unshaken by the blandishments of beauty, there was not a man of his court more gallant in his bearing to women, or a more punctilious stickler for all the little courtesies due to the weaker sex. One day, Lord Kinsale, waiting upon the king at Windsor, his Majesty condescendingly said, he hoped his lordship was come to claim his hereditary knife and fork at the royal board. De Courcy had hardly acknowledged, in suitable terms, the proposed honour, when the queen and some of the princesses entered the apartment. His lordship, forgetting probably at the moment that, in conformity with

the ancient privilege granted to his distinguished ancestor, he had kept his hat on on entering the king's presence, still remained covered. "De Courcy! De Courcy!" said the king, with his usual quickness, and good-naturedly touching the peer's elbow, "what! an Englishman, and a man of gallantry, stand with your hat on in the presence of ladies!"

Lord Kinsale slightly coloured, and at once doffed the offending beaver.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast!
 Fling out your field of azure blue;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
 Point home, my country's flag of stars.

The wind blows fair! The vessel feels
 The pressure of the rising breeze!
 And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
 She leaps to the careering seas!
 O! fair cloud of snowy sail,
 In whose white breast I seem to lie,
 How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
 I've seen your semblance in the sky,
 And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
 On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
 I turn to watch our foamy track,
 And thoughts with which I first beheld
 Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;
 My lips are dry with vague desire,—
 My cheek once more is hot with joy—
 My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!—
 O! what has changed that traveller boy!
 As leaves the ship this dying foam,
 His visions fade behind—his weary heart spreads home!

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
 Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven!
 Those forms of beauty seen no more,
 Yet once to Art's rapt vision given;
 Oh, still th' enamoured sun delays,
 And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
 To win to his adoring gaze
 Those children of the sky again!

Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Has made this land her home for ever ;
And could I live for this alone—
Were not thy birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slaves can be—
Held not the West one glorious star
New-born and blazing for the free—
Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet—
Rome, with their Helot sons, should teach me to forget !

Adieu, O fatherland ! I see
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes grow dim !
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother ! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears !
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Come home the loved, the lost for years !
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner !
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea !
The ear of heaven bends low to *her* !
He comes to shore who sails with me !
The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze—
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays !
Dear mother ! when our lips can speak—
When first our tears will let us see—
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what signs Time's heavy fingers !
Has made on one who went a lad,
And now in manhood near thee lingers.
But there's a change, beloved mother !
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine ;
I come, but with me comes another
To share the heart once only thine !

Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watch'd one treasure only—
Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart ! The hearth she left
Is darken'd to lend light to ours !
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—

Room, mother ! in thy heart !—place for her in thy prayer.

English Channel, May 1836.

CLEVELAND.¹

"Glad to see you, very glad to see you," said Mr. Fry, as his visiter took his seat. And Mr. Fry for once in his life told the truth, for he knew Mr. Bischoff to be an extremely pecuniary person, and one very liberal in disbursing his money. Where the money came from, Mr. Fry neither knew nor cared. He was pretty certain that the advent of his visiter was the prelude to an apparition of Bank notes, and therefore he very truly said, that he felt pleasure at seeing his visiter.

After some few minutes had been spent in general conversation, Mr. Bischoff opened the subject of the business which had caused his visit to Fulham; a matter upon which his host was none the less anxious to be informed, because he was too wary a tactician to express his anxiety.

"I have troubled you with this call," said Mr. Bischoff, "not, as you will easily imagine, in any impertinent desire to intrude upon your privacy, but because I want to consult you on business; and on calling at your office, and stating my urgent desire to see you, I was directed hither. I know you to be a thoroughly clever man of the world, as well as a first-rate lawyer"—

Here Mr. Fry, who was not without his fair share of vanity, and was moreover the more touched by the compliment, because he felt that it was both sincere on the part of his guest, and deserved on his own part, interrupted the speaker, to press upon him another glass of wine.

"Not another drop," was the reply to the invitation; "I know mine own bibulous capacity to the fourth of a spoonful—so in that matter you must excuse me. To return to what I was saying—you are a sound lawyer and a shrewd man of the world—I know that. I, on the other hand, do not ask either advice or service without being able and willing to pay liberally, and at once."

"For that I can swear rather more conscientiously than to many things to which I have sworn, and would swear again—for a proper consideration," was the remark of the lawyer.

"Well," resumed Mr. Bischoff, "knowing each other as we do, our present business may be concluded in a very few words. You remember the business in which I had occasion to consult you about three years ago?"

"Oh! ha, ha! the little ladybird you wanted safely caged, who cried, 'God dam!' so prettily, that—ha, ha! upon my soul I could have found in my heart to beg her off?"

"Humph!" said Bischoff, and a slight spasm agitated his features; "it was not that to which I alluded; though in that matter, too, you did me good service; for it was necessary she should be removed from my path, though I could have died myself rather than a hair of her head should have been hurt."

¹ Continued from p. 334.

“And into safer custody than that which I recommended you could not have put her. Old Tom Brown will never lose sight of her, take my word for it; and as for the pretty creature herself—why, if she was not fit for a madhouse when we sent her there, I’ll engage she’s unfit for anything else long enough before now.”

Again, a slight twitch might have been observed in the features of Mr. Bischoff; but he replied in a calm tone, “You are quite right; and even were the injury done to her greater than it is, we are but the instruments of its infliction; we do only that which was doomed to be done. One man pricks himself,—mortifies,—rots in the charnel in despite of all the human skill that the bribing of wealth can call to his aid; another is riddled with bullets, gashed out of all semblance to humanity by sabres, ridden over by a squadron of horse, lies in his agony and his blood, exposed to the inclemency of a bitter climate, yet maddened with the raging thirst of a furious fever, and he recovers to do further mischief as a soldier, and to die at length upon his bed and in his native land from the effects of a cold inflicted by a damp shirt or a leaky boot. One man masters science, ‘shuns delights and lives laborious days,’ invents a machine which makes the fortunes of a thousand people, and sensibly increases the commercial consequence of his native land, and he dies prematurely of hunger, or rots into his grave, the tenant of a workhouse; another indulges every passion, gratifies every whim, has neither a heart to care for his country, nor a head to serve it, and he dies full of years and honours, after being possessed, even to satiety, of all that earth has to delight sensuality, and is held up to applause and to imitation by the lying sculptor and the still more lying historian. Each fulfils his fate, and whether we bow down to imbecility and selfishness, or trample upon talent and suffering, whether we honour without due cause, or slay with or without due provocation, self-gratulation or self-reproach is equally a folly. ‘Merely we are fate’s tools;’ we do that which we are doomed to do.”

And the impassioned tones of the speaker, and the stern light of his large dark eyes, evinced that his words were as sincere as they were false in reasoning and abominable in tendency.

“But enough of this subject,” resumed Bischoff, “it was the other business upon which I advised with you, to which I desired just now to recal your remembrance.”

“Ah!” said the attorney, but whether in opportune recollection of the business alluded to, or in deep approval of the generous juice, whose fragrance and flavour still lingered on his pleased palate, it would be hazardous to affirm with anything like positiveness, “Ah! you mean the long shot at that Mr. What-was-his-name?”

“Exactly!” said Bischoff, who, with some bitterness, added, “which long shot was bestowed, not upon the accursed animal for whom I had intended it, but upon a tailor nearly as drunk and quite as asinine as the beast who mistook my direction, and roused the whole country side by wounding one man in the highway when he ought to have been effectually stopping the breath of another in the most convenient and unfrequented waste in England.—*N’importe!* That is the affair to which I allude. Now, for still deeper reasons

than those which actuated me then, I hate, I utterly loathe the fellow who for that time escaped scot free. Die he must—die he shall—and die, too, by mine own hand. But I have occasion for an assistant, not before the deed but after it, and I have occasion, too, to provide against the possibility—faint and bare though it be—of my being called in question. Firstly, then, I want your opinion of the seemingly resolute scoundrel whom I have selected to aid me; and, secondly, I want to arrange with you a most indisputable alibi—if necessary.”

“ Ah! humph! The alibi we can easily arrange; as for the character of the man, it all depends upon one circumstance—do I know him?”

“ I should think that quite certain,” replied Bischoff, drily; “ for he says he’s been transported once, publicly whipped twice, and imprisoned more times than he can exactly remember.”

“ A promising lad, enough—his name?” said Mr. Fry, quite coolly.

“ What name the fellow’s clod-hopping godfathers and godmothers gave to him, I know not,” said Bischoff; “ the euphonious name he now goes by is that of ‘ Jack the Lager.’ ”

“ Enough said—enough said,” replied the lawyer, “ he’d pick his own pocket rather than not steal, at any time; and when he’s in a truculent humour, he’d rather cut his own throat than be balked of his thirst for blood.”

“ The precise sort of person I took him to be; and the precise sort of person I want, too. But the fellow, though willing enough to put himself at my disposal, insists upon having a companion; some deaf and dumb animal, to whom he seems bound by exceeding congeniality of temper and closeness of interest. Now what I want to ask you is this—is this condition of his the result—according to your judgment, that is to say—of meditated treason?”

“ Not it, sir, not it: it is just sheer cowardice. Thieves are cowards to a man—when single. *Two* will do much; *several* will face an old gentleman who shall be nameless; but *one* of them, unless roused to desperation by some greater or more pressing fear than that of the hulks or the gallows, will tremble at his own shadow, or the substance of a great girl. You need fear nothing from Jack the Lager.”

“ Why, *personally*, I fear nothing from him, because the first symptom of treachery would seal his death-warrant; and, *legally*, I fear nothing from him, because if there were the least danger of our being detected, I should *rescue his victim*—you understand me; and all that he could say about our previous meetings would avail him nothing, as we have never met in the presence of a third person—and even when the deaf and dumb fellow sees us together, he, being an accomplice of the fellow’s, could avail him nothing as a witness. You see I have not forgotten your maxim on this point.”

“ It is a blessed maxim,” said Mr. Fry, emphatically; “ I am even now more indebted to it than I can describe.”

“ But,” resumed Bischoff, “ though personally I hold Jack the Lager in utter contempt, and though he cannot possibly bring me

acquainted with the law, I have the most urgent reason to wish not to be in the remotest degree spoken of in connexion with that which is to be done; and therefore it is that I have troubled you."

The lawyer repeated his assurances as to the fidelity of the worthy spoken of, briefly but fully arranged with Bischoff about an alibi, should one be necessary, received a fee which made his eyes glitter with delight, and politely attended his visiter to the door.

The conversation between Bischoff and the prosperous Mr. Fry, has made our readers aware of the fate to which he had doomed the beautiful and loving girl whom he had so suddenly and secretly conveyed from the "haunted house." Lest that knowledge should too severely tax their sympathy; lest they should erroneously grieve themselves on the supposition that she had remained during the long time which had elapsed since that remark shut up in the most horrible of all prisons to which a sane person can be doomed; exposed to the brutal cruelty of brutal keepers; tortured by day and by night by the shriek, the wail, the blasphemous exclaim, the muttered curse, the unavailing entreaty of the unhappy maniacs around her, and having all her wretchedness trebled in its bitterness by the heart-breaking reflection that she owed it to him for whom she would have dared all—endured all—all that was not inflicted by him—not only without a murmur, but even with a sad pleasure; lest all this should cause an undue measure of sympathetic sadness to our readers, we pause, for a moment, from tracing the course of Bischoff, to lay another conversation, held by different persons and in a different place, before our readers.

The persons were the keeper of the madhouse and one of his satellites—the place was the parlour of the former.

"Another letter from Bischoff," said the keeper; "sly dog that; never sends two letters from the same place, or in the same hand. He's very anxious to know that the lady's safe, Tom."

"Too safe by half to please him," said Tom.

"Yes; and I may thank you for that. Let her slip through your fingers before she'd been here a week, and did not even miss her till 'twas all too late to stop her march. I never knew you to blunder so."

"Aye, aye, sir, say it was me," said Tom, "as if I could help it."

"Why, after all, Tom, it's as well as it is. She's the most profitable patient I have. Eats nothing and drinks nothing—at least at my expense—and her cash or his cash comes as regularly as quarter-day, the butcher's bill, or this infernal gout of mine. And if he should ever come and ask to see her, what matter? Died suddenly, poor thing! It might have been worse, Tom, might have been much worse: more your luck than wit, though. But never look glum upon it, man. A glass of grog and a guinea won't hurt you, eh?"

And Tom having bolted the grog and pouched the guinea, recovered his pleasant looks, and shortly left his worthy principal to enjoy himself in his easy chair, while he proceeded to a neighbouring pot-house to exchange his piece of gold for certain neat liquors and pieces of silver.

We left Charles Smith happy and beloved in a life of blessed and blessing, but noiseless, usefulness. By dint of precept and example he succeeded in convincing the small authorities, with whom he had to do, that the shortest possible way to make a peasantry contented and peaceable, is to supply them with objects for their industry, and to allow that industry to have its due reward.

The political clamour which was still heard in some other parts of the kingdom, was long since silenced for many miles all around Stock. But Charles had scarcely time to gratulate himself upon the good effect of his interference, and to rejoice that it was now no longer needed, when a new and more terrible evil arose to call him once again from the simple pleasures and delightful retirement of his cottage home.

Political disturbances are, without doubt, more than sufficiently terrible and evil. To see the homestead of our neighbour throwing a ruddy light upon the murky hours of the night—to hear that he, from whom we lately parted at the convivial board, and who was then high in spirits, joyous in health, and anticipating a long life of usefulness and peace, has been fiercely slain by evil or misguided men—to see familiar faces distorted by the violence of passion, or scowling and lowering in the sullen brooding over a dastard, but irresistible revenge; all these things are terrible even to imagine, and indescribably terrible when they become matters of actual personal experience.

But even these and the other accompaniments of civil strife, whether local or general, seem to me to fall far short of the horrors of a time of general sickness. A stout heart, a strong arm, and a clear head, not merely give to man a certain confidence in his ability to make good his own doors against all wrongful comers, but also inspire him with a fierce and not unhallowed self-gratulation, as he reflects that God has entrusted him with these precious gifts not for himself alone; and that he may be, if the evil spirit spread widely and wax fierce, a leader and a deliverer to the intended victims, and an efficient opponent to the man of blood and to the man of rapine.

But when the pestilence walketh abroad, and Death shooteth his arrows in the dark, none of this consoling self-reliance and hope of individual usefulness, lend their aid to diminish the heart-heaviness of him who looks at once with a sympathising and an awed spirit upon the general calamity. It is to woman, usually so shrinking and so timid, that a fortitude is given at such times to which the more daring, but less enduring, spirit of man is wholly unequal. Truly as beautifully was it said of her dear sex by him,* who knew humanity “with a learned spirit,” second only to that of the mighty one of Avon,

“ O woman ! in our hours of ease
So fickle, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made ;
When care and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou ! ”

* Sir Walter Scott.

And in many a straw-roofed hut did woman now, indeed, like "a ministering angel," hover around the low pallet of a stricken son, husband, or father. The long night, whose gloom was made visible rather than dispelled by the faint flickerings of the one small candle, and the monotonous day, unbroken save by the clucking of the fevered lip, and the moan of the sufferer alternated by the insane rhapsodies of his fever fit, were alike insufficient to exhaust the physical activity or mental patience of the wives, mothers, and daughters, who watched above the stricken and unconscious ones.

Illness, no doubt, makes the sufferer insensible of the value of the comforts which wealth strews in profusion about his couch: they are comforts, nevertheless, and if they cannot banish torture, or give strength to the enfeebled frame, they at least take the worst sting from the mind's portion of the inevitable evil. But the illness of the poor—alas! how terrible it is! How bitter is their chalice, who to bodily illness add the gaunt and noisome ills of real, absolute, helpless, and resourceless poverty!

The peasant is *not* poor—whatever his own wilfulness, or the deliberate or mistaken falsehood of others may teach him to the contrary—while his labour supplies him the necessaries of life, though it is not *valued by society*—and that is the true test of a man's claim upon aught beyond necessaries—at the price of any of life's mere luxuries.

The very beggar is not poor; for in losing shame he has secured a daily supply of all that he thinks worth having, a little food and much drink; and the curse of the impatient, who selfishly gives to troublesome importunity what he would refuse to the sorest extremity of silent want; and the pitying frown of the industrious and feeling, who give in weak pity, not unmingled with contempt; these, which to a high and delicate spirit seem to be evils more terrible than want itself, have no sting for the mendicant, who trades upon the misdirected feelings of others, and his own simulated miseries. Unconsciously he imitates the philosophic greed of Vespasian; and thinks if he does not say, as he gazes upon the glittering coin, "does it smell of the source it comes from?"

But when the industrious man, who has only his industry to depend upon, is stricken down by illness, real and most lamentable poverty soon finds its way into his humble home; and is rendered trebly painful by that honourable and honest pride, which is nowhere more strongly or more purely felt than by the English peasant, when he is undebased by vice and debauchery, and not misled by artful falsehood.

And in the district around the residence of Charles Smith, the contagious disease, of which we have spoken, speedily produced even this most lamentable degree of poverty. Men who, during a season of inclemency and distress, had chiefly owed their power to earn a subsistence to the good feeling and liberality which had caused work to be undertaken, less from any real want of having it done, than from a humane wish to afford them support, coupled with a wise desire to avoid doing that injury to their feelings of independence, which is always done by mere alms, given to any but those whom age

and infirmity absolutely unfits for labour, were not likely to have been in a position to lay by money for this season of new and terrible visitation. The natural consequence ensued. Wherever the producing members of the family were the victims of the sickness, there all the other members were more or less immediately exposed to all the horrors of actual want.

The parish dole at such a time as this, it will easily be believed, was not withheld ; but those who needed it not were the exceptions, not the majority, and therefore that dole was but small in proportion to the necessities which it was intended to relieve.

“ The sick man’s sickly-appetite
Turns from the dry bread and potatoe meal,”

says one of the noblest of our poets ;* and one who is equally noble when scourging the pretended friends of the poor, and when commiserating their wants and advocating their real interests ; and the parish dole barely sufficed to support those who tended the sick, without being trenched upon to supply comforts for the latter.

Again, then, Charles felt himself called upon to be up and doing ; to provide support for those who watched above the sick, and to supply the numerous small comforts to the sick themselves, which have so soothing and so powerful an influence in raising the drooped head and cooling the fevered blood.

In this matter exertion was requisite, but that was all ; for never yet was a real case of need submitted to the notice of the wealthy of this country—whether the wealthy in the comparative or in the superlative degree—without procuring that aid.

Nevertheless all the activity and zeal of Charles were needed. For it somehow happens that where there are very many who will give money for a useful purpose, it not unfrequently happens that there are but few who will bestow trouble or labour upon either the collection or the distribution of it. And let not the generation of grumblers impute this, either, to the rich as a fault exclusively theirs ; of if they *know* anything of the peasantry and mechanical population, for which they so loudly—and of course quite disinterestedly—complain, they know, too, that the fault of indolence and dislike to the sacrifice of ease is quite as common among the poor as among the rich ; in the hut of the peasant as in the gorgeously-appointed mansion of the peer. Of the prevalence of this fault Charles was far too intelligent and observant a person to be unaware ; and he devoted himself to the task of preventing its evil effects in the case before him, with an energy and zeal which rendered the calamity, that speedily befel him, infinitely greater than it would have been in the case of almost any other individual in his entire neighbourhood.

At a village which had been especially ravaged and desolated by the contagion, and in which, though the sickness was fast abating, there were numerous cases of extreme and terrible distress, Charles was one evening detained until a very late hour. For after having given the welcome aid of which he was the bearer, he had sat in

* Southey.

consultation with some of the principal inhabitants upon the best means of still further aiding those who were unable to labour, and for providing labour for those who had, by this time, happily become able to do so.

The hour when Charles left this village to return to his own was, as we have said, a late one. But Charles, by this time, knew the country well, and, therefore, though portions of the road were bad, and even dangerous, he had no doubt of reaching his residence without accident. The distance, indeed, was considerable, and lay, for the most part, across the heath, at one extremity of which stood his cottage. But the night was not very dark, his horse was fleet, and he, as has been remarked, well knew where the dangerous portions of the heath were situated.

Promising to make another call at an early day, he departed from the house, at which he had been so usefully and benevolently engaged, and had already proceeded some miles on his journey, when the low mutterings of rising thunder, and large drops of rain, afforded proof enough for even a less experienced traveller than himself, that a heavy storm was approaching.

"So ho! Lightfoot, my bonny man, you must e'en gallop for it," said Charles; "and I must keep a bright look out a-head, too; for if I lose my way just now, I may be pretty sure to find no one else on the heath to set me right again. So ho! my man; so ho!"

And Charles galloped gaily forward. But he had not the heath quite so exclusively to himself as his talk with his good horse shows us that he imagined.

We have said that the heath across which lay Charles's road to his home was in some parts dangerous. To a horseman travelling by night it was so; for in many parts there were ravines which descended so sheer and sudden from the general level, that a single false step of the horse could scarcely fail to procure broken bones for both himself and his rider, even if actual loss of life did not ensue; which, however, had more than once unfortunately been the case. In the daylight these ravines were of small consequence, for though the heath was not very much traversed, the safe path, in whichever direction the traveller was bound, was quite sufficiently beaten to render it impossible to quit it unless wilfully, or with his eyes shut. But by night, even by the uncertain starlight, it was by no means improbable that the horseman might diverge from his path, and be plunged down a precipitous descent, and that to a depth which would ensure both himself and his horse remaining there for the night, whether dead or alive. By the side of one of these ravines, hidden by the tall fern which overhung it, crouched three men, who by their conversation evidently waited for some one of whose approach they were tolerably certain.

"Devil take the fellow," said one of them, "he tarries long, and the storm rises fast and furious. But surely he must by this time be too near us to dream of preferring the backward to the forward road!"

"I wish he would come, and quickly, too, master, for I have never

quite liked your thunder and lightning since I saw six smart fellows struck down dead within a yard of me."

"Ah!" said Bischoff, for he it was who had first spoken, "I remember you have been aboard ship."

"Yes, at Portsmouth. And bad luck to the berth I had there. But here he comes."

And as he spoke, the fitful gleam of the lightning showed them a horseman galloping swiftly across the heath, and already within a hundred yards of them.

"The instant he falls, then, off with his hand. I can slay," he muttered, "but I cannot butcher; dash the carcass down the ravine, and away with you."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when he rose suddenly up in the path of the rider, covered him with his pistol, and fired.

"Damnation!" shouted the rider; but though the shot had evidently taken effect, he held on his course; the startled horse careering along at a rate which prevented Bischoff from presenting his second pistol till he at whom he had fired was far beyond its range.

(To be continued.)

TO THE SEA MEW.

Go, listen to the wild sea mew, his home is the ocean wide,
He nestles on the billows, on the rising waves doth ride,
His scream is one of dread and fear, for the mariner knoweth well
That the wild bird's cry, from sea to sky, doth sure a storm foretell.

Go see his form, on dark waves borne, when the wind is fierce and loud,
Anon on high in the stormy sky he's lost in yonder cloud—
Which stretcheth o'er, from sea to shore, a heavy darksome shroud—
Pregnant with storm, with lightning warm, and tempest's wrath endowed.

And O, it is a fearful thing when a ship is in a gale,
To see him with his rapid wing flit by the straining sail,
To hear his cry above the sigh of agony, and then
His scream in scorn as the raging storm drowns the loud shrieks of men.

Yet when the ship has sunk beneath the green and glassy wave,
And all the crew therein have found a fearful watery grave.
The lonely bird in sadness then, his triumph having fled,
Utters a moan in plaintive tone—a requiem for the dead.

RODERICK.

LECTURES ON THE BRITISH POETS.¹

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1837.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

I ADD one other splendid example of the *romance of reality* in our ~~un~~-ideal age ;—the mode of illuminating our streets and dwellings, our palaces and temples, down to our factories and workshops. “*Ex fumo dare lucem ;*” from smoke to bring forth light, is the consummation of the poetical art, in the figurative language of one of its greatest masters. This is literally fulfilled in the process of exhibiting olefiant gas. From the dark coal, the dun vapour, passed through purifying vessels, and collected in huge receptacles, is thence discharged through branching tubes, undermining this great metropolis, and like the arteries and veins of a human body, distributing the subtle, invisible, and perilous fluid, (were it suddenly ignited,) by thousands of minor pipes, in which it lies as innocent as the sleep of infancy, till on the turning of a tap, and the appliance of a taper, the beautiful flames leap up through their pin-prick orifices, and continue to cast their steady, clear, and powerful light so long as required—then at a touch they again disappear. To the mere sense, this is quite as marvellous as the exhilarating fiction in the Turkish tale of Abdallah and his chandelier, when the moment he lighted one branch after another, so many dervises or genii appeared, and danced about it in a ring, till at the touch of his wand each vanished as suddenly, throwing him a piece of silver.

Now the inventors and employers of these wonderful creations—for creations of science they are, in the only sense in which man, himself a creature, can create, namely, by the discovery and combination of elementary powers for artificial purposes—the inventors and employers of these wonderful creations, and the multitudes of those who are regularly engaged in preparing, directing, and adjusting their operations, have, during the day-time, their attention so devoted to interests which are all-absorbing, that, while they have intellectual enjoyments in proportion as they are under the happy necessity of exercising intellectual energies in their respective occupations—being themselves the souls of the brute machines which they superintend—the acting spirits which put every part in motion, and slacken, accelerate, or suspend it at pleasure—these cannot be expected in their hours of relaxation to turn to the epic pages of Milton, which require an effort to understand, though the understanding would ten times over compensate for the effort—nor to run riot with Gray in the luxuries of lyric song, of the highest order—to sit at the feet of Pope, and listen to his didactic strains, or read themselves into reverie in pondering upon the subtle and sublime sentimentality of Akenside.

¹ Continued from p. 7.

But literature itself, in its present multitudinous and diffusive shapes, is unfavourable to the growth and cultivation of poetry. "The march of intellect," if it have not trodden the Muses under foot, has left them far behind the tumult, the dust, and the array of millions whom it has attracted to its train. The majority of these, however, are more like the miscellaneous rout of men, women, and children, that accompany a pedestrian prize-walker, on his measured piece of ground, backward and forward, till he has accomplished the required number of miles, though he may not have advanced a greater number of yards—rather than the earnest followers of "the school-master abroad," travelling after him over the length and breadth of the whole earth; for that, we are informed, is the only circumscription of his course. I heartily wish that he may make no more haste than good speed.

In the year 1823, in an Essay on the state of English Literature at *that* time, I ventured to characterise it as exemplifying both the advancement and the perversion of mind in a most remarkable manner—especially in the most influential class of publications, those that teemed daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annually from the periodical press. In these, it was observed, that throughout the leading articles, there was scarcely a line of natural writing to be found from year end to year end. That admirable talents were employed and in full exercise there, was readily acknowledged, but then all was effort, and splendour, and display. It might be compared with fine acting, which only falls short of nature itself, but not *being* nature cannot quite please, even at its best; we feel there is something wrong; we may not know exactly what it is, but this we do know, that all is not quite right. The contributions are got up in a masterly manner, but evidently for the purpose of producing the greatest possible effect; they are positive experiments on the minds of the readers—not the unburthening of the minds of the writers themselves, glad to pour out in words the fulness of feelings long cherished in secret, and which they would have uttered in desert islands, where rocks, and woods, and streams were their sole auditors, as in the classic legend of Orpheus. Authors write best for the public when they write for themselves. Notwithstanding these excesses and defects, it was further conceded, that "periodical publications of every order, then extant, might be regarded as propitious in their influence to the circulation of knowledge and the interests of literature; while truth, however perverted in some instances by passion and prejudice, is more rapidly, effectually, and universally diffused by the ever-varying and everlasting conflicts maintained in these, than the same quantity, with the same force of evidence, could be developed in bulkier volumes, by a slower process, and within an incomparably more contracted circle." Since the period alluded to all these symptoms of our national literature have been aggravated, and the productions of the periodical press have been more than doubled, while new and incalculably influential kinds of works, in the forms of ornamented tracts—such as the Penny and Saturday Magazines, and their motley contemporaries—have multiplied the means of acquiring useful and entertaining knowledge at the least possible expense either

of mind or money, to those who choose to make the sacrifice, which even an idler can scarcely feel to be any sacrifice at all, while he lolls at his ease in these *locomotive* carriages of literature, along the thousand and one railways, newly laid down to the temple of learning, over which he is hurried with a speed so swift, that it seems sitting still—and in nine cases out of ten *is* sitting still, for any actual progress which is made in the acquisition of learning for *use* and not for *pastime*. No trade has been more affected by the transition than that of a bookseller, and no profession more than that of an author. The transition from *such* a war to *such* a peace—a war without parallel in its revolutionising character, left peace no alternative but to revolutionise the state of society, in its turn, by arts and sciences, as its predecessor had done by arms and violence. In the literary revolution which has thus been effected, whatever advantage may have accrued to the prose-writers by the change from folios, quartos, octavos and *infras*, to the multifarious and multiform *ephemera* of the press, in which the readiest pens and the ablest hands are employed, and far more munificently compensated than they would be for far more estimable contributions on subjects of their own choosing, and brought forth at their own time;—I say, whatever advantages, (of course I mean pecuniary ones, for permanent fame is out of the question,) may have accrued to the prose-writers—the poets, so far from being allowed to “pursue the triumph and partake the gale,” have been, *one and all of them*, either wrecked on the rocks, foundered in the deeps, stranded upon the shoals, or cast away on a lee-shore, without the hope (in the present generation at least) of being set afloat again. Almost every periodical, indeed, from the meanest to the mightiest, has its poet’s corner and its critic’s chair, and treats its readers with original or quoted verse; but the deaths and marriages to some, the prices of stocks to others, the fashions and court circulars to a third class, the burglaries and murders to a fourth, the law-reports to a fifth, and the politics to all,—these are first and foremost in esteem, while the poetry, allowed by everybody to be a *bonne bouche*, is courteously reserved for the last, and not seldom till there is no time left to swallow it down, sweet-meat as it is.

In the higher ranks of publications, where authors venture forth in volumes, with their names on the title-pages as candidates, not for lucre only, but for fame, books of science, in its severer forms,—(including chemistry, mathematics, metaphysics, statistics, utilitarian works of every class,)—are preferred to poetry, and *rightly* preferred, I fear not to acknowledge, because in *their* kind they are better than poetry is in *its* kind, such as poetry must be, discountenanced and disparaged as it is; while excellence in any other guise is welcomed and rewarded, because it supplies intelligence and instruction, which can be immediately applied to valuable and practical purposes.

It is difficult to imagine what will be the result of the present progress of society, should peace be perpetuated to the end of the century; and, at whatever hazard of unpoetical changes which it threatens to produce, I fervently pray that it may be so perpetuated; for if so, war may be anticipated as virtually extinguished for ever among civilised nations, since such mechanical and chemical means of

annoyance and destruction (of which the rudiments are already prepared) will by that time have been brought to perfection, that it would be as great madness for two armies to meet, in the year 1915, on the field of Waterloo, to decide again the fate of Europe, as it would be to set their battle-array on opposite sides of the crater of Mount Ætna, during an eruption, and rush to the charge across the abyss that burns between; or for two fleets to encounter off Trafalgar to decide the empire of the sea, as to engage between the rock of Scylla, and the whirlpool of Charybdis. Wars then must cease to the ends of the earth—not I fear so soon from the extinction of the elements of strife in human breasts, as from the impossibility of carrying them on at all, except at the peril of extermination to all who engage in them, when every soldier must be a Curtius, and voluntarily leap into a gulf, to save his country from being swallowed up by it.

But to speculate a step further on the possible effects of peace long and prosperously continued: as the whole tendency of human labours on the surface of the earth, in clearing forests, draining marshes, forming roads, and building cities, as well as in cultivating and ornamenting the soil, is on a principle of levelling, by the depression of eminences, and the filling up of hollows, it may be apprehended, that in the lapse of ages, when the whole world shall be as thickly populated as China is said to be, from the abandonment of war, the prevention of infectious diseases, and the better treatment of ordinary ones, together with the more abundant and wholesome diet of all classes;—unless intemperance, that plague of peace and prosperity among our labourers and artisans, should do the work of the sword and the cannon worse, and therefore more extensively than those instruments of death had been wont to do it;—I say, it may be apprehended that the face of the globe will gradually become so rounded as to be distinguished by none but artificial inequalities, such as taste or convenience may spare or construct for pleasure; when the mountains shall be uncrowned of their rocks and terraced along their slopes; when the valleys shall be made even with the plains, and both of them spread out into monotonous savannahs; when the rivers shall be turned from their serpentine courses, and stretched into stagnant canals; when no longer the highways and byways shall be traversed in all directions by passengers on foot, on horseback, or in all manner of vehicles; but when, on the waters, the steam-boat with its smoking funnel and rattling paddles shall be ducking and dancing uncouthly along; while on land the locomotive engines, with their trains of carriages, (magnificent indeed but formal,) shall be transporting men, and cattle, and luggage, by wholesale, from Johnny Groat's House to Penzance; when our whole island, with the exception of its cornfields and pastures, which must be preserved, shall resemble this vast metropolis and its vicinity, not only in its crowded streets, but in its rural aspect, spotted with gaudy villas, trim gardens, and low shrubberies; leaving not a trace of nature in all her walks and all her works, except the ineffaceable ones of verdure in the grass, colour in the flowers, and the stunted forms of a few obsolete trees; in short, when nature shall be shorn of her forest locks,

and stript of her purple array of moorland heath; when all her magnificent domains shall be enclosed by acts of parliament, disinheriting the poor of their patrimony in the village greens and the town commons; when every square inch of ground shall be appropriated, and pay its rack-rent or its quit-rent, according to the conditions of its tenure. Elegance, splendour, comfort there might be everywhere under such a new order of things; and I deny not that the peasant and the artisan would be partakers of the general abundance, but it would be a world of *littlenesses*. This may appear extravagant; it is so; but I have deliberately put an ultra case, to show *how* the tendency of mere utilitarian improvements is to render the state of society and all external objects more and more artificial, that is, less and less picturesque and poetical.

There is another view of this subject even more alarming to the morbid misgivings of a poet. A similar process of levelling appears to be in operation on literature, by means of our new plans of education, at once comprehensive and compendious beyond example. Witness the exuberance of slight, temporary, and necessarily superficial publications on the arts and sciences, which furnish lessons for schools, *prematurely*, with the fruits of long, slow, and laborious study,—quintessences of all kinds of useful knowledge, in the smallest possible compass, to be taken like cordials, and like cordials to produce transient exhilaration,—without the trouble of the novice himself gathering, preparing, and distilling, the simples from which they must be compounded, with sedulous care and experienced skill, by every individual, who would employ them, as wholesome beverages, and for his own daily use. It is some consolation, however, to think, that there is *yet* “no royal way to the mathematics,” nor will one ever be discovered, till infants be born with adult faculties. These forcing systems, therefore, cannot be carried far beyond the point, at which they would prove injurious, without becoming self-destructive. Otherwise, were the practice capable of being pushed to the standard of the theory, it would be—pardon the phrase—it would be *Macadamizing* human minds: all would be subdued to one level on the highway of life, where each unit must have passed through a certain gauge to make it fit in with all the rest. Thus the greatest would be restrained, and the smallest would be stimulated—the former below, the latter above their capacity, to bring both as nearly as possible to the “golden mean,” shall I say?—no; to the leaden flat of insuperable mediocrity.

In such an issue of our present rectilinear career of all-equalizing improvements, it might indeed be feared, that “the age of poetry was gone,” like that of chivalry, never to return; for in consistence with the rigidity of the arbitrary and artificial laws of writing and discoursing, which must obtain under such a state of things, all figures of speech, all graces of elocution, would be proscribed, and nothing but abstract terms and technical phrases would be allowed for the purposes of logic or science, business or recreation. And here it may be remarked, that during the time in which I have endeavoured to show that poetry has declined, because it has been discountenanced, eloquence in the senate, at the bar, and from the pulpit, (to

a great degree,) has declined also; the same causes operating to the disparagement of both. There may be as much talent in parliament, in the courts, and in the church as ever—perhaps even there is a greater quantity in each, but it is more sub-divided, and the *business of speaking* has become the *speaking on business*—and speaking on it, as I would fain do just now, in a *workman-like* manner.

There may be “economists and calculators,” so cold-blooded, that they would save the crumbs which their little children scatter for the robin-redbreasts in winter; beings of such algebraic temperament, that they would silence the cuckoo, forbid the return of the swallow and the nightingale to our coasts, and bereave the spring of its flowers and its streams, its fragrance, its wild music, and all its luxuriance of vegetation; or, who could look without a sigh upon the woods condemned to the axe, when they lay, for the last time, in the pomp of autumnal colouring, as gorgeous in their array as evening clouds upon the slopes of the hills. There may be such loveless, joyless, heartless personages as these, who value everything at its market-price, and would be content, while they could buy and sell, and get gain, if there were neither blossoms, nor birds, nor trees on earth,—nor clouds for ever changing shapes and hues, nor stars eternally the same in heaven. But it never can be that “man, that is born of a woman” should cease to imbibe with his mother’s milk, and from his nurse’s songs, an intense, an inextinguishable delight in that art, which youth and woman love, because it is the art of Nature, herself a mother, to reflect as in a mirror all her beauty and all her graces. It never can be that man, who himself “cometh forth as a flower,” should not have his season of bloom and fragrance as well as of fruit-bearing and decay. That season is his youth, and youth, from its own genial instinct, under the influence of woman, will ever love that which *she* loves—that which she taught *him* to love, while she nourished him at her breasts, or lulled him to slumber on her lap, with the sweetest tones that ever fall from human lips, and find their way through newly-opened ears to infant hearts, prepared with their first pulsation to respond to the yearnings of maternal tenderness, or the rapturous delight in her offspring, by whatever way communicated—by voice, or look, or touch. Youth, thus trained up, cannot choose but love poetry, because it ministers to the affections, exalts the imagination, and purifies the heart by generous and benevolent emotions; while it quickens, cherishes, and confirms, whatever is holy, and virtuous, and noble in human nature; making life more precious by giving him to taste enjoyments more exquisite and elevating than the pleasures of sense, the vanities of fashion, and the riches and honours of the world, before he is seduced and corrupted by any or all of these, as too often he is in the sequel.

Then neither change of times, of taste, of manners, of pursuits, of civil government, or political relationships, in war or in peace, can so pervert nature itself in bosoms unsophisticated, that the sweet Muses shall not only, in all ages, “fit audience find though few,” but shall have a perennial succession of true followers among the most influential classes of our species,—among those, whom all others delight to please,—the young of *both* sexes, and the most refined and ingenuous

of the *better* sex. These, as youth is every moment renewing, and beauty unfadingly preserved, from the perpetually-upspringing fountain of *life*—these will be listeners for ever to those strains that might create a soul—under the ribs of *death*. I can therefore, without envy, yea, I can unfeignedly rejoice in the triumphs of science through all its departments—when chemistry reveals to us the secrets of an invisible world within our own, by making us acquainted with the hidden principles of things—when mechanical power enables us to perform prodigies of strength, and work miracles of skill without exertion or fatigue, *contracting* both space and time, yet *multiplying* both, by giving more of each to us for the occupation of the other—when, by the mathematics, we are taught to weigh the earth, to scale the skies, and to calculate the motion of the heavenly bodies with such precision that a lucid point, to be seen but once in three-quarters of a century, like Halley's comet, can be expected almost to an hour, nay, even met on its way from the depths of infinite space, by optics keener than “quick poetic eyes,” and singled out among myriads of telescopic stars, weeks before it could be discerned by ordinary sight. I rejoice, too, when the diffusion, universally, of the means of instruction, gives advantages to the multitude in our day, which students the most favoured of former generations knew not. I repeat, that I can cordially rejoice in the triumphs of science, and hail the march of intellect, even while in the splendour of the former and the tramping of the latter, the glory of my art appears to be eclipsed, though it is not so in reality ;—it is the eyes that look upon it which are dazzled by the temporary ascendancy of rival luminaries ; while, in like manner, its music seems to be silenced, when it is only *not* listened to, amidst the sounds of “gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,” which accompany the rallying and drilling of millions, who throng from all quarters to the standard of “*The Schoolmaster abroad* :” yet—yet, the *Poet is at home* ; and *there—there* you may find him still, the delight of the young and the favourite of the fair. Yes, yes, after the utmost that economists and calculators have done to obliterate all the *inequalities* and *originalities* of the human character, and coin minds, like money, into pieces of equal size and nominal value, and stamp them with the same image and superscription,—there is yet such a power as poetry in this cent. per cent. age and working-day world—a power which rules extensively, and will rule while woman and youth exist ; nor, till our utilitarians have achieved the Utopian perfectibility of human nature,—discovered the elixir of immortality, and confined the secret of both to the male population then living, so that a generation of middle-aged men, never growing older, shall monopolise the earth, and none be born and none die in it—in a word, till they shall have *abolished Youth and Woman*, Poetry will maintain its supremacy in its place and in its season. *Youth* will delight in it, because it is the language of Hope, and realises all Hope's visions ;—*Woman* will always love it, because it is the language of *Love*, and perpetuates her youth, by often reminding her of the time when she was wooed, and, “not unsought,” was won.

"There is a living spirit in the lyre,
 A breath of music and a soul of fire ;
 It speaks a language to the world unknown,
 It speaks that language to the bard alone ;
 While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
 That spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;
 'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
 To utter oracles in glowing verse,
 Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
 And make the dead in nature live in song.
 Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
 And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name ;
 Though shrined in adamant his relics lie
 Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky ;
 All that the hand hath fashioned shall decay,
 All that the eye admires shall pass away ;—
 The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope, shall fail,
 Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
 The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
 And the proud pyramid resolve to dust ;—
 The lyre alone immortal fame secures,
 For Song alone through Nature's change endures ;
 Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
 From sire to son by sure succession flows,
 Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
 Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time."

CUPID AND THE BEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

Τὸν κλεπτὸν ποθ' Ἔρατα κακὰ κεντᾶσε μελισσα, &c.

As wily Cupid once did strive
 To rob the sweetmeats from a hive,
 A bee incensed upon him sprung,
 And fierce the felon's fingers stung ;
 With pain he raved—his fingers blew—
 He beat the earth—to Venus flew,
 And cried with all his might and main
 "Ah, mother, Cupid dies with pain—
 A bee has stung." Then Venus, she—
 "Art thou not like the little bee,
 For thou art small, yet men have found
 Excessive torture from thy wound."

R. S. F.

SNARLEY YOW ; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In which is recorded a most barbarous and bloody murder.

WE observed, in a previous chapter, that Mr. Vanslyperken was observed by Moggy Salisbury to go into a jeweller's shop, and remain there some time, and that Moggy was very inquisitive to know what it was that could induce Mr. Vanslyperken to go into so unusual a resort for him.

The next day she went into the shop upon a pretence of looking at some ear-rings, and attempted to enter into conversation with the jeweller ; but the jeweller, not perhaps admiring Moggy's appearance, and not thinking her likely to be a customer, dismissed her with very short answers. Failing in her attempt, Moggy determined to wait till Nancy Corbet should come over, for she knew that Nancy could dress and assume the fine lady, and be more likely to succeed than herself. But although Moggy could not penetrate into the mystery, it is necessary the reader should be informed of the proceedings of Mr. Vanslyperken.

When Ramsay had shown him how to open the government despatches, and had provided him with the false seals for the re-impressions, he forgot that he was pointing out to Vanslyperken the means of also opening his own, and discovering his secrets, as well as those of government ; but Vanslyperken, who hated Ramsay, on account of his behaviour towards him, and would with pleasure have seen the whole of his party, as well as himself, on the gibbet, thought that it might be just as well to have two strings to his bow ; and he argued, that if he could open the letters of the conspirators, and obtain their secrets, they would prove valuable to him, and perhaps save his neck, if he were betrayed to the government. On his passage, therefore, to Amsterdam, he had carefully examined the seal of Ramsay, and also that on the letters forwarded to him ; and, having made a drawing, and taken the impression in wax, as a further security, he had applied to the jeweller in question to get him seals cut out with these impressions, and of the exact form and size. The jeweller, who cared little what he did, provided that he was well paid, asked no questions, but a very high price, and Vanslyperken, knowing that they would be cheap to him at any price, closed with him on his own terms, provided that they were immediately forthcoming. In the week, according to the agreement, the seals were prepared. Mr. Vanslyperken paid his money, and now was waiting for orders to sail.

The dog's stump was much better.

¹ Continued from p. 15.

On the ninth day, a summons to the admiral's house was sent, and Vanslyperken was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail the next morning at daylight. He immediately repaired to the Jew's, to give intimation, and from thence to his mother's to prepare her for the arrival of Smallbones that evening a little before dusk.

Vanslyperken had arranged that, as soon as the murder had been committed, he would go to the Jew's for letters, and then hasten on board, sailing the next morning at daylight; so that, if there was any discovery, the whole onus might be on his mother, who, for all he cared, might be hung. It is a true saying, that a good mother makes a good son.

When Vanslyperken intimated to Smallbones that he was going on shore in the evening, and should take him with him, the lad did not forget the last walk that he had in company with his master, and, apprehensive that some mischief was intended, he said, "I hope it arn't for to fetch another walk in the country, sir?"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken; "it's to take some biscuit up to a poor old woman close by. I don't want to be robbed, any more than you do, Smallbones."

But the very quick reply of his master only increased the apprehension of Smallbones, who left the cabin, and hastened to Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him.

Corporal Vanspitter was of the same opinion as Smallbones, that mischief was intended him, and offered to provide him with a pistol; but Smallbones, who knew little about fire-arms, requested that he might have a bayonet instead, which he could use better. He was supplied with this, which he concealed within his shirt, and when ordered, he went into the boat with Vanslyperken. They landed, and it was dark before they arrived at the half-way houses. Vanslyperken ascended the stairs, and ordered Smallbones to follow him. As soon as they were in the room, Mr. Vanslyperken said, "Here is the biscuit, good woman, and much good may it do you."

"It's very kind of you, sir, and many thanks. It's not often that people are charitable now-a-days, and this has been a hard winter for poor folk. Put the bag down there, my good little fellow," continued the old hypocrite, addressing Smallbones.

"And now, good woman, I shall leave my lad with you, till I come back. I have to call at a friend's, and I need not take him. Smallbones, stay here till I return; get the biscuit out of the bag, as we must take that on board again."

Smallbones had no objection to remain with a withered, palsied old woman. He could have no fear of her, and he really began to think that his master had been guilty of charity.

Mr. Vanslyperken departed, leaving Smallbones in company with his mother.

"Come now, my lad, come to the chair, and sit down by the fire," for a fire had been lighted by the old woman expressly, "sit down, and I'll see if I can find you something in my cupboard; I have, I know, a drop of cordial left somewhere. Sit down, child; you have had the kindness to bring the bread up for me, and I am grateful."

The tones of the old beldame's voice were very different from those

she usually indulged in ; there was almost a sweetness about them, which proved what she might have effected at the period when she was fair and young. Smallbones felt not the least disquietude ; he sat down in the chair by the fire, while the old woman looked in the cupboard behind him for the cordial, of which she poured him a good allowance in a teacup.

Smallbones sipped and sipped, he was not in a hurry to get rid of it, as it was good ; the old woman went again to the cupboard, rattled the things about a little, and then, on a sudden, taking out a large hammer, as Smallbones unconsciously sipped, she raised it with both her hands, and down came the blow on his devoted head.

The poor lad dropped the cup, sprang up convulsively, staggered, and then fell. Once he rolled over, his leg quivered, and he then moved no more.

The beldame watched him with the hammer in her hand, ready to repeat the blow, if necessary, indeed she would have repeated it had it not been that after he fell, in turning over, Smallbones' head had rolled under the low bedstead where she slept.

"My work is sure," muttered she, "and *all the gold is mine.*"

Again she watched, but there was no motion—a stream of blood appeared from under the bed, and ran in a little rivulet towards the fire-place.

"I wish I could pull him out," said the old woman, lugging at the lad's legs ; "another blow or two would make more sure." But the effort was above her strength, and she abandoned it. "It's no matter," muttered she ; "he'll never tell tales again."

But there the old hag was mistaken ; Smallbones had been stunned, but not killed ; the blow of the hammer had fortunately started off, divided the flesh of the skull for three inches, with a gash which descended to his ear. At the very time that she uttered her last expressions, Smallbones was recovering his senses, but he was still confused, as if in a dream.

"Yes, yes," said the old woman, after some minutes' pause, "all the gold is mine."

The lad heard this sentence, and he now remembered where he was, and what had taken place. He was about to rise, when there was a knocking at the door, and he lay still. It was Vanslyperken. The door was opened by the old beldame.

"Is it done ?" said he, in a loud whisper.

"Done !" cried the hag ; "yes, and well done. Don't tell me of charmed life. My blows are sure—see there."

"Are you sure that he is dead ?"

"Quite sure, child—and all the gold is mine."

Vanslyperken looked with horror at the stream of blood still flowing, and absorbed by the ashes in the grate.

"It was you did it, mother ; recollect, it was not I," cried he.

"I did it—and you paid for it—and all the gold is mine."

"But are you quite sure that he is dead ?"

"Sure—yes, and in judgment now, if there is any."

Vanslyperken surveyed the body of Smallbones, who, although he

had heard every word, lay without motion, for he knew his life depended on it. After a minute or two the lieutenant was satisfied.

"I must go on board now, mother ; but what will you do with the body ?"

"Leave that to me ; who ever comes in here ? Leave that to me, craven, and, as you say, go on board."

Vanslyperken opened the door, and went out of the room ; the old hag made the door fast, and then sat down on the chair, which she replaced by the side of the fire, with her back to Smallbones.

The lad felt very faint from loss of blood, and was sick at the stomach, but his senses were in their full vigour. He now was assured that Vanslyperken was gone, and that he had only the old woman opposed to him. His courage was unsubdued, and he resolved to act in self-defence if required ; so he softly drew the bayonet out of his breast, and then watched the murderous old hag, who was rocking herself in the chair.

"Yes, yes, the gold is mine," muttered she, "I've won it, and I'll count it. I won it dearly ;—another murder—well, 'tis but one more. Let me see, what shall I do with the body ? I must burn it, by bits and bits—and I'll count the gold—it's all mine, for he's dead."

Here the old woman turned round to look at the body, and her keen eyes immediately perceived that there was a slight change of position.

"Heh !" cried she, "not quite dead yet ; we must have the hammer again," and she rose from her chair, and walked in an unsteady pace to pick up the hammer, which was at the other side of the fireplace. Smallbones, who felt that now was his time, immediately rose, but before he could recover his feet, she had turned round to him : with a sort of low yell, she darted at him with an agility not to be imagined in one of her years and decrepid appearance, and struck at him. Smallbones raised his left arm, and received the blow, and with his right plunged the bayonet deep into the wrinkled throat of the old woman. She grappled with him, and the struggle was dreadful ; she caught his throat in one of her bony hands, and the nails pierced into it like the talons of a bird of prey—the fingers of the other she inserted into the jagged and gaping wound on his head, and forced the flesh still more asunder, exerting all her strength to force him on his back ; but the bayonet was still in her throat, and with the point descending towards the body, and Smallbones forced and forced it down, till it was buried to the hilt. In a few seconds the old hag loosed her hold, quivered, and fell back dead ; and the lad was so exhausted with the struggle, and his previous loss of blood, that he fell into a swoon at the side of the corpse.

When Smallbones recovered, the candle was flickering in the socket. He rose up in a sitting posture, and tried to recollect all that had passed.

The alternating light of the candle flashed upon the body of the old woman, and he remembered all. After a few minutes, he was able to rise, and he sat down upon the bed giddy and faint. It occurred to him that he would soon be in the dark, and he would require the light to follow up his intended movements, so he rose, and went to

the cupboard to find one. He found a candle, and he also found the bottle of cordial, of which he drank all that was left, and felt himself revived, and capable of acting. Having put the other candle into the candlestick, he looked for water, washed himself, and bound up his head with his handkerchief. He then wiped up the blood from the floor, threw some sand over the part, and burnt the towel in the grate. His next task was one of more difficulty, to lift up the body of the old woman, put it into the bed, and cover it up with the clothes, previously drawing out the bayonet. No blood issued from the wound—the hemorrhage was all internal. He covered up the face, took the key of the door, and tried it in the lock, put the candle under the grate to burn out safely, took possession of the hammer ; then having examined the door, he went out, locked it from the outside, slid the key in beneath the door, and hastened away as fast as he could. He was not met by anybody, and was soon safe in the street, with the bayonet, which he again concealed in his vest.

These precautions taken by Smallbones, proved that the lad had conduct as well as courage. He argued that it was not advisable that it should be known that this fatal affray had taken place between the old woman and himself. Satisfied with having preserved his life, he was unwilling to be embroiled in a case of murder, as he wished to prosecute his designs with his companions on board.

He knew that Vanslyperken was capable of swearing anything against him, and that his best safety lay in the affair not being found out, which it could not be until the cutter had sailed, and no one had seen him either enter or go out. There was another reason which induced Smallbones to act as he did—without appealing to the authorities—which was, that if he returned on board, it would create such a shock to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had, as he supposed, seen him lying dead upon the floor. But there was one person to whom he determined to apply to for advice before he decided how to proceed, and that was Moggy Salisbury, who had given her address to him when she had gone on board the Yungfrau. To her house he therefore repaired, and found her at home. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening.

Moggy was much surprised to see Smallbones enter in such a condition ; but Smallbones' story was soon told, and Moggy sent for a surgeon, the services of whom the lad seriously required. While his wound was dressing, which was asserted by them to have been received in a fray, Moggy considered what would be the best method to proceed. The surgeon stated his intention of seeing Smallbones the next day, but he was requested to leave him sufficient dressing, as it was necessary that he should repair on board, as the vessel which he belonged to sailed on the following morning. The surgeon received his fee, recommended quiet and repose, and retired.

A consultation then took place. Smallbones expressed his determination to go on board ; he did not fear Mr. Vanslyperken, as the crew of the cutter would support him—and, moreover it would frighten Mr. Vanslyperken out of his wits. To this Moggy agreed, but she proposed that instead of making his appearance on the following morning, he should not appear to Mr. Vanslyperken until

the vessel was in the blue water ; if possible, not till she was over on the other side. And Moggy determined to go on board, see the corporal, and make the arrangements with him and the crew, who were now unanimous, for the six marines were at the beck of the corporal, so that Mr. Vanslyperken should be frightened out of his wits. Desiring Smallbones to lie down on her bed, and take the rest he so much needed, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and taking a boat, pulled gently alongside the cutter.

Vanslyperken had been on board for two hours, and was in his cabin ; the lights, however, were still burning. The corporal was still up, anxiously waiting for the return of Smallbones, and he was very much alarmed when he heard Moggy come alongside. Moggy soon detailed to the corporal, Dick Short, and Coble, all that had taken place, and what it was proposed should be done. They assented willingly to the proposal, declaring that if Vanslyperken attempted to hurt the lad, they would rise, and throw Mr. Vanslyperken overboard ; and everything being arranged, Moggy was about to depart, when Vanslyperken, who was in a state of miserable anxiety and torture, and who had been drowning his conscience in schedam, came on deck not a little the worse for what he had been imbibing.

"Who is that woman ?" cried Vanslyperken.

"That woman is Moggy Salisbury," cried Moggy, walking up to Vanslyperken, while the corporal skulked forward without being detected.

"Have I not given positive orders that this woman does not come on board ?" cried Vanslyperken, holding on by the skylight. "Who is that—Mr. Short ?"

"Yes," replied Short.

"Why did you allow her come on board ?"

"I came without leave," said Moggy. "I brought a message on board."

"A message ! what message—to whom ?"

"To you," replied Moggy.

"To me—from whom, you cockatrice ?"

"I'll tell you," replied Moggy, walking close up to him ; "from Lazarus the Jew. Will you hear it, or shall I leave it with Dick Short ?"

"Silence—silence—not a word ; come down into the cabin, good Moggy. Come down—I'll hear it there."

"With all my heart, Mr. Vanslyperken ; but none of your attacks on my vartue ; recollect I am an honest woman."

"Don't be afraid, my good Moggy—I never hurt a child."

"I don't think you ever did," retorted Moggy, following Vanslyperken, who could hardly keep his feet.

"Well, there's Abracadabra there, any how," observed Coble to Short, as they went down. "Why, she turns him round her finger."

"Yes," quoth Short.

"I can't comprehend this not no how."

"No," quoth Short.

As soon as they were in the cabin, Moggy observed the bottle of

schedam on the table. "Come, Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll treat me to-night, and drink my health again, won't you?"

"Yes, Moggy, yes—we're friends now, you know;" for Vanslyperken, like all others suffering under the stings of conscience, was glad to make friends with his bitterest enemy.

"Come, then, help me, Mr. Vanslyperken, and then I'll give my message."

As soon as Moggy had taken her glass of schedam, she began to think what she should say, for she had no message ready prepared; at last a thought struck her.

"I am desired to tell you, that when a passenger, or a person disguised as a sailor, either asks for a passage, or volunteers for the vessel, you are to take him on board immediately, even if you should know him in his disguise not to be what he pretends to be—do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who was quite muddled.

"Whether he applies from here, or from the other side of the channel, no consequence, you must take him—if not——"

"If not, what?" replied Vanslyperken.

"You'll swing, that's all, my buck. Good night to you," replied Moggy, leaving the cabin.

"I'll swing," muttered Vanslyperken, rolling against the bulk-head. "Well, if I do, others shall swing too. Who cares? damn the faggot!"

Here Mr. Vanslyperken poured out another glass of schedam, the contents of which overthrew the small remnant of his reasoning faculties. He then tumbled into his bed with his clothes on, saying, as he turned on his side, "Smallbones is dead and gone, at all events."

Moggy took leave of her friends on deck, and pushed on shore. She permitted Smallbones, whom she found fast asleep, to remain undisturbed until nearly three o'clock in the morning, during which time she watched by the bedside. She then roused him, and they sallied forth, took a boat, and dropped alongside of the cutter. Smallbones' hammock had been prepared for him by the corporal. He was put into it, and Moggy then left the vessel.

Mr. Vanslyperken was in a state of torpor during this proceeding, and was, with great difficulty, awoken by the corporal, according to orders given, when it was daylight, and the cutter was to weigh anchor.

"Smallbones has not come off, sir, last night," reported the corporal.

"I suppose the scoundrel has deserted," replied Vanslyperken; "I fully expected that he would. However, he is no loss, for he was a useless, idle, lying rascal." And Mr. Vanslyperken turned out; having all his clothes on, he had no occasion to dress. He went on deck, followed by the tail-less Snarleygow, and in half an hour the cutter was standing out towards St. Helen's.

THE HAPPY DREAM.

I LAID me down and slumbered,
And gladness filled my breast :
I dreamt that my days were numbered,
That my weary heart had rest :
And a loved fair girl whom I joy'd to see,
Was the first with smiles to welcome me
To the land of the good and blest.

As she came, there was music on the air
With the motion of her wings,
That parted from her pinions fair,
Free as the gush of springs :
And the strains which arose and died around,
Were softer than twilight-mellowed sound,
More sweet than from earthly strings.

I turned with the pain of parting
From the few I left behind,
But that fair one's radiance darting,
Swept the shadow from my mind :
As I gazed on her beauty beyond compare,
Away was dissolved the pain, and care,
That had linked me to my kind.

I marvelled at the splendour
So pure and so intense ;
Yet all subdued and tender
That it injured not the sense :
I marvelled at the coming bright,
Of that illimitable light,
Which was, I knew not whence.

Around were myriads soaring
With fadeless glory bright,
Whose natures were adoring
The fountain of all light :
And soothing o'er my spirit stole
These accents of the loved soul
That first entranced my sight.

“ Thou hast left the realms of night,
Thou hast left the land of care ;
Thou hast gained the abode of Love and Light,
The home of the good and fair :
Oh ! blessed art thou such home to gain,
Where Rest is not the child of Pain,
Nor Joy is Sorrow's heir !”

I awoke, and pined to die,
For the light came thick and dull ;
I pined on the wings of the dove to fly
To the Land of the Beautiful :
I pined to sever the mind from the clay,
But the spirit within me for ever would say,
“ God's laws man may not annul.”

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

ROBERT HOLMES.

" Whilst I live I shall endeavour to preserve my integrity, or at least not consent to the destroying of it ; I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me."—*Algernon Sidney to his Father—Somers's Tracts.*

THERE appeared, some years past, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, several masterly and well-written sketches of many of the leading members of the Irish Bar. They were the production of a brilliant and eloquent member of that body, who has since attained very considerable distinction as a popular and parliamentary orator, and exhibited all that epigrammatic point and passion for antithesis—that brilliant diffuseness and energy of language, mingled with a keen and caustic bitterness, which characterise his spoken declamations. During the proceedings of the memorable Catholic Association, that gentleman was hurried from the meditations of the closet to take an active part in the proceedings of that famous body, and to fire the imaginative and susceptible minds of his countrymen with a longing for regeneration, which his powerful and passionate oratory was so well calculated to instil. A few sketches issued from his pen in that interval ; but, long before he had completed the intended circle, the public ceased to enjoy his beautiful and condensed biographies, for which, of all existing legal tribunals, the Irish Bar could alone afford the most ample and interesting scope. Where else could be beheld so chaotic and heterogeneous a mass?—exhibiting all varieties of mind—all diversities of character. Even to their minutest shade, a profusion of intellects wholly without parallel for the several modifications of mind by which they obtained notoriety or distinction. Lord Manners, with the formal dignity of an old duchess-dowager of the sixteenth century, and who had as profound an ignorance of all equitable knowledge as a South-sea islander—Joy, with his dry, sly sarcasms and a vast knowledge of Norman-French *—the fierce and fiery Plunket, smashing an adversary with the deadly force of an Indian tomahawk, and a mind, not possessed, perhaps, of the profound legal erudition of Joy, but yet of vast general resources, always meeting the demands of the time, and though vanquished, always retreating with the air of victory—the manly firmness of Fletcher—the pitiful buffoonery of Norbury—the refined elegance and urbanity of

* In the late voyage of his lordship to the " city on the Bosphorus," he is said to have carried one hundred volumes of the earliest law reports. Books to *amuse* himself with ! On the subject of mental recreation his lordship has certainly very peculiar tastes : Bracton and Fleta are his *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, and he finds more pleasure in searching for the hidden mines of knowledge contained in an " *etcetera* " or " *here note also* " of Coke, than he found, we warrant, in the sherbet of the sultan ; for his lordship was introduced to the " great descendant of the sun and moon ! " and they are reported to have had a long conversation on the introduction of writs of rebellion into the defective jurisprudence of Turkey.

Bushe—the metaphysical shrewdness and graceful knowledge of Smith—the stately stupidity of Foster—the robust eloquence of O'Connell—the inflexible integrity of Holmes—with a train of others, each having something singularly his own—some peculiarity of mind or manner—the actor in some stirring scene of old, whose delineation might be a source of amusement, not only to those who knew their persons, and understood their characters, but to all who relished a portraiture of the best or worst qualities of the human mind. But there was one other reason which claimed the attention of the public to the leading members of the Irish Bar. In England, professional knowledge is generally the best guarantee for professional distinction; the English lawyer does not spring with a bound, as Mirabeau finely said, from the bottom of the Tarpeian rock to the summit of the capitol; he must long tread the great highway of the law, and prove his prowess in many a hard-fought legal field, before eminence and honours are the reward of his patient drudgery and unremitting toil; but in Ireland they ordered these things, at one time, “much better;” if a man were as great a lawyer as Hale or Hardwicke, and honest as Holmes, there were ten chances to one that he paced the circular area of the Four Courts for a long segment of his existence, perhaps descended to his grave unnoticed and unknown. Inflexibility in principle and a strict devotion to political integrity were sure to create martyrdom for their unfortunate possessor, or to point him out as an object of hatred or attack to every stiff-necked lover of despotism; but let him be ignorant of the commonest principles of law—let him be insinuating, but worthless—stupid, but sly—the most unintelligent of lawyers, but the most furious of partisans—let him have the happy ductility of mind to take up a set of principles to suit the occasion of the hour, and lay them down when 'tis past,—and he is certain to reach the top-spoke of the wheel: like the serpent, with which he has a congenial temperament, he soon casts his old slough; and from being a barrister without briefs, like Smelfungus, he becomes a judge without judgment, and oftentimes without justice. He carries with him to the Bench the energy of a hot and heavy bigotry, and strives to cloak, but cannot conceal, beneath the scarlet and ermine, the vices that elevated him to his “bad eminence.”

Although this levity of political honesty was an infallible mode to the morally vicious and profligate in principle to secure emoluments and distinctions, there were, and still are, many men at the Irish Bar who continued to live a life of unsullied purity and honour, who looked with an “eye unbent” on the dazzling fascinations of power, with whom integrity and existence were synonymous, and who warmly cherished the principles of freedom when they were the scoff and anathema of every cold-blooded court-sycophant; who rushed into the forlorn hope, with earnestness and enthusiasm, when liberty was driven behind her last entrenchment, and unflinchingly endured the sad consequences of their magnanimous devotion with the unabated fortitude of ancient stoics—men who looked with disdain on dungeons, and never, even to their grey hairs, forfeited their stern faith to their principles and their country. The foremost of these was *Robert Holmes*.

Mr. Holmes is descended from respectable parents, though he needs not the recommendation of pedigrees: his public life is his proudest emblazonry. He entered college at an early age, where he eminently distinguished himself, no less by his extensive and elegant knowledge of the Greek and Roman writers than by a noble independence of mind. His great rival in both was Charles Kendal Bushe, the present Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, of whose powerful and accomplished eloquence some estimate may be formed from the nervous language of Grattan, that "he spoke with the lips of an angel." Such was the class-fellow, rival, and friend of Mr. Holmes; and though his lordship was then remarkable for the elegance and purity of his classic taste, he was compelled to yield to the more profound and varied knowledge of his adversary; and his lordship, at the present day, talks with that great good-humour which characterises him, on their many fierce encounters in the arena of ancient literature. The College Historical Society was then in the attitude of its glory, and numbered within its brilliant circle all the genius and eloquence which afterwards shone with such distinguished lustre in the senate and the bar. The proudest names in our modern history were then emerging into the "purple light" of distinction, and gave ample augury of the splendid results that followed. The French Revolution was glorious at its dawning, and gave a fresh impulse to the patriotism generated by the declaration of our independence in 1782. Its purer principles, which then infected the glowing and fiery minds of the youth of Ireland with an almost subtle frenzy, found their way into that enthusiastic assembly. The vast despotism of ancient principles appeared to wax dim before the enlarging orb of human reason—a new spirit seemed to have come on communities—the sovereignty of the people arose—the divine right and authority by which the world had been so long governed appeared to be no more, and oppression to have vanished like a sound without an echo. The occasion was too dazzling not to be caressed by the passionate lovers of liberty; the firmest and most devoted of whom was the subject of the present memoir. Night after night the fascinating architecture of modern freedom was sure to be contrasted with the venerable fabric of ancient right, covered with the hoar of centuries; and in every succeeding debate, Mr. Holmes gave earnest of that adherence to liberty which perilled and ennobled his subsequent life. Here too he contracted an intimacy which gave a strong colour to his future career, and marked him out as an object of vigilance to the government. The glorious but unfortunate Robert Emmett was learned, eloquent, and brave; his college career, like that of his friend Holmes, was an ample exemplification of the first. The precautions of the government sufficiently attest the powers of his extraordinary eloquence. In the stirring debates of the society, he too took an active part; and so powerfully did his principles and arguments tell on the susceptible minds of his youthful and inflammable audience, that it soon reached the ears of the government. Communications took place between the latter and the leaders of the anti-Irish party in the society, and it was agreed that the most able of the party should supply one, on every night of discussion, to reply to Emmett, and endeavour to re-

move the revolutionary impressions which his powerful arguments, sheathed in brilliant language, and urged with a manly and severe simplicity of reasoning, were likely to produce. The Caius Gracchus of Ireland—how like, in life and death, was he to that illustrious Roman! Change the names, and Cicero's beautiful character of Gracchus will apply with equal propriety to Emmett:—"The Commonwealth and the interests of literature suffered greatly by his melancholy and untimely end. His eloquence was such as left him without a rival. In his diction what a noble splendour!—in his sentiments what elevation!—in the whole of his manner what weight and dignity!"* and speaking of his death, "interfectus est propter quasdam seditiones." Temple Emmett, too, the first of lawyers and orators at the Irish bar, at the early age of twenty-six, was the Tiberius of his brother. The similitude of the Irishman and Roman is certainly curious, and striking. That Robert Emmett was brave, his firmness on the day of trial but too sadly attests. What a striking, though melancholy contrast between his moral and manly courage on that trying occasion and the impatient brutality of the judicial buffoon who presided! Almost equal in years, an identity of principles and feelings, and a mutual co-operation in the common cause of Irish liberty, generated between the young orators an ardent friendship, which was cemented, if possible, still more closely by the marriage of Mr. Holmes with the sister of Emmett.

Though Mr. Holmes, during his college career, gave proof of mental powers which were likely to elevate him to honourable distinction at the bar, he chose, at first, the medical profession, and actually attended all the lectures requisite to its attainment; but "a change came o'er his spirit:" he abandoned the mute honours of physic, and was called to the Bar in 1795.

When Pitt conceived his awful project of effecting an union of the two kingdoms by stirring up the smouldering ashes of faction—when, to use the words of Sir James Mackintosh, "murders were committed by the sword of justice, badly disguised by the solemnities which invested them"—Mr. Holmes sank into a prudent retirement. He knew that his past exertions in the cause of liberty were not likely to escape the sanguinary acuteness of the Castle espionage, and that any movement, however minute, in existing troubles, was likely to peril his safety or his life. The bloodhounds were abroad: not a crevice or alley was secure from their keen-scented inquisitiveness; and though his brother-in-law, Thomas A. Emmett, was implicated in the troubles of the time, scandal never ascribed the most remote participation in them to Mr. Holmes.

The rebellion was now extinguished in blood; the system of the dark and sanguinary-souled minister had succeeded to the amplest extent of his wishes; the bloodhounds of the benign Beresford lay gorged with massacre and plunder; while the mayor, who was addicted to the productions of the fine arts, particularly painting, had furnished himself with a gallery which is still the admiration of all lovers of

* *Damnum enim illius immaturo interitu. Res Romanæ literæque fecerunt. Eloquentiâ, quidem, nescio an parem habuerit—quam grandis verbis—sapientis sententiis—genere toto gravis!—Cicero de Clatis Oratoribus.*

vertù, and supplies the most masterly emanations of art to the annual exhibitions of the Old Masters in College Street, then the male Malaprop of the day. Lord Castlereagh came down to the Irish House of Commons with the proposal of a Union. The solitude which followed the rebellion had not altogether crushed the national spirit. The Irish Bar arose in its grandeur, and the tones of a splendid, massive, and patriotic eloquence, which would not have disgraced the proud days of Athens, were heard from that distinguished body for the first time since 1782. Plunket, Saurin, Bushe, Goold, Ball, Burrows, Joy, and the other friends of the "Good Estate," convened a meeting, by a requisition signed by fourteen king's counsel, and a great number of lawyers of inferior rank, fired the national heart with the strength and earnestness of their manly oratory, and negatived the project of a Union by a majority of 166 to 32. At that period Mr. Holmes particularly distinguished himself, and formed one of that solid knot of patriots who generously stood up for the independence of Ireland. But matters assumed a different appearance in the senate: the grandeur of Grattan, the strong, wedge-like eloquence of Plunket, the keen and polished oratory of Bushe, the great legal knowledge of Ball, who declared the incompetency of parliament to sell itself, were unable to penetrate solidly the condensed mass of corruption arrayed on the side of the minister. The friends of Ireland triumphed; but the triumph only augured future defeat. The Senate emitted the last coruscation of expiring worth. Castlereagh redoubled his efforts. The country was inundated with a shower of unconstitutional pamphlets from the corrupt press of the minister, enforcing the necessity of a union. These were ably replied to;* but the ablest and most luminous production, on the side of the patriots, the "Philosopher," was written by Mr. Holmes, in which the dryness of facts and closeness of argument were rendered pleasing by the charms of an elegant literature: it was moreover valuable for the assertion of a high and generous principle, rarely on the lips of the Protestant of that day, that Roman Catholics should be invested with all the constitutional privileges of citizens, and their representatives admitted into the Senate. But the Union was carried: the extreme corruption of the parliament had already preceded its extinction, and Ireland, as an independent nation, sank beneath a cloud.

Matters continued thus till the close of 1802, when Robert Emmett returned from Brussels, and beheld, with the eye and heart of a patriotic enthusiast, the prostrate condition of Ireland. Nothing can be more painful to a great man than to watch the lingering agony of his country—nothing more poignant than to see the symptoms of vitality disappear one by one till nothing is left but coldness and despair—liberty extinguished—commerce decayed—national honour

* A clever pamphlet, by Secretary Cooke, called "Arguments for and against the Union," was replied to by the present Chief Justice in a little work, called "Cease your funning," replete with that curious felicity of language and gracefully-pointed sarcasm, which characterised the speeches of Charles Kendal Bushe, and was completely successful. Above one hundred pamphlets were published on both sides of the question, and it is not unfair to add that the Anti-Unionists, in numbers, argument, truth, justice, and the other advantages of literary warfare, had a decided superiority.

sullied—and corruption, like a canker, eating into the vitals of national existence. With these feelings the unfortunate Emmett contemplated the fallen fortunes of Ireland. The seeds of a conspiracy were alive on his arrival: he fomented them into a melancholy maturity—all are aware of the termination of that outbreak: he, who, if he could overleap his fatality, “would be a Marcellus,” yielded up his life for his country.

“So was he soon exhaled and vanished hence,
A short, sweet odour at a vast expense.”

Mr. Holmes's time for torture had now arrived: his friends died on the scaffold, or fled into exile: perhaps they were guilty; but he was not in any secret conspiracy: he was wholly guiltless in the rebellion of 1802—no evidence was against him. The lowest grade of suspicion was then of the most perfect testimony, for the Sirrs and Beresfords—constitutional lawyers whom the Castle consulted—Holmes was known to have visited Robert Emmet in his tribulation and sorrow, when he lay concealed, in a small village near Dublin. That was sufficient to brand him as a pugnacious enemy of despotism—the friend and associate of the Emmetts—the author of the “*Philosopher*” was long singled out by the evil eye of the vindictive minister: he was accordingly apprehended, and lodged in the dungeons of Kilmainham, where he underwent a painful and protracted incarceration, subject to all the indignities and ill-treatment which the victims of government were then compelled to suffer.

But evil sometimes generates good: the truth of the aphorism was clearly established in the case of Mr. Holmes. The days of Irish liberty being numbered—the senate extinguished—the illustrious family with which he had connected himself wholly wrecked in the general storm—he looked alone to success in his profession, and determined to surmount every difficulty which an inflexible honesty might cast in his way; for he had “registered a vow” never to abandon the principles of his earlier years; and to die, as he had lived, in feeling as in fact, the brother-in-law of the Emmetts. He applied himself with astonishing avidity to the erudition of the law; and though there is a profundity in that science which he has not endeavoured to reach—for he has an expanse of comprehension which could penetrate to its lowest depths—he is still one of the most valuable commodities in that great staple of the understanding. Neglect or disgrace was, at that period, the universal lot of all, memorable for their past devotion to Ireland, unless such men as rose to distinction on its fallen fortunes. Mr. Holmes was not an exception: he had all the suavity of manners, and elegance of person, which are generally passwords to the esteem or favour of the great; but he unfortunately lacked the main ingredient, which opened to its worshippers the portals of the Irish court—a pliancy or desertion of principle: so he toiled long without reward.

But those great powers, which before recommended him to the friendship and esteem of Charles Kendal Bushe, and the other dis-

tinguished men at the Irish bar, could not remain long hidden beneath a bushel. The vast fermentation of public opinion had now considerably cooled, and the balance of social order was restored. Merit, although in political adversaries, began to be recognised, and Mr. Holmes rose rapidly into repute. Succeeding governments vied with each other in offering him patents of precedence—a mere tribute to his talent; but he inflexibly refused every overture. Even the bigotted Lord Manners,* who hatched and nurtured into professional eminence the Lefroys, the Blackburnes, and “such like kind”—the patron of all that was politically dishonest or hypocritical at the bar—offered him a silk gown, when Mr. Holmes is said to have made the following truly heroic reply, “No, my lord, if the government once entertained suspicion of my loyalty to my king, I shall never give them cause to alter that opinion.” The same offer was repeated during the administration of Earl Grey; and, we believe, the Solicitor Generalship in the first administration of Lord Melbourne, through Lord Plunket, who, to do him justice, was always most anxious for the elevation of an old friend, though calumny spoke otherwise; but nothing could prevail with him to alter his determination; he prefers the venerable magistracy of the outer bar, and the old stuff gown to the curule chairs of the ermined twelve. Like old Coke, who, at the age of eighty, in the glorious debate on the Petition of Rights, stood up for freedom, he too never failed to uphold the majesty of liberty: with this difference between the veterans, that there was a glaring inconsistency between the earlier and more advanced years of the former, whilst the Holmes of twenty and the Holmes of seventy are the same.

Mr. Holmes has an astonishing memory, still unclouded, like his other faculties, after the long lapse of years he has lived; in fact, nothing can escape its tenacity—the remote or proximate—the incommodiously large, or imperceptibly minute, are equally within its grasp: he can remember with equal facility the broad principle of law laid down forty years ago as well as the shadowy point of present practice. With the power of a magician, he can instantly evoke from their dark recesses the decisions buried for ages in Law Reports, as well as the most modern—from the ponderous folios of the Henrys down to the spruce octavo of Mr. Alcock. His perceptions are very quick and clear, which enable him to unravel luminously and distinctly the parts that compose a case, however multifarious and intricate; and in this he bears a strong resemblance to Mr. O’Connell, who, on once running over his brief, could comprehend the whole mass of details, however numerous and involved, arrange and methodise them in his mind without further perusal; and, on the hearing of the cause, never omit a single circumstance, however minute; and never failed to give them that logical order and consecutive-

* Mr. Holmes ever after retained a lively sense of gratitude for this act of the Chancellor, and on his subsequent departure from the Irish bar, not only signed the address, which was got up principally by the Tory lawyers, but exhibited a generous activity in procuring signatures. This, very improperly, has been ascribed to him as a dereliction of principle by men overheated with the feelings of party, who could not distinguish between a public error, and a mere act of personal kindness.

ness, of the aggregate of which, as of the chain of nature, it may be said—

“Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.”

If the matter be naturally dry and uninteresting, he impregnates it with interest and humour—if pleasing, he seasons it still more; never scurrilous or vulgar, and never surpassing the limits suggested by a chaste and correct reason: he never diverges, unless hard pressed for room to move in; and never, like the unskilful boxers of Demosthenes, dealing out his blows carelessly and indiscriminately on every side, but striking onward where every blow tells. There is no man at the bar superior to him in soundness of judgment, and a sagacity at once penetrating and comprehensive; and what gives a particular charm to his address, and weight to his argument, he unites great strength of reasoning and power of decision to an unaffected simplicity, and sobriety of manner, which are at least equal, we should say superior, to the sallies of an ambitious or extravagant eloquence in producing the main end of the orator—which is conviction. In no one period do you behold the crushing bolt or riving lightning—no prominent thoughts in flowing, figurative language—no tornado of tropes—no blaze of metaphors—no purple patches of embroidered eloquence—no effort for effect—no assumed or pretended inspiration; but you see, pervading and animating the entire, a naked, chaste simplicity—strong truth—deep knowledge—lucid argument, marshalled with an Aristotelic skill. The principal effect lies in no one beautiful ebullition; to be convinced of his powers, you must hear the entire. He possesses, in common with Mr. Edward Pennefather, the happy facility of seizing the most knotty and intricate question, turns the inside out, as he does a roguish witness, and nicely apportions the parts which make for him, and against his adversary: his arguments are always judiciously selected, and perspicuously ordered; and if the expression of a distinguished writer be correct, “that the main power of true eloquence consists in saying what ought to be said, and no more,” there is no man who more personates the genuine orator, notwithstanding he appears sometimes too close and circumscribed, so that the hearer would wish for the amplitude of a less accurate reasoner; but he is well aware of the danger of indulging in generalities, which are but too often the lurking abodes of sophistry: he moves on with the steadiness and slowness of a veteran general, knowing well that fallacies are easily discoverable, where rapidity of progression hurries the mind from that closeness of investigation and precision of detail which are so eminently necessary at the bar: he is often at the same time circumspect and bold, particularly when the issue is likely to be fortunate. When he is certain of success, he will first skirmish with the light arms of wit and humour: he has always a subject ready—sometimes his adversary’s attorney, sometimes his own—the counsel on the other side or with him—the Chief Baron or Chief Justice—no matter, he must have his jest. Then he unmask his battery of legal principles, presses hotly on his adversary, and drives him within the last entrenchment; if, on the contrary, he be sure of defeat, it is amusing to watch him: he first

selects for attack the strongest position of his opponent; and if he cannot laugh it out of effect, or batter it down with a well-ordered fire of decisions, he sets up a case or two, which apparently weaken its strength, then he pounces on the weaker parts, and covers them with a flood of ridicule, varying his posture of defence or direction of attack with the skill and vigilance of an Hannibal—give him a peg to hang a doubt on, a single point, and he urges it on with the force of a hard, astringent reasoning, so as frequently to stagger the court in their preconceived opinions.

Like O'Connell, he is "all in his glory" at *Nisi Prius*: look at him, and you cannot fail to perceive by the relaxation of his brow, and the smile playing on his lips, that he moves in the element most congenial to his temperament; twelve Irishmen in the jury box, and a sly Irish rogue on the table, and he is quite at home. The sight of a scoundrel in the witness box is a positive luxury to him. Like Sir John, "he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others;" for if the fellow have only a spark of the national humour, it is sure to be displayed in the broadest and most comical light. In cross-examination he is mighty. O'Connell knew the "inner man" of a villain as well, perhaps better, than any man at the bar, and how to turn him out, and when: he knew him by his physiognomy, without waiting for his moral developement in the course of examination. Accordingly he used to proceed at once to bombard his credibility: he had always an ample repertory of posers, which, like the logical argument of the ancients, called the Crocodile, answered either affirmatively or negatively, were sure to make something for him; if the answer contained anything bordering on doubt or prevarication, he repeated the question with an elevated voice, and renewed emphasis, his eyes fixed on the jury, sometimes nodding, sometimes winking, as much as to say, "That's a sweet fish they brought here!" If the witness was firm, he probed him terribly and deeply, till he discovered his accessible side, and then laid on him with caustic humour or cutting severity, till his temper gave way, and he became confused, when O'Connell was sure to worm something out of advantage to his client. When he had once made an impression on a jury, it was almost impossible to remove it. Holmes produces the same effect, but by different means. When he rises, every countenance in court spreads into a smile—all are waiting for the loud burst of merriment which is certain to ensue: he thrusts his hands into his breeches pockets, looks at his innocent and unconscious victim, puts a simple question, goes on from step to step, till the smile rises into a titter; at length, judge, jury, lawyers, listeners, all are plunged into a tumult of laughter.

O'Connell and he were unquestionably the ablest *Nisi Prius* advocates at the bar—a rivalry of wit and humour always existed between them—sometimes sharp, and personally pungent enough, but never carried to extremes; if on opposite sides, hostilities were always sure to commence. Holmes generally put in the first blow, which Dan was not slow to return.* Even when on the same side, which indeed

* On one occasion the following cut and thrust dialogue took place between them,

was rare, for one was generally feed against the other, should they break a lance in the tournament of wit, Holmes could not be content without a spar; and Dan, nothing loth, like a true Irishman, to have a bit of fun, was always ready. Of the two, Holmes was the more prompt, and generally the aggressor, so that O'Connell was often forced to exclaim, "Holmes, won't you let me alone *now*? we are on the same side."

It is always a matter of some difficulty to institute a comparison between men distinguished in the same department of a profession—for the same qualities of mind which elevate one man to the highest rank as a *Nisi Prius* advocate, it is naturally supposed, may be traced in the intellectual constitution of another who has attained a similar celebrity—but in the case of O'Connell and Holmes, such is not the case, their minds are of a calibre wholly different, and if their merits were contrasted, I think the following would not be an inapt or injudicious estimate. He is less lofty than O'Connell, but with the atoning quality of a more sharp and striking simplicity—less powerful in the pursuit of an argument, but more close, less fiery and animated, but more keen and impressive; if he arrays a question less in the broad light of principles, he robes it in a more practical covering, and diffuses round it the milder glow of a more graceful and select diction: the language of O'Connell is often careless, his uniformly engaging; if he does not rise into the astonishing bursts, and fiery flights of elo-

which proves the rapidity of reply to which both these great men could occasionally treat each other.

MR. O'CONNELL.—What is the use of asking a question twenty times over?

MR. HOLMES.—Oh! I have read the same speeches reported of you an hundred times over.

MR. O'CONNELL.—Well, you see I am always the same—I have not altered.

MR. HOLMES.—Oh! I have read, I am sure, a thousand times your "great, glorious, and free;" what's the rest of it, eh!—is it not something about "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea?"

Again, in the progress of the cause, which was an action for damages for injury inflicted on a female in one of the public streets, by the vehicle of a gentleman named Rutherford, the following sally took place.

MR. HOLMES.—Oh! the question for the jury is not whether she received an injury, but by whom it was inflicted.

MR. O'CONNELL.—Oh, no! the question is, whether, like the Jew, she turned round and bit her own nose off.

MR. HOLMES.—Why you have forgotten all the raciness of humour that used to distinguish you when you were in the habit of frequenting these courts. That House of Commons has spoiled you. The members there are so much in the habit of biting each others' noses off that they have infected you. I expected to see you return to us with all the polish that belongs to the region of St. James's. Instead of that you have become quite vulgar. Really that House of Commons has spoiled you.

MR. O'CONNELL.—Oh! the reason is plain. It all arises from having lost the advantage of Mr. Holmes' company. He is the pink of refinement. Quite a Parisian dancing master in his way.

MR. HOLMES.—Oh! I can easily see why you think of nothing but College-Green.

MR. O'CONNELL.—I recollect, too, when you were a Liberty boy.

MR. HOLMES.—So I was, until you disgusted me.

[The character of this dialogue could not be mistaken, it was carried on in a spirit of the utmost playfulness by both. A spirit which no one mistook, and which was fully participated in by all present.]

quence which constitute the essence and perfection of that glorious gift, and which have placed O'Connell among the first of orators, neither does he ever descend into a parade of cold rhetoric, or the violence of headstrong passion, or heedless enthusiasm. O'Connell sometimes appears to labour—he is never at a loss; the moment seems to suggest arguments the most profound, and words the most appropriate; and as the discovery apparently costs him nothing, he is never anxious to augment their importance by dressing them in the fascinating drapery of a rich and redundant declamation. Shiel happily said of O'Connell, that “he flung on the world a brood of hardy, robust thoughts, without a rag to cover their nudity,” or to use a beautiful scriptural allusion, O'Connell has the apples of gold without the network of silver—Holmes has both, the network of silver in abundance, though the apples of thought are not perhaps so rich and juicy as O'Connell's, his being the true king Pippin. The proportions of O'Connell's mind are more colossal than Holmes's, but the symmetry of the parts, perhaps, is not so perfect. O'Connell, like the Pentathletes of ancient Greece, is great in all the departments of intellect—a lawyer, an orator—first, the politician of a party, then the statesman of a great empire. Holmes cannot boast the same flexibility of mind, although had he mingled in the struggles of Ireland for the last thirty years, and stood prominently in the foreground instead of retiring into the peaceful shadow of private life, he would have now filled a more ample space in the national heart, and given another great historic name to his country.

Of humour they are both great masters, but 'tis an accident in O'Connell, the ruling quality in Holmes; in O'Connell an occasional, though exceedingly brilliant flame—in Holmes, as it were, the central fire that animates his being. O'Connell's is the real national humour, rich, broad, and irresistibly comic—sometimes pungent, always pleasing—that description of humour that makes you hold fast both sides, or the small ribs will be likely to give way. Holmes's approaches more to wit, 'tis pointed and playful, always an auxiliary to his argument, and sparkles with no more exertion than is necessary to throw it off: it approaches nearer to irony than O'Connell's, and is oftener enveloped in a hard caustic rind.

I have never heard him without calling to mind that exquisite pencilling of Marcus Crassus, by Cicero. “Quo,” says the great orator, “nihil statuo fieri potuisse perfectius, erat, cum gravitate junctus, facetiarum et urbanitatis, oratorius, non scurrilis lepos, loquendi accurata, et sine molestiâ, diligens elegantia, in disserendo, mira explicatio cum de æquo et jure disputaretur argumentorum copia,” &c. &c.

There is one man against whom, whenever an opportunity occurs, Mr. Holmes never fails to level a broadside of mingled sarcasm and humour. He watches him with a falcon vigilance, pounces on his blunders, and is sure to set the court “in a roar,” that is, Judge Smelfungus; 'tis really a burlesque on justice to see Smelfungus in ermine, and Holmes in stuff, and sufficient, without further testimony, to render the administration of justice and the laws suspected in Ireland. Smelfungus was a party man, a violent Tory, remarkable

for the paucity of his public or professional good qualities, but like some plants having secret virtues, which are discovered by chance, was found unexpectedly liberal in 1829, voted for the Catholic Relief Bill, and was soon wrapped up in judicial ermine. He is a man of vast capacity, if the criterion laid down by a celebrated French writer be correct, "that 'tis the greatest point of capacity to be able to conceal one's capacity," and as Smelfungus conceals it most effectually, for he rarely utters a word, he must be a man of astonishing intellect: there he sits immersed in an unfathomable stagnation, stupid, starch, and silent as Harpocrates. A late judge, remarkable no less for the elegance and variety of his knowledge than the keen causticity of his wit, once remarked to a judicial brother while the worthy Smelfungus dosed, "Brother Lazarus is not dead, he only sleepeth."* Whether he snored too does not appear on the record; but really one would think his lordship had been in eternal communion with the "brother of death," and that though the old story of weeping into stones was a fable, that of sleeping into stones was not at all inconsistent with human belief; for whoever sees his lordship in ermine on a "long cause" day, will not argue against the possibility of the marvel, for he sits in a grave, stagnant, unthinking abstraction, to which the profound inertness of Swift's sage philosopher was activity itself—sometimes, however, giving symptoms of returning animation, by looking at the lenses of his spectacles, for his lordship is a philosopher,† as though he had been meditating the discovery of a new "optic tube," with which he could contemplate from his observatory the motions of the Limerick tithe rebels—again, propping his head with his hand to support the superincumbent mass gravitating most naturally downward, and sometimes gazing with a Platonic intentness on his fingers, as if his mind had been involved in the mystical doctrine of the Quincunxes. He is in truth, a worthy disciple of the sage who said, "Man was born to contemplate," for the intensity of his thoughts is never broken unless when the determination of a case compels him "to agree wholly with his brother such-a-one." This is a summary of his judicial oratory: he then relaxes into his wonted gravity, looking as severe and sage as a Reis Effendi, or perhaps he retires for a few moments after his important charge, to cool the aridity of his larynx with two or three glasses of brown sherry, or put down the devil of hunger with a portion of a delicious lobster, for Smelfungus is a man of very Sybaritic habits, and particularly addicted to shell-fish. His blunders are numerous and admirable:

* This piece of wit was originally Burke's; seeing his political antagonist, Lord North, asleep, (a parliamentary indecorum of which his lordship was frequently guilty,) he exclaimed, "Behold what I have again and again said, government, if not defunct, at least slumbers. Brother Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth."

† In a revenue case some time past, in which Dr. B——, professor of chemistry was examined, his lordship in charging the jury, took a long sweep into the regions of chemical science. The professor observed to a witty barrister who sat near him, "I know little of the laws of the country, but I have some knowledge of chemistry, and I assure you his lordship is ignorant of its commonest principles." To which the barrister subjoined, "I know little of the laws of chemistry, but I have some knowledge of the laws of my country, and I assure you his lordship is ignorant of *their* commonest principles."

sometimes in the teeth of the most direct testimony, he will charge the jury, and, on remonstrance by counsel, like a hog in a halter, will pull a different way. The following story, generally current through the Four Courts, will partially illustrate this admirable trait in his character. In the summer assizes of 1832, in Limerick, several persons were indicted for a riot and assault; Smelfungus was the criminal judge; in the course of examination, the prosecutor distinctly swore, "that man," pointing to one of the prisoners at the bar, "came up while the other prisoners were assaulting me, *gave me a wipe of a cleh-alpeen, and laid me down nately.*" The defence having closed, his lordship addressed the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoners at the bar are indicted for a violent riot and assault, and the prosecutor has clearly sworn to the joint perpetration of the offence by all *sare one*, and in his favour there are circumstances of very great extenuation, indeed, facts on which you will consider it your duty to acquit him." Here the jury were completely at check, absolutely confounded; some were inclined to think that his lordship had descended from his usual "mystery of the body," to indulge in the sallies of an unusual pleasantry, from which every quality of his mind was before accustomed to shrink; in sooth, they did not well know what he was driving at. However, he proceeded, "'Tis pleasing after so many years of agrarian tumult and disorder, to see an incipient humanity developing itself among the lower classes, and so amply and generously exhibited in the case of that man," naming one of the prisoners; "he came up while the prosecutor was bleeding from the effect of his wounds, as it has been sworn by the prosecutor himself—I have taken a note of it—*gave him a wipe of a clean napkin, and laid him, to use his own characteristic phrase, 'nately on the ground.'*" Here the court became convulsed in an uproar of laughter, all except Smelfungus, who had relaxed into a stagnant abstraction; he addressed the sheriff, who mentioned the mistake his lordship committed. Smelfungus frowned.

He is in sad terror when Mr. Holmes enters the court, particularly on Nisi Prius day, for he is sure to belabour him. You may see plainly written in Holmes's countenance, "Your political profligacy placed you there—my patriotism keeps me here." One day, I remember, during the last Trinity-term, a learned judge and Smelfungus were on the bench hearing motions; the former had occasion to leave the court for a short time, Smelfungus remained. Holmes rose to make a motion, of course—Smelfungus made a rush to the door. "My lord, will you hear a motion?—*'tis a very easy one.*" The red curtain dropped. Smelfungus was off, the triumph of the sarcasm was complete.

Mr. Holmes is now in his seventy-third year, with faculties still unclouded, and energies still undiminished, and exhibits in his person all that quickness and simplicity which characterise his mind. He commands the unabated respect of all with whom he comes in contact

* A long club, largely knotted on the striking end, and so heavy as to be wielded with both hands—'tis of frequent use among the peasantry of the south, in their desperate encounters.

or conflict, and if he is ever hurried beyond the boundary of that severe and strict propriety, to which his actions are generally conformed, the commonest observer could not fail to perceive that his passion or zeal was no more than a strong anxiety for his client, and never pointed at his antagonist; his errors are at once explained by a reference to the situation in which he has been placed; they are never sought out, they lay in his way, and could not be avoided. In person he is a remarkable man; if you stroll down Ormond Quay about ten o'clock during term, you may see a man of the middle size hastening to the Four Courts as though his spirit was content to rest nowhere but in that scene of tumult and litigation,—that is Robert Holmes. You may distinguish him by the additional marks of a countenance which at one time must have been very beautiful, and which, in more ancient times, must have selected him, like Sophocles, to lead the procession of the handsomest and most accomplished youth of Athens to the temple of Minerva; it still exhibits many traces of its earlier fascination, still graceful, florid, and manly; had you seen it in a crowd, you must have asked the name of the possessor. If you cannot yet trace him out among the throng “thither bending,” look for a fine old Irish gentleman, with a rich beaver hat slightly perked up behind, and a few fine silvery locks peering out underneath—a suit of black rather tastefully made, black gaiters, an umbrella, which, like the laureate’s, is his companion in all seasons, and no outward covering even in the very rigour of winter. Again, if you steer at noon into the hall, you may see him in a well-powdered mass of horse-hair, minus the tail, which after a “thirty years war” has given way to the incessant attacks of his coat collar, a new stuff gown, which has lately superseded the old, and which he has stoically preferred to the richest silk, thinking, no doubt, that government act on the same principle as Eutrapelus,* who gave fine clothes gratuitously to the persons he most wished to injure; and, to complete the portrait, an enormous bag, which, like the mass of stone taken up by Hector, two degenerate lawyers of the present day could with difficulty raise, or get cause to raise, but whose weight habit has reconciled to him. If the clue be still imperfect, wait a few minutes, and you are sure to hear the Praecones of the different courts crying out in full chorus, “Robert Holmes, Esquire,” then you may see him hurrying to the field of argument, and when you once have seen him you cannot easily forget him.

In religion he is a Dissenter, and a member, I believe, of the seceding congregation which separated from the Synod of Ulster. On a late occasion, in the Court of Exchequer, in the case of Dill and Matson, or the Synod of Ulster against the Presbytery of Antrim, in which points of religious doctrine were incidentally introduced, Mr. Holmes was counsel for the defendants, and delivered, on that occasion, a beautiful exposition of his own principles in a speech, which, in soundness of argument, truth, and elegance, was declared by all who

* “Eutrapelus cuicumque nocere volebat
Pretiosa vestimenta dabat.”

heard it one of the finest pieces of forensic oratory ever delivered within the walls of the Four Courts. His clients testified their gratitude for his exertions, by presenting him with an address, containing a request, that they should be permitted to publish his beautiful oration, to which he assented.

No man ever loved constitutional liberty with more sincerity and ardour, and no man ever more nobly conformed his life to his doctrines, and illustrated his principles by his conduct ; the first eminence at the bar was at his feet, if he could persuade himself to abandon the cherished notions of his youth, to put on the mask of the hypocrite, and accommodate his conduct to the wishes of those in power, but from such prospects, however brilliant and seducing, he turned loathingly away, and preferred the fatigue and drudgery of a laborious profession, rather than "be what he was not." With the spirit of the intrepid and manly Roman, who looked calmly and disdainfully on the gold of Pyrrhus, he scorned the largesses and honours which successive governments were anxious and ready to heap on him, and continued inflexible ; the memory of his old freedom was too dear to him, the memory of that illustrious family with which he had connected himself, the Irish Metelli, who had given three glorious citizens to Ireland, and might have given many more, had not a melancholy fatality haunted their career, and sacrificed them too soon on the altar of liberty and their country ; their memory was too dear, too soul-felt, to merge in the dazzling and delusive glare of honour and power ; his principles emanated from the depth of his heart ; amidst all the changes of circumstances, and threatening dangers, there was no, not even a momentary surrender, no partial compromise, no trace of weakness in his feelings and convictions. He has long retired from public life ; with the death of Robert Emmett he gave up the torch, which has passed successfully into the hands of others. Since that period, Censure, which arraigns the public acts and private motives of men, has left his life without a stain, and his noble and sober wisdom, though unrewarded with the ermine of the bench, finds an ample reward in the universal veneration of the *Bar*.

We do not agree with all the principles and opinions expressed in this spirited article.—ED.

THE LAST TRIAL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

A GENTLE lady, young and fair, upon her death-bed lay,
She had walked from early childhood in Religion's holy way ;
But fearfully and gaspingly she drew her failing breath,
And mournfully she shuddered at the near approach of death.

It was not that the Tempter to subvert her faith had power,
That precious stay forsook her not in nature's trying hour ;
She felt that for her Saviour's sake, and through her Saviour's love,
She should meet with pardon for her sins, and join the saints above.

But peacefully and happily had past her even life,
She had been blest and blessing as a mother and a wife ;
Nor could she lift her feeble heart to joys of heavenly birth,
That heart too fondly lingered on the fleeting joys of earth.

" Soon, soon," she murmured heavily, " neglect shall be my lot,
My memory shall pass from earth, my course shall be forgot ;
These lofty hills, these gliding streams, these trees with foliage green,
Shall still remain, but I must quit each dear familiar scene.

" The flowers that bloom so freshly now must shortly fade away,
But new ones shall supply their loss, as bright, as sweet as they,
And so, when I have ceased to rank amid a living race,
Others shall speedily come forth and fill my vacant place.

" The friends who in my listening ear soft words of kindness poured,
Shall welcome other guests ere long around their cheerful board ;
The lute I used to touch, they will to stranger hands consign,
And deem perchance those melodies are sweeter far than mine.

" The husband of my fervent love, so cherished and so dear,
His heart awhile shall thrill with grief, his home awhile seem drear,
But soon his hopes shall be renewed, his lingering tears be dried,
And his deserted halls shall greet a fair triumphant bride.

" My only son, my treasured boy, there most my trial lies,
How will he miss my ceaseless care, my fond approving eyes !
And when he enters on a world where evil roams unchecked,
Who with a mother's watchful love his footsteps shall direct ?

" I feel 'tis sinful thus to dread the awful summons nigh,
But when I think upon these things, I fear and grieve to die ;
O Lord, forgive me that I thus should prize a world of strife,
Vouchsafe to grant me at my prayer a few short years of life."

These thoughts within the lady's breast a weary conflict kept,
She on her pillow turned her head, and bitterly she wept,
But the Lord that she had served of her tears took timely heed,
And sent a gracious messenger to help her in her need.

Unheard by all around save her, arose a heavenly voice—
“O daughter of the earth,” it cried, “be thankful, and rejoice;
Thou art bursting the dark prison-house of sorrow and of sin,
And angels wait at Heaven’s bright gate to bid thee enter in.

“Though fair may be thy earthly home, though blest thy earthly love,
How valueless such gifts appear to those dispensed above:
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor mortal tongue can tell,
The joys thy Father hath in store for those that love him well.

“Thy friends—oh! wish not selfishly to cloud their days on earth,
Their minds shall often dwell on thee in scenes of social mirth,
And when they feel the pains and cares of life’s uncertain track,
If they be Christian friends indeed, they will not wish thee back.

“Thoughts of thy virtues and thy faith shall constantly arise
In thy fond husband’s tender heart, whate’er his future ties;
Who can he love like her who owned his early vows of truth,
The mother of his first-born child, the chosen of his youth?

“And though thou leav’st thy helpless boy in childhood’s opening bloom,
A pious mother’s influence may reach beyond the tomb;
The offspring of the wicked in their parent’s shame must share,
But the children of the righteous are the Lord’s peculiar care.

“Of all the good and bounteous gifts of which thou art possess,
Thy dear Redeemer’s sacrifice is held by thee the best;
Oh! then, resist this sinful grief, put off this mortal leaven,
He who was pierced for thee on earth, awaits thee now in heaven.”

Around the gentle lady’s lip a placid smile now played,
She knelt, she clasped her wasted hands, and fervently she said—
“Lord, I have clung to human ties, but at thy gracious call,
Behold I come to thee with joy, content to leave them all.”

Then she sank upon her pillow in a slumber still and deep,
But she never woke on earth again, that trance was death’s own sleep;
The smile yet rested on her lip, her aspect calm and fair
Had never worn so bright a look as then was beaming there.

Her kindred gazed upon her face with mingled awe and love,
It spoke of peace enjoyed below, and peace prepared above;
Her earthly trials had been few, their bitterness had past,
For her God had safely brought her through the sorest and the last.

PARIS IN LIGHT AND SHADE.¹—No. III.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

PARIS may be regarded as the capital of dramatic Europe: its dozen theatres and twelve dozen dramatic authors, being incessantly at work to furnish prototypes for the stage management of London, and all other cities of the civilised world. Opera, tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama, have fixed their thrones on the shores of the Seine; and with rare, though honourable exceptions, the successful plays of every modern language may be traced to some Parisian model. Many of these originals have been fairly and frankly imitated; but a far greater number stolen, and, after the fashion decried in the Critic, disfigured like gipsy foundlings for the purpose of disguise. For the last hundred years, indeed, the custom has prevailed. It is not alone the avowed translators of the last century, such as Arthur Murphy and Aaron Hill, who were indebted to the French stage; but most of the favourite comedies of that date, which now pass under the name of legitimate national plays—such as “The Confederacy”—“The Hypocrite”—“The Man of the World”—besides farces innumerable, now dignified as belonging to the school of “good old English farce”—were “taken,” *à la mode de Dick Turpin*, from the French. In our own times, the thing has become a matter of avowed speculation. The moment a successful piece appears in Paris, a dozen translators are in the field running the race of blunder-headed precipitancy, for the benefit of the English managers, at a rate of remuneration fatal to the interests of the original dramatists of the day.

That the French possess, in a far higher degree than ourselves, the tact of dramatic composition, is however undeniable. There is something in the construction of a Frenchman's mind peculiarly favourable to the creation of theatrical plots and stage intrigues—a faculty wholly wanting in the English; and we are forced to admit that for one good original play or farce produced annually in London, there are ten, and ten times ten, in Paris.

The appliances and means of the stage are brought, too, to the highest perfection. The French are essentially a dramatic nation. They possess as much taste in superficial matters, as perception of the vivid and impressive in scenic effect; and it is now as much a matter of course for a new manager of one of our theatres to fly to Paris for fresh ideas of decoration, dress, and what are technically termed *effects*, as it would have been in former times to form an engagement for a new piece with Farquhar or Congreve. Much of this superiority may be traced in Paris (as at Vienna or Berlin) to the gratuity granted by government for the maintenance of the national drama and national opera. The French, feeling their opera to be *bond fide* their property, the manager is assailed by the press with as much indignation on the day following the representation of any

¹ Continued from p. 24.

opera or ballet of which the scenery and decorations are of an inferior order, as if he had been detected in picking their pockets.

The superiority of their dramatic authorship, on the other hand, may be ascribed, in the first instance, to the vast pecuniary advantages enjoyed by their dramatic authors; which naturally produces zealous ardour and active competition. Scribe, for example, obtains an income of five thousand a year from the nightly representation of his own pieces throughout the kingdom, a sum enormous in France, and quadrupling, at least, the gains of any French author of the times in any other department of literature. The vocation of dramatic author is consequently a profession. The hundred English writers of fiction who inundate our circulating libraries, and of whom twenty might be cited as possessing sterling merit, would in France consecrate their talents to the stage, and secure for themselves and their children a permanent source of profit. In England, notwithstanding the opening created by the dramatic copyright bill of Mr. Bulwer, the difficulty of collecting the tax imposed upon the stage, must, till better provisions are made, prove fatal to the rights of authors. In France, the *droits d'auteur* are levied by the administration charged with the collection of the receipts deducted for the benefit of the public hospitals. Like most other public arrangements on the continent, it is a government affair; and government is a tax-collector by no means to be trifled with. In English the thing is all but "hoptional."

Another cause of the superior success of the dramatists in France, is the fact, that they find their efforts appreciated and encouraged by an audience possessing in an almost equal degree with themselves, the dramatic faculty to which we have alluded. The spectator is as impressible as the author or actor is impressive. A French family repair to the theatres determined to enjoy themselves. They cast away care—they cast away self—they cast away home. Their eyes, and hearts, and minds, are absorbed by what is passing on the stage. Breathlessly silent, a French audience resents a whisper, and is indignant at a cough. Throughout five acts of a favourite play at the Français, you might at any moment hear a pin drop, and woe to the luckless wight who presumes to sneeze when Mademoiselle Mars is delivering some favourite *tirade*, or Samson giving one of his dry "asides." How different this intense demonstration of interest, from that wet-blanket to the ardour of the English dramatist—"a rolling pit:" a term applied by actors to the stage aspect of a pit, where every callous wretch of a spectator turns his head from right to left, to converse with his neighbours!

Listen, again, to the criticisms of the people, *the populace*, as they pour forth from a Parisian theatre. How acute! how observant! how comparative! Every weak point of the play, every careless gesture of the actors, noted and remembered. An English audience, provided it has laughed enough, or cried enough, or been blasted with excess of light by some Easter pageant, is indifferent to all detail. While the Parisian *gamin* emerges from his standing room in the pit explaining to his brother ragamuffin in what starts, attitudes, and effects in "Sylla," or "Néron," Talma was superior to Beauvalet,—

the English shoeblack would remonstrate with a critical brother-brush in the words of his favourite Liston—"Bah! blow the partic'lars!"

With all this sympathy of feeling between the stage and the house—all this ardour for dramatic entertainments—it is not surprising that six at least out of the numerous theatres at Paris are nightly filled to suffocation. It is not by the great world, or by the fashionable world, they are supported; it is by the middle classes—the small *rentiers* and wealthy tradespeople; who fly thither as the most immediate resource from the cares of the morning, or the *ennui* of the evening. An English evening is broken by the petty business of the tea-table, and enlivened by the gossip to which it gives rise. A Frenchman having swallowed his wine with his dinner, and his coffee with his dessert, has nothing thenceforward to divert him till he puts on his nightcap, unless to repair "*au spectacle*." Fire and candle are consequently extinguished in his unhouselike home; nor does he forget to place this economy of fuel (so considerable an item of expense in a Parisian *menage*) as a small balance against the evening's outlay. He has no library: he seldom reads. Preferring hearing and seeing to the exertion of study, away he goes to the theatre.

The only *spectacles* still habitually frequented by the great world of Paris, are the Italian and the French opera; to these, therefore, we shall (unwillingly) assign precedence.

To begin with the Italian opera,—which, under the now inapplicable name of *les Bouffes*, has been for nearly a century triumphant,—it may be stated, without entering into tedious details of its origin and progress, that it occupies a theatre of very moderate dimensions, built on the site of the old Salle Favart, and curtailed even in the small proportions compatible with its destined area, by the pretension of having its entrance towards the city, instead of from the Boulevards, on which it is, in fact, situated. So aristocratic a place of amusements as *les Bouffes*, was not to be confounded with the vulgar play-houses of the Boulevards!

That the contrast afforded by the exquisite vocal organisation and refined method of the Italians, to their native French singers, whose voices, with rare exceptions, resemble the scream of a peacock on a rail, and whose manner, at the first introduction of Italian opera into France, was bad almost beyond caricature, should have rapidly established the new school in public favour, appears natural enough. But we maintain that the extravagant vogue commanded at present by the Italian opera in Paris, is a mere matter of fashion. So limited are the accommodations, that it is far easier to obtain a place at court, than a *loge aux Italiens*. Bespoken a season beforehand, and chiefly engrossed by the ladies of the different ambassadors, the royal family, and a certain set of wealthy foreigners, English, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Hungarian, Polish,—not half a dozen boxes, or twice as many stalls, are occupied by the French. Not a seat is to be had for money—very few for love; and the consequence of this exclusiveness, is a mania to be seen at the Italian opera. It is, moreover, the only theatre where some slight approach to full dress is admissible; and where a lady

may shine *en toilette*, previous to appearing at a ball or *soirée*. The importance of this prerogative must not be overlooked.

That the administration of the Italian opera has, for some seasons past, secured an aggregate of talent in the vocal and instrumental department almost unprecedented, we are not disposed to dispute. But it is nevertheless highly improbable, that out of the hundreds who, three or four times a week, devote three hours of their evenings to the ever-recurring, but meagre and monotonous, operas of Bellini, not permitting an eye to wink or a finger to move, lest the indignation of the *Fanatiche per la musica* should be excited, without relief, without interlude or *divertissement*, should, without exception, be excited to these ecstasies by the impassioned love of music, which it is *de rigueur* to affect under the roof of the Italian opera, is somewhat incredible.

In our opinion the King's Theatre, with all its imperfections, all its deficiencies, but allowing the power of speech and motion, and boasting an alternation of the German school of Rossini, and the crowning charm of a good ballet, is an infinitely greater recreation. The very name of *divertissement* proves that those welcome interludes of dancing were invented to meet the demand for a relief after one or two acts of a musical representation, producing too great a stress upon the organs of hearing and the nervous system which they serve to agitate.

From the Italian opera, which we predict will fall in public favour the moment it is removed to a more extensive locality, we turn to the *Académie de Musique*, or French opera; once, an affair of state, and still, an affair of national interest. Unrivalled in the cost and splendor of the exhibition, it has at different periods presented to the public, exhibitions in which, according to the lines of Voltaire,

Les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique.

The French opera has of late years descended from its stilts—discarded its perukes and high-heeled shoes, and accommodated itself to the romantic spirit of the times. The Académie, as it existed in the times of Gluck and Piccini, has renounced the frenzy of Orestes and the perils of Eurydice, for the *diableries* of *La Tentation* or Meyerbeer's gorgeous "*Robert*,"—for the heroism of Neapolitan fishermen or the mountain patriotism of William Tell; and, above all, for the melodious triviality of Auber. By this condescension, the comic opera, the favourite Feydeau, was for a time superseded and cast into the shade; but it must be admitted that never were the five hundred performers and matchless mechanism of the *Académie* wielded to so much purpose, as since this substitution of the *romantique* for the *classique* in aid of its utmost magical effects.

It is unnecessary perhaps to inform the English reader that the French opera is a species of government endowment, maintained by a benevolence of five thousand pounds per annum; and a permanent academy for the instruction in music, singing, dancing, gesticulation, declamation, and scene painting, of the students pretending to a *début*. That this school of art, (of which by the way a dramatist of no less

repute than Casimir Delavigne, is the resident professor of literature,) is not all in all to the success of the undertaking, may be inferred from the fact that Cinti Damoreau, their best vocalist, and Taglioni, the first dancer in the world, were rejected after long trials, as incompetent; it was on the stage of Stutgardt that the *ebut* of the *conservatoire*, the accomplished *bayadère*, was first recognised as peerless in her art.

The boxes at the French opera are for the most part let by the year; the rest of the letting department being managed with singular regularity by a *bureau de location*. The price of the best seats is nearly the same as at the Italian opera in London; but in so spacious a theatre, there are of course abundance of places of inferior value. Spacious as it is, however, the Parisian public lays the flattering unction to its soul that the building, somewhat hastily erected after the closing and demolition of the old opera-house in the Rue de Richelieu, in consequence of its desecration by the murder of the Duc de Berri, is merely *provisaire*; and having been at length compelled to withdraw their hopes of converting the church of La Madeleine (Napoleon's *Temple de la Gloire*) into a theatre, they still amuse themselves by selecting sites for the erection of a new national opera. Instead, however, of obtaining any such concession, it is more than probable that the present *salles* will shortly be found too capacious. The gods and goddesses are departing. Taglioni is on the wing for St. Petersburg; Nourret, the celebrated tenor, and Levasseur, a meritorious bass, have this season retired; and Damoreau resigned last year her post as *première* to the handsome Jewess, Mademoiselle Falcon, who is but moderately qualified for the hazardous duties of prima donna. The French manager has now, too, to contend with the fatal liberality which enables his best dancers to pay the forfeiture of their engagements with him out of the vast sums by which they are secured to the London public; and thus discouraged, his novelties are few and far between, and derive their best attraction from their rarity. Unless when the majestic Meyerbeer fires broadsides of his one hundred and twenty great guns, to attract attention, the Académie has little but its exquisite scenery to atone for the frequent repetition of detached snatches of worn-out operas, and acts of tarnished ballets. The house, indeed, is always full; but this is wisely managed by the dexterous sale of cheap tickets, and the distribution of gratuitous admissions. Such a system will not of course outlast the loss of the government *subvention*, which is about to be withdrawn, but a new tenor singer, of the name of Duprez, who has made a highly successful *début* as the successor of Nourrit, is hailed as an attraction likely to disperse the clouds just now impending over the *Académie de Musique*.

For harmony's sake, we place next in succession the Opéra Comique, removed from the now demolished Salle Feydeau, first to the oversized Salle Artadour, and now to a small Salle on the Place de la Bourse, an ill-ventilated and incommodious theatre, but restored to public favour during the last season by Adam's clever opera of "*Le Postillon de Longjumeau*," and Auber's elegant opera of "*L'Ambassadrice*," both worthy of the better days of Feydeau. For some time previous to these successes, a seal of mediocrity seemed to have

attached itself to the comic opera. No one stepped forward to supply the place of the lamented Hérald, whose song of the swan, his *Pré aux clercs*, sounded like the knell of Feydeau. But with such materials to work upon as Mesdames Damoreau, Jenny Colon, and Prévost, Messrs. Chollet, Inchindi, and Henri, Adam and Auber have been visited by a happy inspiration.

Taking leave of the lyrical drama so much in favour with the French, we look around for the temple of what is called the legitimate drama. But, alas! even in Paris, where is it to be found? even the chaste Théâtre Français has to blush for a *faux pas*, and Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas have been permitted to fret their hour upon the last of the classical stages of modern Europe! Corneille, Racine, Molière, Destouches, are still performed indeed, and to tolerable houses. But their favour is insured by tradition. They are endured as an article of religion. An array of elderly maitres of both sexes still resort to the Français to fight the good fight of legitimacy, and ascertain that the traditional way of delivering certain speeches, and dressing certain parts, is strictly kept up; while the rest of the audience listen cap in hand with the sort of conscientious respect due from the young to some venerable twaddler—a great man in his day—a day, how different from our own! But on the nights assigned to Racine and Molière, the private boxes, hired by the year by the royal family, ministers, and a few families who combine wealth and station in the French metropolis, (it is reckoned a highly respectable thing, by the way, to rent a box at the Théâtre Français,) are sent begging round the town, ostensibly inflicted as a token of esteem on some particular friend.

Of the modern school, but rising far above the clever but preposterous extravagancies of Dumas and Hugo, the plays of Casimir Delavigne have done most to maintain the prosperity of the Théâtre Français. A good company, displaying no star of the first magnitude, but better still, compact, well dovetailed, and presenting a firm and uniform surface, does ample justice to his pieces.

But a still more assured motive for the success of a theatre still too restricted by the bounds of good taste to satisfy the monstrous inclinations of modern Paris, is the number of attractive actresses included in the company. Mademoiselle Mars, infirm and unwieldy, but still a mirror of the graces in point of deportment and enunciation, is supported by the beautiful and impassioned Madame Volnys, by Madame Dorval, (the Georges Sand of the stage,) by the animated and emphatic Mademoiselle Anaïs, the lovely Plessy, the ladylike Noblets, Dupont, the queen of chambermaids, and several others; pieces requiring half a dozen first-rate actresses are produced without inconvenience. It is the deficiency of such an attraction which, more than any other cause, has deteriorated in England the charm of the legitimate drama.

Next in national precedence to the *Théâtre Français*, comes the second Théâtre Français, or Odéon, in the Faubourg, and which the Faubourg St. Germain is too poor and too unenlightened to support; and which is only opened for occasional benefits. In defiance, however, of the admonition conveyed by its damp walls and closed doors,

the dramatic authors have recently petitioned government for the grant of a third national theatre.

Eight years ago, and the third national theatre of Paris was the *Gymnase*—the *Théâtre de Madame*, which now, like a courtier out of place, stands groaning over its tarnished lace, and sighing for its glories past. In the high and palmy days of the Duchesse de Berri, where was the lady ambitious of achieving an entrance into the select coteries of the *petit château*, who had not her box at the Théâtre de Madame, of which Scribe was the Congreve, Gonthier the Garrick, and Léontine Fay the Kitty Clive? But lo! Scribe has dilated into five acts—Léontine, no longer Fay, but Volnys, has followed his muse to the Théâtre Français—Gouthier has gone to his long home, and the Duchesse de Berri to a home which she would fain hope to be a short one. “Where be their flashes of merriment now?”

The company at the Gymnase (one of the neatest little theatres ever constructed) has still, however, the recommendation of being secondary only to the Théâtre Français in *ensemble*, a merit to which the mismatched jumble of the present London stage, renders the English amateur peculiarly sensitive. In addition to the unequalled Bouffé, the first of living French comedians, now, alas! labouring under a hectic disorder, they have the gentlemanly Ferville, a pattern of the old general officer school, Monsieur and Madame Allan, (now in London,) Mademoiselle Sauvage, Paul, Sylvestre, St. Aubin, and many other able performers. Yet the thing is at a stand still.

There is something characteristic indeed, in the tone of the Gymnase, and its pieces, which are addressed exclusively to the hardest, most superficial, and most selfish class of the Parisian community—the financial and commercial Dives of the opulent Chaussée d’Antin, and Faubourg Poissonnière. The very pit is composed of the rich tradesmen of the Boulevards. The invariable hero of Scribe’s pieces is accordingly some rich banker or stockbroker—the providence a wealthy mercantile uncle arriving from the colonies—the scapegrace a poor devil pursued by his creditors—the incidents a dishonoured bill—the vice poverty—the crime swindling—the retributive agent a bailiff; credit is virtue, and money power. If a *fête* be introduced, it is a fashionable ball, with ices carried about, and a galoppe seen in the back ground; and the whole consists in a fashionable novel, *mis en action*, with a touch of the counting-house by way of relief. Nothing can be more heartless, frivolous, and vexatious. Luckily for Scribe, the glittering spun-sugar Theatre de Madame melted away under his hands; and instead of confining himself to *du scribage*, he now expatiates at the Français with such clever satires on human nature, as “*Bertrand et Raton*,” and the “*Camaraderie*.”

From the Gymnase, the temple of Mammon, we must take a wide leap to the most popular of the temples of democracy, the Porte St. Martin; where Victor Hugo perpetrated his earlier libels upon kings and satires upon history, and Alexandre Dumas his unprecedented outrages upon religion and morality. The Porte St. Martin, run up forty years ago in six weeks, with the view of lasting six years, is an irregular theatre, on the model of a provincial opera house. It excels in the machinery department and creation of scenic effects; and may

be considered the legitimate head-quarters of melodrama. If any child is still born so unsophisticated as to admit of its blood running cold with horror, or its temples throbbing with emotion, its dramatic sympathies are never likely to be more keenly excited than by the Bleeding Nuns, sepulchral vaults, and *chambres ardentes* of the Porte St. Martin. This theatre possesses in Lockroi, Bouage, and De la Cases, actors who appear to have been baked on purpose, and endowed with metallic lungs, expressly "to grace the tales" of Madame de Brinvilliers and Co., "with decent horror;" while Mademoiselle Georges, once the classical Semiramis, the faultless Phedre, now looks the gazer dead with shame, in such parts as Lucrece Borgia! The pieces at this house, usually the essays of young writers of the Hugo school, are by no means devoid of merit; and their getting up is excellent. It is seldom we see a malefactor broken on the wheel, or a woman burnt at the stake to greater perfection.

The Ambigu Comique next claims our attention; with extensive company, audience, and theatre, all three of a vulgar and inferior order. The Ambigu Comique, however, occasionally causes itself to be heard of by ears polite, by the production of some monstrous melodrama surpassing those of the Porte St. Martin, by a whole ocean of tears, or some scriptural piece in dozens of *tableaux*, unequalled in point of brilliancy and blasphemy. Such was "The Wandering Jew"—such "Belshazzar's Feast." In other respects it about equals the Surrey Theatre, and of all the theatres of the Boulevards, boasts the longest *queue*, waiting patiently in the street for admittance several hours before the doors are opened on Sundays and holidays.

Next comes the *Gaité*, a new erection on the site of a theatre burned down three years ago. Ably managed by that clever comedian, Barnard Léon, it ranks with our Victoria Theatre; brings out occasionally a clever fairy piece; but unless the manager (whose joyous soul has latterly appeared to be weighed down by the cares of management) appears in two or three farces, in characters of his own creation, the house is two thirds empty.

Of a still lower theatrical grade is the *Folies Dramatiques*, where the performances of that clever buffoon, Debureau, alone deserve to be visited, and where the performances are intermixed with rope-dancing and feats of agility; and last and least, but not least meritorious, on the Boulevards, is the Théâtre de la Porte St. Antoine, recently fitted up under the auspices of Victor Hugo, who resides in the old-fashioned adjoining square, the Place Royale, and usually graces the performance with his presence. The company, like the theatre, is small; but several clever pieces have been produced and performed with considerable ability.

Returning to the west end, along the Boulevards, from the Porte St. Antoine or Bastille, (which the once adjacent residence of Beaumarchais ought to consecrate as classic theatrical ground,) we find the *Théâtre des Variétés*, the favourite theatre of the English who visited Paris immediately after the peace, and found there Potier, Brunet Joly, Odry, and Vernet, who, (saving the last—a martyr to the gout,) are now to be found there no longer. The theatre has lat-

terly justified its name. Its company is ever varying, and a rolling stone—"the proverb's somewhat musty." We go there to see a favourite actor, and learn that he is "off to Russia!" while Kean and Frédéric Lemaître reign in his stead. Frédéric Lemaître, however, is a performer with whose substitution any lover of the drama might gladly compound. We look upon his Robert Macaire as one of the first creations of the modern stage, and the piece to which it gives its names, as a satire upon modern Paris, as caustic and pungent as "Le Mariage de Figaro" upon the abuses of unregenerated France. The Variétés also boasts possession of the dry and clever Jenny Vert-pré, the "*Femme Chatte*," or "original old cat," so great a favourite in London. But it must be admitted that this dull and dirty theatre has fallen into *décadence*.

The theatre of the Palais Royal, situated within a stone's throw of the Théâtre Français, may be considered its moral antipodes. Originally the Théâtre Montansier, it was one of the few that flourished during the revolution; and was afterwards degraded into a profane accessory to the *Café de Mille Colonnes*. When the Palais Royal was purified from the presence of disorderly persons by a royal *ordonnance*, and the Café de Mille Colonnes and its private theatre became deserted, it might almost be conjectured that the disorderly persons driven from the cafés and the promenade had found refuge in this meretricious theatre! Nothing can exceed the cleverness of both pieces and performers at its little conservative of corruption, unless their immorality. Achard, both as singer and actor; Alcide Tansez, as a *niais*, in the style of Keeley; and, above all, Dejazet, are matchless in their way. Of Mademoiselle Dejazet, who is about to make her first appearance before a London audience, we can do no more than compare her with the late Teresa Krones of Vienna, or our own Madame Vestris; and in both cases, wholly to her advantage, for Dejazet is the most unaffected actress on the stage. After squandering thousands, between acts of generosity and prodigality, and causing her bon-mots to be repeated, like those of Sophia Arnould, after all the dandy supper parties, to which her presence is as indispensable as the iced champagne, Dejazet has established herself a reputation for want of reputation, as the *Frétillon par excellence* of the day. She sings admirably, though with a sharp unpleasing voice, dresses to perfection, and gives point to every word she utters: yet, with all these endowments, we doubt her attaining, on this side the channel, a popularity equal to her talents; for her best characters are totally unrepresentable before a decent English audience. Were the "*Marquise de Prétentaille*," "*Sous Clef*," or "*Frétillon*," to be even attempted, the Society for the Suppression of Vice would have more cause to interfere than Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, the magnetising viscount, to elongate the petticoats of the opera-dancers in the Jesuitical times of Charles X.

The Vaudeville still remains to be spoken of—in *our* opinion the most characteristically French of all the theatres of the day. Less profligate than the Palais Royal, less *précieuse* than the Gymnase, the Vaudeville is essentially the triumph of musical farce. The orchestra, exceedingly bad, is well conducted by a lively composer; and at the

Vaudeville, as at the Théâtre Français, we bow to the attraction of half a dozen charming actresses: Brohan, the most lady-like female performer on the stage—the lovely Fargueil—the sprightly Mayer—the tender Thénard—and Guillemin, the pearl of old women—Arnal, the Liston of France, (who, finding himself hissed one night last season at Drury Lane, took French leave of the manager, and set off next morning in the steam-packet for France, where he is applauded from Calais to Marseilles,)—the two Lepeintres, both excellent, but the younger the living model of Shakspeare's foolish knight—Lafont, so highly appreciated by our English audiences—and Emile Taigny, the best really young *jeune premier* who ever sighed or played the scapegrace on the stage. Such are the stars which adorn the constellation of the Vaudeville! The house is always full, always in good humour; and occasionally, (which is a rare occurrence with a minor theatre,) graced with a considerable portion of fashionable company.

We have left to the last the Astley's of Paris, the Cirque Olympique of Franconi; not because, though dealing in quadrupeds, it is unable to stand on its legs, and has recently committed an act of bankruptcy, but as the least legitimate of the illegitimates. Franconi exhibits nothing in the way of horsemanship to equal our own Ducrow, the Frédéric Lemaître of his *genre*; but his fair equestrians are more graceful than the damsel so graphically portrayed by Boz, and he has a clown as quaint, though not so funny, as immortal "Joe," and as agile as a squirrel. This memorable motley, by name Monsieur Aurial, (no relation, we believe, to any dandy of that denomination about town,) being in negotiation with our spirited Drury Lane manager, who presumed to object to his terms of twenty guineas a night as somewhat exorbitant for his *line*, which is the slack rope, Aurial coolly replied that he was not in the habit of taking less for *performing in country towns!* (*en province.*) Poor London!

Franconi has set up within these two years a supplementary amphitheatre, in the Champs Elysées, open only in the summer season, and open then to all the winds of heaven. The brilliant equestrian spectacles, such as the "*Jérusalem Délivrée*" and "*Vie de Napoléon*," which formed the attraction of his larger theatre, are here wanting; but the price of entrance is trifling, and the house and locale inviting and convenient. The temporary theatre is nearly as cool as Monsieur Aurial.

The Faubourgs of Paris, such as Montmartre and Belleville, have each their theatre, where the new pieces of the city theatres may be represented, after a certain time, with the usual gratuity to the authors. These are tolerably frequented. There is also a small theatre in the Rue Chanteraine (provisionally used for the Italian opera when established in fashion sixteen years ago, under the auspices of Viotti, as leader, with Mademoiselle Naldi as *debutante*,) which has been of late years occasionally opened for the representation of Italian comedies, but more frequently for professional concerts.

The other public amusements of Paris consist of Musard's New Concert Room, in the Rue Vivienne, where instrumental concerts, profane or sacred, are nightly performed; and Musard's Old Concert Room, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where instrumental concerts are

performed, interspersed, during the carnival, with masked balls, altogether profane. Though the entrance to these concerts, as to the one formerly held by Musard in the open air in the Champ Elysées, is but a franc, (less than a shilling,) the rooms are almost deserted, and cannot repay the cost of an expensive orchestra. The *Jardin Turc*, where similar concerts are performed, under the superintendence of Tolbecque, with an orchestra as celebrated for its waltzes as that of Strauss of Vienna, obtained a temporary vogue last summer; when the discharges of musketry introduced into the *contredanses* from Meyerbeer's "*Huguenots*" seemed like an echo of the discharge of Fieschi's infernal machine, which had so recently vibrated on the spot. It was in the café, situated in the Jardin Turc, that the bodies of his victims were deposited!

Tivoli, the Vauxhall of Paris, is situated in the highest part of the Rue de Clichy, and boasts of well-planted gardens and a beautiful little villa, frequented by pigeon-shooters and the sporting world during the morning; and in the summer season opened three times a week for the display of fireworks and illuminations. The monotony of the entertainments prevents Tivoli from being frequented by the higher classes; but occasionally, on a very fine night, it is still the resort of the *beau monde*. Such are the public amusements of the most amusing capital in Europe. Our next article will be devoted to its private entertainments.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ODE OF ANACREON.

“Ὅταν πῖω τ'οἶνον,” κ. τ. λ.

WHENE’ER I quaff the generous bowl,
Life’s softest transports all are mine;
No pining sorrows fret my soul,
No cares approach the rosy wine.

Death’s mandate comes—we must obey,
E’en though we would prolong the strife;
Why then should cares in grim array
Withdraw us from the joys of life!

Let Iō pæans ring around!
Let’s drain the joy-inspiring bowl!
For while I drain the cup profound,
Life’s softest transports fill my soul.

R. S. F.

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIA, AND THE SLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.¹

No. III.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

V.—THE CORONATION OF FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA, KING OF BOHEMIA.

FOR some days previous to the time fixed for the triumphal entry of the Emperor Ferdinand, on the solemn occasion of his coronation as king of Bohemia, the city of Prague was unusually animated, and vast preparations were made in all the public places. To the eye of a lover of antiquity, the patching, plastering, and adorning, which the venerable fronts and gables of the public buildings and private houses underwent, was no slight trial. In the course of three days I had the misery of seeing a fine head of St. John the Baptist painted grass-green, an incomparable St. Sebastian pipe-clayed like a cuirassier, the venerable towers and arches of the Town-Hall chequered with gaudy carpets, and an hundred ells of broad cloth, festooned with sun-flowers, dangling out of my own bed-room windows. Every chimney and every window had its flag; the black and yellow banners of Austria—the colours of jealousy and death—mingling with the red and white stripes of Bohemia—the emblems of valour and innocence.

This magnificence, however, must not be attributed so much to the zeal of the inhabitants, as to the excellence of the police, which had taken care to inform the people, about ten days beforehand, how much enthusiasm they were to expend. The line of the procession was carefully marked out for decoration, and no passage however insignificant, no monument however venerable, escaped the relentless interference of these *Œdiles*. The proprietor of the above-mentioned St. Sebastian, which forms part of some very beautiful sacred bassi-relievi on a house dividing one of the principal streets in Prague, ventured to remonstrate, observing that to spoil an old house was a wretched way of welcoming a new king. The police, however, graciously informed him that he was mistaken, and that if he persisted in his attachment to his old walls, an official mason would coat them over, the expense to be afterwards defrayed by himself. Thus the St. Sebastian was condemned to the brush; and the glory of the Virgin above him turned into chalk. Resistance of this kind was rare, and the Bohemian palaces of the first dignity showed a laudable emulation in loyalty and bad taste.

At length the important day, the 1st of September, 1836, arrived: and by nine o'clock in the morning the younger branches of most of the noble houses in Bohemia were assembled near the Invaliden-

¹ Continued from p. 44.

Haus, at the extremity of the city, to meet and welcome the emperor. Triumphal arches had been erected at the gate of Prague, and in the great square, under which the procession wound along. The various guilds of burghers, each with a band of music, and a bird-tail-shaped pennant, lined the streets. It was pleasing to remark that, with the exception of the troops in the procession, no soldiers were to be seen on duty, and perfect order was maintained without them. The procession was led by officers of distinction in splendid hussar uniforms, with straight plumes and aigrettes in their Hungarian turban-caps: they were followed by twelve postilions, on post horses, blowing with all their might in honour of their imperial master. Then came the detachments of troops which preceded the royal carriage, and the royal party supported by the younger peers of Bohemia on horseback, in scarlet and silver uniforms. The national hymn played as the emperor passed, and he returned the faint huzzas of the people by a cold, mechanical motion of the hand: but to a stranger, bred in the warm and proud feelings of constitutional loyalty, the scene was one which raised the most melancholy thoughts. To see the head of so great a monarchy thus coldly welcomed—to have so much prepared, and so little spontaneous, feeling—to hear the air rent by fanfares, and heavy ordnance, and church bells, but scarcely stirred by the delightful shouts of a universal people—on such a day and in such an hour to behold the fortunes of Bohemia, and the splendour of her nobles, centering about the person of an idiot in a gilded coach, was a spectacle than which it would be hard to find a more mournful one.

The cortège ascended the Hradschin to the Chapel of St. Adalbert, at the entrance of the cathedral, where, according to immemorial custom, the sovereign was met by the heads of the most illustrious families, the great hereditary officers of the kingdom, and the clergy of the realm. The prince archbishop of Prague, in his vesper robes, with his mitre on his head, and his crosier in hand, welcomed the king in a short Latin oration; and after having given his Majesty the golden crucifix of Charles IV. to kiss, he led the way into the church, where a *Te Deum* was sung, to celebrate the arrival of the Austrian emperor in the midst of his Bohemian subjects to receive the honours of the Bohemian crown.

The control which the states of Bohemia once exercised, and still nominally possess, over the supplies levied upon that kingdom, has now dwindled into the insignificant office of granting money for a court pageant, and voting honorary subsidies to the prince whose ordinary demands they cannot refuse. On the present occasion, a splendid present of money was offered by the states to the emperor and the empress, and the Oberst-Burg-graf, or lord-lieutenant of the kingdom, Count Chotek, was allowed any sums which he might judge requisite to the shows and festivities of Prague. A programme had accordingly been drawn up, which appointed some ceremony or fresh pageant for every day, during the fortnight which the court was expected to remain in the city. A large sum of money had been bestowed upon a grand theatrical representation of the "*Crociato* in

Egitto," to which the emperor was invited by the nobility. The most splendid costumes had been prepared, the excellent *corps dramatique* of Prague was strengthened by Madame Schröder Devrient from Dresden, and the opera was got up with the utmost magnificence. The evening of the day following the triumphal entry of the court, was appointed for the performance. At an early hour the house was filled with the persons who had received tickets of invitation from the states. The pit was occupied by natives and strangers of all ranks and countries, in the most splendid variety of dress: the scarlet and silver uniforms of the Bohemian nobles were intermingled with the richer scarlet and gold of the German guard: here you saw the white moustache and the veteran hussar uniform of the officers who had served through the great wars,—there the tight garb and furred jacket of the Hungarians. The boxes were crowded with the peeresses in magnificent jewels, the members of the several embassies, and the great officers of state, who wore the insignia of the imperial orders in diamonds. The royal box in the centre was freshly adorned with crimson velvet, bearing the crown and double-tailed lion argent of Bohemia; and the boxes adjoining it were reserved for the archdukes and the numerous members of the family of Austria. A little after seven o'clock the imperial party arrived; whilst the trumpets were braying their shrill welcome, and the national anthem was sung by the actors behind the curtain, my attention rested with the pleasure of gratified curiosity upon the personages who occupied the front of the central boxes. The eye could dwell with but little interest, indeed, on the stolid countenance of the emperor himself, or even on the graceful but melancholy features of his consort. By their sides was the heir presumptive of their barren throne, the Archduke Franz Karl, with his wife, the shrewd and enthusiastic Princess Sophia of the Bavarian house. But in the next boxes sat the uncles of the reigning emperor, who claim a more distinguished place in history: the Archduke Charles was on one side, with his sons, who have grown to manhood before he has lost even the outward appearance of that firmness, dignity, and vigour, which have made his own career so illustrious, and with his pretty and amiable daughter, the Archduchess Theresa, who has since mounted the throne of Naples. The Archduke John was on the other side, and his placid features bear witness to the strength and benignity of his character. He is a prince respected among men. He rarely leaves his simple home in Styria, where, amongst a happy and affectionate population, whom he has largely benefited, he may forget the ruffled scenes of earlier days, and the fatality which connects his name with the disasters of Hohenlinden and Wagram. There, in his tranquil province, he devotes himself to farming, field-sports, and civil as well as military engineering, in which science he is exceedingly accomplished; he rides about the country in an old coat, entertains travellers very hospitably, as Captain Basil Hall testifies, and has married the daughter of a neighbouring postmaster. One of the last amiable traits of the late Emperor Francis, was his kind reception of this plebeian sister-in-law, whom he ennobled, and presented himself to her imperial relations.

The adjoining boxes, in the grand tier of the theatre, were occupied by Count Kolowrat, Prince Esterhazy, and Prince Metternich. It was with no common interest that I gazed upon that remarkable man, who was for so many years the coadjutor and the mask of the silent but active Francis, and who retains, since the death of his master, the sole command of that spell by which the motley provinces of the Austrian empire are united and administered. In person Prince Metternich is tall, and not deficient in dignity; the shape of his head is almost conical, and would seem to a phrenologist to be a model of firmness and justice. His face expresses his consummate ability in the affairs of life, and something of that cool contempt with which old politicians are wont to regard the world: his features, naturally hard, and now rugged with care and age, are refined with an aspect of nobility, but beneath their impassible lineaments I thought that I discerned the penetrating energy of a mind which never ceases to think, and which looked with a sort of curiosity on the showy scene about him, as the pilot watches the clouds floating along the horizon, even on summer days.

In the course of the fortnight which the court passed in Prague, I had daily opportunities of meeting M. de Metternich, both in public and in private. The interest which had been excited by previous associations, and by a first impression, was so far from being diminished, that the more I saw him, the less I could take my eyes off him. In public M. de Metternich is usually stiff and reserved; but he has never the appearance of falling into reverie, or of allowing his attention to wander from the scenes and persons about him. At court a stranger would take him for one of the imperial family, as much from his perfect familiarity with the members of the reigning house, as from the extreme deference paid him—indeed, there is no one in Vienna who does not take off his hat to “the prince” sooner than to the emperor. In private society the same marked attentions are paid, but M. de Metternich unbends with all the ease and propriety of the highest breeding: he is ever ready with a compliment to a beauty, a bon-mot to a dowager, and I have seen him stand beating time to a quadrille, or turning round to chat, the instant he had ceased to debate. But at these very moments he is most deeply engaged in his combinations for the evening, which are arranged as sagaciously as the combinations of a Congress. In the midst of the gayest ball-room he will retire a few steps with this ambassador, or that officer, and in an instant the old noble turns into the consummate statesman. He thus gives a succession of audiences on the same evening, and I observed that the personages who knew his habit were evidently waiting for their turn. After the first salutation, his features assume their impassible mask, and he listens, with perfect composure, putting the stick, which he usually carries, across or between his knees. When he has heard his interlocutor, he begins to talk, generally at considerable length, with a good deal of action, in a voice which is inaudible a pace off, without appearing to be suppressed: his face changes from the authority of a judge, to the insinuating mobility of an advocate. He listens with perfect seriousness, but speaks with as much liveliness, as if he were bent solely on amusing

the person he addresses; and the conversation, in which some question of the day has perhaps been decided, generally ends with a bon-mot.

These observations interested me at the time more than the opera: and the Knights of Rhodes upon the stage were eclipsed, notwithstanding their splendid costume, by the glittering circle of nobles and soldiers in the audience. I left the theatre reflecting upon the variety of minds and men thus gorgeously disguised: as I went out, the imperial outriders, with lanterns in their hands, and the running footmen, with long blazing branches of fir, surrounded the state-carriages at the door. In a few minutes afterwards the splendid scene broke up, and the train of the princes disappeared in clouds of dust and smoke.

The ceremonies of the coronation in Bohemia have retained many vestiges of the time when that solemnity consisted not in the anointing of an hereditary prince, but in the sanction given by the church to the election of a national king by the States of the realm. Perhaps the custom of tendering an oath of fealty to the sovereign some days before he has actually received the crown, originated in the exercise of their electoral function by the States; and notwithstanding the entire abolition of those privileges by the house of Austria, this ceremony is by no means symbolical of that feudal dependence which our English nobility acknowledge at the coronation of the king,* but it is the celebration of a constitutional pact, between the estates of the realm and their elected prince, upon which the royal dignity and the obedience of the lieges anciently depended.

Early in the morning of the 3rd of September, the emperor and the states of the kingdom attended high mass in the cathedral, which was performed by the bishop of Leitmeritz; the archbishop of Prague appeared with the court, in one of the galleries, dressed in the plain rose-coloured silk robe of a prince of the church. The emperor was seated in a closet on the left of the altar, and was attended by the court marshal with the sword of state; the nobles, knights, and representatives of the cities of Bohemia, in their respective uniforms, filled the body of the church.

* My accomplished friend and relative, Mr. Arthur Taylor, in his excellent Treatise, entitled "The Glory of Regality," has very clearly shown the distinction still to be traced even in the ceremonies of the English coronation between the acts which are *political*, and those which are *feudal*. (Gl. of Reg. pref. viii.): and he demonstrates from the highest authorities (sec. 3) that the ceremony of coronation is also a ceremony of national election, preceded by the recognition, at which the people express their assent by acclamation. In England the actual ceremony of the homage was anciently performed "*secundâ die post coronationem*," or "*in crastino*."

In Bohemia, besides the oath of fealty, which, as we have seen, is used to be taken some days before the coronation, the consent of the estates seems to have been further invoked at the altar. After the deposition of the Emperor Rudolph by his brother Matthias of Hungary, the land marshal exclaimed from the altar, to the people assembled at the coronation of the latter prince, "Is it your will that his Royal Grace be crowned?" To which they replied by acclamation, "Yes, it is our will."—(May, 1611.) But it should be remembered that this took place at the coronation of an usurper.

After mass had been sung, the assemblage adjourned in procession to the Hall of Ladislav in the palace, which had been adorned with scarlet and white cloth for the occasion. The emperor, preceded by the earl marshal of Bohemia bearing the sword of state, ascended the throne at the further end of this vast Gothic apartment, and covered himself. The spiritual peers and great hereditary officers of state were placed on the steps of the throne, which was surrounded by the temporal peers, knights, and burgesses, in their several ranks.

The solemnity began by a speech in the Bohemian language, which was addressed by the grand marshal to the States, in his majesty's name; to which the Oberst-burggraf, or head of the nobility, replied in the same tongue. After different formalities, the oath of allegiance was read in Bohemian by the clerk of the Diet, and repeated with acclamations by the estates, the spiritual peers laying their hands upon their breast, and the temporal states raising the three first fingers of the right hand, as a symbol of the most Holy Trinity by which they swore. The oath was again read in German, for those nobles who were unacquainted with their native language, or who are of German families; but it was remarked that a large majority repeated the formulary as it was read the first time in Bohemian, and that Prince Metternich himself, though not of Bohemian extraction, took the oath in that language.

The morning of Sunday, the 4th of September, broke in the same cloudless beauty which had hitherto favoured all the imperial ceremonies; and before eight o'clock we were on horseback, to meet the court at the Church Parade, on a vast peninsula formed by the Moldau below the city, which is used for military exercise. From the heights outside the ramparts of the Hradschin, we discovered long lines of troops, to the number of 10,000 men, drawn across the vast field in three files, flanked by the Bohemian artillery, and backed by the superb regiments of cuirassiers. In the centre of the plain, tents had been erected, beneath one of which stood the field-altar where high mass was about to be performed, and under another, seats were destined for the imperial family. These tents were surrounded by a ring of grenadiers, placed at a few yards' distance from one another, and the whole area was kept open by piquets of Polish lancers stationed at intervals. On descending into the plain, we found the road crowded with the populace of Prague, and glittering with the brilliant staff which awaited the emperor, with the impatient chargers of the imperial officers, and the ranks of the Hungarian and German guards on duty. From time to time the clash of the gong and the deep tones of the kettle-drum, broken by the tuckets of the cavalry, struck the ear: but the mass of troops remained stationary, though the wild Slavonian hulans scoured the plain in light detachments to clear the ground and to prepare the order of the ceremony.

At length the emperor arrived with his court, in eight carriages, each drawn by six Hungarian grey horses: they dashed down the hill, and in a few minutes Ferdinand and the Archdukes mounted their chargers on the field, whilst the princesses retired to the tents. The emperor, who is a timid horseman, ambled across the plain to inspect

the first line of troops ; whilst the archdukes, princes, and generals, in white, green, and red uniforms, with difficulty checking the fiery attitudes of their steeds, bounded after the sovereign to the front of the battalions, in all the glitter of arms and the pride of military bearing. As this brilliant cortège passed, the clash of the military salute, and the swelling notes of the Austrian hymn, were heard from the ranks and from the bands of each regiment. The emperor himself was excited by the splendour of the scene ; and by his side rode the Archduke Charles, whose quick eye seemed to scrutinise the troops as he passed.

When the military inspection was finished, we retired to a neighbouring eminence, which was covered with immense masses of people, and the court entered the tents in the centre of the plain ; whilst, by a rapid manœuvre, the troops were formed into a hollow square around the military chapel. The spectators were then allowed to approach the ranks ; the enormous crowd which was collected, amounting certainly to tens of thousands, pressed around the troops ; and thus, in the free air, and in the hearing of so great a congregation, the rites of public worship began. The bands of the artillery, composed entirely of Bohemians, had been selected to accompany the service. Their music was not of the light or inappropriate kind which is the common defect of a military mass ; but with the deepest feeling and the heart-stirring power of their harmonious horns, they performed the service to one of the simple Gregorian chorales of the Catholic church. Never were strains of more intense devotion flung across the air to elevate the hearts of an assembled people ; never were rites more solemnly performed than in the midst of this great multitude, which stood hushed and bare-headed around the army.

A slight roll of drums interrupted the music, and it was immediately answered by the bugles of the cavalry : a few notes sufficed, and the silence, which was before that of attention, became the silence of solitude. The chargers ceased to champ—the most heedless drew their breath ; till the tinkling bell announced the Elevation of the Host across that immense plain, and in a moment the whole assembled congregation sank upon their knees and crossed their breasts—the soldiers in the ranks, the people on the grass, and their emperor in his tent, all kneeling together at the blessed sight of the consecrated element :

“ *Nos quoque confusis feriemus sidera verbis,
Et fama est junctas fortius ire preces.*”

The priests resumed the solemn chorus of their praise, which melted away in the tender but melancholy strains of the wind instruments : the people bent their eyes with speechless devotion on the ceremonies of their church ; and, notwithstanding the pomp and equipage of modern war, and the common appearance of a crowd issuing from the streets of a great city, the religious feeling which pervaded the multitude gave to the whole scene the pious and heroic character of the olden time, and of that mysterious people whose camp was drawn, in all their wanderings, about the tabernacle.

High mass having been said, the court took its station at the foot of

the hill, on one side of an immense avenue of men, which reminded us of the bare space of a race-course, hemmed in by walls of human beings. The ladies in waiting were somewhat hastily marched off across the stubbles to their carriages, surrounded by a strong party of grenadiers; but the Archduchess Theresa remained in an open calèche, in front of the staff, and the troops began to defile. Nothing is more striking than a large body of Austrian troops, as much from their marked and various national peculiarities, as from their excellent military appearance. As these battalions—strange men-compounded machines—marched hastily by us, the arms, the uniform, and the general bearing of each corps reminded one of the traditions of some distinct province of the Austrian empire. In no career are national feelings so warmly kept alive as in a military life; they are generally allied to the use of some favourite weapon, to some national badge, or to those brave achievements which dwell longest in the memory of men; and they are fostered as much by the *esprit de corps* of the regiment as by the sympathies or antipathies of the people of which it is composed. The various elements of the Austrian empire, which are comparatively fused together in the civil service, retain all their vivid differences in the ranks of the soldiery. You immediately distinguish the hardy Gallician with his lance, the unforsaken weapon of his Polish race: with somewhat more dignity, but not less impetuous valour, the tawdry Hungarian poises himself nearly erect in his saddle, or leans upon his Oriental sabre: the colossal cuirassiers are mostly of Bohemian origin, intermingled with the fierce Croatian and the wild Illyriot: in the infantry you have the tall Italian and the light but ungraceful German; and the artillery is wholly composed of Bohemians, who are the most intelligent and steady troops in the imperial army. Such was the motley array which defiled before the court, in interminable ranks; and when the last battery of field-pieces, with the men sitting astride upon the cannons, wheeled away over the field, we were glad to escape from the intense and insalubrious heat, and to gallop back to the city with the crowd of horsemen by the side of the imperial carriages.

The 7th of September, 1836, was the day fixed for the coronation of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria, and fourth king of that name in Bohemia. Forty-four years had elapsed since the last emperor of Germany received the crown of Bohemia on the 9th of August, 1792: and as the great pageants of the coronation of Frankfort have now for ever ceased, the regalia are dispersed, and the very titular dignities of the German empire are extinct, the ceremony which confers the old regal crown of Bohemia upon the head of the Austrian house, is now the proudest display of the vast sovereignty which it enjoys. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon from the batteries of Mount St. Lawrence and the more distant citadel of the Wyssehrad; and at an early hour the great officers of the household repaired to the palace with the regalia of the kingdom. At eight o'clock, when I entered the cathedral, most of the galleries reserved for spectators were already filled. In the west end of the building, below the organ, a tribune had been erected like an immense orchestra; and on each

side of the altar a gallery was prepared for the corps diplomatique and the ladies. Higher up, a closet, hung with cloth of gold, had been made ready for the royal family and their attendants. Two thrones had been placed, the one precisely in the middle of the church, and opposite to the high altar, from which it was not more than a few yards distant; the other at the epistle, or right-hand side, (looking from the altar,) which were both occupied by the king at different parts of the ceremony.

At an appointed signal, the clergy crossed the carpeted centre of the church, from the left aisle to St. Wenceslas' chapel, to meet the procession then about to arrive from the palace. The train of bishops, abbots, and other dignitaries, to the number of thirty-seven mitred priests, swept gorgeously along in rich copes crusted with gold, having in the midst of them the Prince Consecrator, the Archbishop of Prague, in robes of carnation silk under his lace rochet and pallium archiepiscopale, with a jewelled crosier in his hand. At the door of the chapel, the King, who arrived in like state from the castle, kneeled to kiss the golden crucifix of Charles IV. of royal memory; and was then arrayed in his coronation robes,—a vest of crimson satin, a stole of the same colour embroidered with gold and crossed over the breast, and the royal mantle of shot lilac silk, entirely lined with ermine. Over this dress the collars of the Golden Fleece and other imperial orders were thrown; and the crown of the empire placed upon the sovereign's head. In this costume, preceded by the mitred clergy, and surrounded by the officers of state, the nobles of the realm, and the knights of that order of the Golden Fleece, which adds an honour to the highest rank, the king entered the church, and sat down upon the throne in the middle of the building, amidst the jubilation of unseen instruments, and the solemn "Veni Spiritus" of the choir, which shook the church with religious joy. Four silver busts of saints, and the regalia of Bohemia, were laid upon the altar; and the archbishop began his high office, sitting upon a crimson Faldisterium, which had been placed on the steps of the altar itself, at the same height as the king's throne exactly opposite.

At that moment the scene realised the traditions of the great pageants of the middle ages: upon the altar sat the mitred prince of the church, surrounded by his clergy, backed by the massive treasures of the shrine, and all the gorgeous emblems of his spiritual power; before him the descendant of the Cæsars had taken his state amidst the temporal lords of the empire and the peers of Bohemia, with the herald of that kingdom in his tabard and staff, awaiting, in the symbolical meaning of the ceremony, the permission of Heaven to reign. The two potentates remained for a short space of time in mutual contemplation; and such was the grandeur of the spectacle, that one forgot the individuals who were the actors in it, as in some great drama impersonating to the life the most pompous realities of history.

After this short pause, the king rose from his throne, and was led to the foot of the altar, where the principal assistant Bishop presented the sovereign to the prelate, saying, "*Reverendissime Pater! postulat sancta mater Ecclesia Catholica, ut presentem egregium militem ad dignitatem regiam sublevatum, coronare velit.*"

To which the Archbishop replied—"Scitis eum esse dignum, et utilem in hac dignitate?"

Assistant-bishop.—"Et novimus et credimus eum esse dignum et utilem Ecclesia Dei, et ad regimen hujus regni."

Archbishop.—"Deo Gratias!"

Upon this the archbishop read, in a clear voice, a homily to the king on the duties of his high station, and the Litany of all the Bohemian saints was sung. Ferdinand then took the coronation oaths, swearing to govern for the good of the church and of his people, to administer justice manfully, and to observe and maintain the privileges granted to the several estates of the realm by his predecessors.* He then kissed again the crucifix of Charles IV. The collar of the Golden Fleece and the royal mantle were removed by the proper officers, and the ceremony of anointing began. The holy oil having been poured cross-wise on the arms and shoulders, through openings left for that purpose in the coronation robes, the king retired behind the screen of the great altar, to have the liquid dried with crumbs of bread, salt, and cotton. On his return, the king knelt on the highest step of the altar, and was girded with the sword of St. Wenceslas, a straight, long, and rudely-ornamented weapon, which has formed part of the regalia of Bohemia from the remotest period of its history: the archbishop pronounced the appropriate exhortation, beginning "Accipe gladium de altari sumptum," &c.; upon which the king drew the sword, and gave it into the hands of the earl marshal. The ring of dignity was then put by the archbishop upon the king's finger; the sceptre was given into his right hand, the orb into his left, and a small red satin cushion having been placed upon his head, the crown of Bohemia was taken from the altar by the archbishop, and set upon the cushion on the king's head by that prelate and the Oberst-burggraf of Bohemia, each holding one side of the diadem all the time it remained in that

* I was unable to procure an authentic copy of the oath actually administered upon the present occasion, but as there is no reason to doubt that it was the same as was taken by Leopold II. in 1791, I subjoin that document:—"Ego Leopoldus, Deo annuente coronandus Rex Bohemiarum, profiteor, et promitto coram Deo, deinceps legem, justitiam, et pacem ecclesiarum Dei, populoque mihi subjecto pro posse et nosse, facere et servare, salvo condigno misericordiarum Dei respectu, sicut in consilio fidelium meorum melius potero invenire. Pontificibus quoque ecclesiarum Dei condignum et canonicum honorem exhibere; atque ea, quæ ab imperatoribus et regibus ecclesiis collata et redita sunt, inviolabiliter observare; Abbatibus Comitibus, et Vassallis meis congruum honorem, secundum consilium fidelium meorum præstare. Sic me Deus adjuvet, et hæc sancta Dei evangelia!" After this oath to the church, the king takes an oath to the estates, repeating the following words (in German) after the Oberst-burggraf, or head of the temporal nobility:—"We, Leopold, swear to God Almighty, upon this evangel, that we will hold fast the Catholic faith, manfully administer justice, and set our hand to confirm all those privileges granted to the estates of the realm by our ancestors, Ferdinand II. of pious memory, &c., Ferdinand III., &c., Charles VI., &c., and by our mother, Maria Theresa; that we will not alienate anything from this kingdom, but rather increase and extend it as best we can, and that we will do all that is most expedient to its honour and welfare. So help us God." The reader will observe that the privileges here sworn to, date only from the general abrogation of the national constitution of Bohemia under Ferdinand II.; but the fact that this oath is administered by the head of the temporal peers, and that the crown is afterwards placed upon the king's head by that personage, as well as by the archbishop, evidently refer to the ancient electoral rights of the estates. We shall find another similar instance in the ceremony of the obeisance.

position. This crown ought to be worn throughout the remainder of the ceremonies, but the feebleness of the present sickly monarch rendered him quite unable to bear its weight, and it did not remain upon his head more than two minutes.* How moving and how melancholy a thought to feel upon one's brow that weighty symbol which has pressed the foreheads of so many princes in the lapse of five centuries—of whom so few have been the happier from that hour—of whom none have ever felt its wearying circlet more ! If there be a cap which, as the legend says, will give its wearer sad and giddy dreams, it is a crown like this antique diadem—so madly disputed, so proudly worn, so basely lost.

The royal crown of Bohemia received its present shape from Charles IV. in the year 1347 : much of the gold used in it was taken from the ducal coronet of St. Wenceslas, but the extraordinary jewels with which it is adorned were collected by Charles in the course of his reign. It contains in all seventeen rubies, twenty-nine ballas rubies, fifteen sapphires, twenty pearls, &c.; some of the rubies and sapphires are three or four inches in circumference, and weigh sixty, seventy, and eighty carats each. The value of the stones, which gem the cross on the top of the crown, is diminished by fastenings bored through them. Below this cross is inserted a fragment more precious in the eyes of its pious founder, than all his jewels, above which is inscribed, "*Hic est spina de corona Domini.*"

The king, then arrayed in all the regalia, was led from the altar to the throne on the epistle-side, having the archbishop on his right hand, an assistant bishop on the left, and all the clergy and court about him. The archbishop then proceeded to enthrone the king, pronouncing the "*Sta et retina;*" and at the words "*In hoc regni solio confirmet,*" &c., the king sat down in state. At this moment, Count Kolowrat, as the representative of the head of the Bohemian nobility, cried aloud, "*Podme, a nassemu korunowanému králi a pánu dedicnemu priznanj uciňme !*" "Come, and let us do obeisance to our crowned king and master !" : then shouting "*Vivat !*" which was answered three times by the concourse of people, he bent before the throne, and touched the sceptre which the king extended. The nobles, with Princes Metternich, Lobkowitz, and Schwarzenberg, at their head, pressed onwards to perform the same loyal salutation : the archbishop, standing on the right of the throne, under the golden canopy, sang out triumphantly "*Te Deum laudamus,*" which was answered by the full burst of the choir ; the ordnance on the batteries was fired, the bells rung, and the flags waved in honour of the accomplished rite.

* In the place of the ponderous Bohemian crown, his majesty resumed what the Austrians singularly enough call the *haus-krone*, or house-crown, meaning probably the crown of the House of Austria. The fact is, that when the jewels of the German empire were dispersed, the imperial crown fell to the share of the Emperor Francis ; but as it proved too heavy for the present sovereign to wear, a thin and light copy of it was made, which (to the great disgust of the Bohemians, and all right-minded antiquaries) superseded the crown of Charles IV. on this occasion. An evil omen ! if a tinsel copy of the crown of the extinct empire is to be substituted for the solid diadem of Bohemia.

The king then remained standing whilst the gospel of the day was read, after which he took the sword of St. Wenceslas from the earl marshal, and dubbed sixteen gentlemen knights of St. Wenceslas, who are always made by the kings of Bohemia at their coronation. After the offertory, the king knelt at the altar during the *sanctus*: hitherto the spectacle had been one of imperial pomp, mingled with some vestiges of old national custom; but as the great service of the mass proceeded, the ceremony assumed a more solemn character. The music became more soft and devotional, as the sweet strains of the *Agnus Dei* followed the loud celebration of the "*Pax Domini*;" and that unearthly majesty, which the Christian church has ever solemnized in the most awful and simple of her rites, changed the scene of temporal honour to one of religious adoration.

At the conclusion of the mass the court and clergy left the church in procession, and repaired to the hall of Ladislav, in the palace, where the coronation banquet had been prepared. The courts of the Hradschin were filled with great multitudes, and after the repast, the king appeared on the balcony of the palace in his coronation robes, where he was greeted by the populace, and in return some thirty or more of the spectators were grazed by the bayonets of the grenadiers for attempting to press forward to see their sovereign. A struggle ensued between the military and the people; the banners of two of the guilds were broken; and when the crowd retired, they were embittered with a feeling, which the vigilance of the police and the acclamations of the festival could not overcome.

The privilege of crowning the queens of Bohemia has been enjoyed from time immemorial by the abbess of the Benedictine Abbey of St. George, which was founded as early as 973 by Mlada, a niece of St. Wenceslas, under the auspices of St. Adalbert, who was then Bishop of Prague. That convent, which is situated in immediate contiguity to the cathedral and the palace on the Hradschin, was suppressed by Joseph II. in 1782; and its coronation privileges were transferred to the abbess or superior of an institution for the maintenance of poor ladies of rank, called the *Stiftsdamen*, who take no vows of seclusion, and are not prevented from marrying. This post of abbess, which assumes a momentary importance from the ancient function still attached to it, was filled by the young Archduchess Theresa, who has since married the king of Naples. The ceremony of her installation took place some days before the queen's coronation; and I do not remember to have seen a prettier sight, in the course of this imperial week, than the demure girlishness of the lady abbess in her black robes, surrounded by the ladies of her cloister, and supported by her father, the Archduke Charles, at the service which was appointed to raise her to this new, and somewhat anomalous, dignity. They were very near administering to her by mistake the ancient vows of the abbess of St. George, which, as the archbishop afterwards declared, would have made her as good a nun as any in Christendom; but this danger having been discovered in time, the oath was diluted to serve its present purpose—which, indeed, might have been done without any oath at all, as we had the pleasure

of seeing the princess dancing on the following evening as merrily as if there were neither cloisters nor abbesses in the world.

The actors in the second part of this imperial spectacle, being thus prepared for their respective parts,* the coronation of the queen took place on the 12th of September. The church was filled much earlier than on the former occasion, but the procession from the palace did not arrive for more than an hour after the time fixed. Yet before the entrance of the queen, the whole scene was of the most splendid kind; the diplomatic tribune glittered with what the old Emperor Franz called a firmament of stars, amongst a circle of extraordinary beauties in trains and diamonds. The imperial closet was occupied by the king and queen of Saxony, with the archdukes of Austria. The emperor himself, no longer robed in the dress of a Bohemian king, but preceded by the four heralds of the empire, and surrounded by the great officers of Austria and Hungary, entered the church in his imperial robes of crimson velvet, with the Austrian crown upon his head, and sat down upon the throne to the right of the altar, as a spectator of the coronation of his consort. The clergy was as numerous and as richly attired as at the coronation of the king; and after a certain lapse of time, the *cortège* of the queen, preceded by the Bohemian herald and the Bohemian nobility, appeared.

The formalities of the procession and the ceremony were nearly the same as on the former occasion, but the feeling they excited was more deep and refined, the spectacle itself was more magnificent. Then indeed it was necessary to forget the despicable insignificance of the chief personage of the day, before one could remember the great ideal person whom he represented: but now when the Empress Maria Anna, with her white robes, her inestimable jewels, and her noble presence, mounted the throne before the altar, the majesty of her own person, the profound devotion of her pale Italian features, and the grace of her motions, awakened sympathy and admiration for herself. So, but with more firmness even in her youthful days, moved Maria Theresa, so, surrounded by the pomp and peril of the highest station in Europe, sat the heiress of the Cæsars.

Below the queen was placed the lady abbess, in her robes and train of black velvet, with a ducal coronet on her head: and the foremost rank of the circle of the court was occupied by the peeresses of Bohemia and the ladies in waiting, in the most magnificent costumes, with tiaras and coronets of diamonds on their hair.

The music of the ceremony was of the finest character: the "Gloria in Excelsis" in particular, closed with such prodigious rolls of mingling and conflicting sounds, ever renewed and ever rushing onwards in various melody, that when the "Amen" burst forth at length from the united strength of the unseen choir, a solemn pause ensued, as if the church itself drew breath, exhausted by so loud a strain of praise.

* I have not exceeded the bounds of propriety in comparing these solemn ceremonies to a public spectacle, for the august performers seem to have considered them in the same light, if one may judge by the frequent *rehearsals* to which they submitted. The emperor himself was not exempted from this necessary preparation.

A storm cloud was at that moment passing over the sky, and the nave of the edifice was so darkened by it, that the lights upon the altar were seen glittering with intense brilliancy over the silver ornaments, the jewels, and the regalia. As the ceremony proceeded the storm broke; and when the queen resumed her seat upon the throne, after having received the regal unction from the archbishop, and the old crown of Bohemia from the lady abbess, the salute of the cannon was mingled with the deeper peals of thunder. Whilst the most solemn parts of the mass were sung, fresh light broke from heaven upon the scene, and the exquisitely tender music of the Sanctus was performed amidst the silence of returning calm. With these rites the religious ceremonies of the coronation closed.

Whenever I look back in my memory for a picture of earthly splendour, and a scene in which the treasures of wealth, the prestige of rank, and the pomp of royalty were united, as in some total work of art, to give a form and reality to the traditions of history, and to the existence of that power of sovereigns which is so mysteriously allotted, I shall recal the great pageant of the Cathedral of Prague: remembering, at the same time, the melancholy impression which found its way through all that gorgeous surface, in the absence of the hearty welcome of a consenting and rejoicing people.*

During the greater part of the time marked out for their festivities, Virgil's ill-fated epigram might have been appropriately quoted:

“Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula manè,
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.”

But on the evening of the emperor's coronation Jove resumed his privileges so early, that the rain turned all the arrangements made for the illumination into a *fête aquatique*. The lamps were filled with water, the transparencies were soaked into a chaos of colours, and the curious went to bed disconsolate at nine o'clock.

The evening of the empress's coronation was more fair, and the whole city put on its fire dress. The lighting began at three o'clock, and at dusk the streets were already lined with immense crowds of people. On leaving the theatre, the whole city was as light as by

* This impression was much more intensely felt at the coronation of Nicholas of Russia, as King of Poland, in 1827. The ceremony was performed by the archbishop of Warsaw in the great hall of the senate, as the head of the Greek schism would not condescend to enter a Latin church. An altar had been erected at one end of the chamber, and when the emperor had received the crown, (a Russian one, composed entirely of diamonds, and brought from St. Petersburg for the occasion,) he placed it upon his own head, and the prelate called out that ancient cry, which was responded to by all the people at the coronation of the Polish kings—VIVAT REX IN ÆTERNUM! The emperor was surrounded by all the nobles of the kingdom, but not one of them joined in the first or second time that the vivat was given. Not one of them could cry “May *that* king live for ever.” For the third time the octogenarian prelate, in a voice tremulous with age and emotion at this dismal silence, called out “Vivat Rex in æternum!”—but still the nobles and all the crowds which filled that vast hall were mute as death. The silence was unbroken; and the eye-witness who told me the story, added, that in the dreadful feeling of that cold pause the assembly *shuddered*.

day ; the public buildings were completely faced with lamps, and even the chimneys were gemmed with rows of transparent vases. The vast antique buildings of the Altstadt were ornamented with coloured lights, which served to indicate the lofty outline of their towers ; the Teyn Kirche was girt with a circlet of stars, and the pinnacles of its turrets were all in flames ; the Rath-Haus was brilliantly illuminated with Bengal lights, burning on each side of the area, which threw a vivid glare over the assembled multitudes, and cast the shadows of arches and towers far away into the obscurity of the night. From the centre of the bridge, the sight reminded one of visionary glimpses, seen only in childhood, of the delightful mansions in fairy land : for although the bridge itself was dark, the banks of the river were lined in many parts with Bengal fire ; the islands above and below rose in pyramids of lamps, with ever-changing jets of fantastic pyrotechny, from the bosom of the broad stream ; and the prodigious amphitheatre of the Hradschin shone like a colosseum of fire. The palace itself, with its thousand windows, was all a-light ; the great Convent of Strahow, on the summit of the eminence, shed a fainter gleam from its more distant fronts ; but the most splendid decorations were nearer to the river. A house which drops directly into the Moldau, had been completely hung with lamps to the margin of the water ; above it, on the Laurence mountain, a square tower of fire rose conspicuously from the dark mass of trees ; and below the bridge the front of a palace, artificially contrived in a florid gothic style of architecture, glittered with extreme brilliancy. The effect of this display flashing on the river, the motley crowds of the population, and the equipages of the court, which drove round the streets in thirty carriages with six horses each, was most animated : and it gave a fresh gleam of romance to the venerable monuments of Prague—the city of northern Europe most fitted to set off such lavish ornament.

I know not why I should dwell upon the hospitalities of the Bohemian nobles, during the brilliant sojourn of the court, or even upon the gay crowds which were gathered in the long-deserted chambers of the Hradschin, at the ball given by the emperor on the 13th of September. The walls of the Spanish hall were once more decorated and lighted up, innumerable lustres hung from the ceiling, three thousand persons were assembled at the gala ; and the mild green-house atmosphere of luxury, the bewitching animation of Strauss' band, the splendour of the jewels, and the variety of costumes, from the tight velvet dress and silver-sheathed sabres of the Hungarian nobles, to the rich crimson robes of the princes of the church, mingled with the orders and uniforms of every nation in Europe, made the spectacle worthy of the young and graceful empress who held her court that night. But the festival of the people of Bohemia which was prepared for the following day, was a pageant which could boast of more interest, and more happy faces, than all the splendour of ball-rooms and of courts. A festival of this kind is always celebrated a few days after the coronation, and it brings together the inhabitants of every part of the kingdom to their noble metropolis, on an expedition which leaves them a lively impression, and more solid advantages to many of them, for the rest of their lives.

I left the city early, by the east-postern, under the beautiful promenade on the ramparts; and about twenty minutes' walk brought me to the centre of the vast plain which extends beyond the suburbs, being bounded by the Moldau on one side, and the picturesque heights of the Ziska Berg on the other. The path was lined with musicians, and booths of every kind, but strewn with beggars in the attitudes of a thousand woes, accompanying their shrill complaints with the never-failing *materiel* of a Bohemian mendicant—a clarionet, a rosary, or a fiddle. On the plain, preparations had been made for weeks beforehand; sixteen dancing-floors were adorned with flags and garlands, waving and glittering in the fresh wind and clear sunshine; sixteen eating-booths were stored with solid provisions; and sixteen spaces were allotted out, one for each of the circles of Bohemia. In the centre several elegant tribunes had been erected for the court; and an immense concourse of people were collected from the banks of the river to the ridge of the Ziska Berg, which commanded a view of the whole scene.

At twelve o'clock the court arrived, and the empress took her place amidst the acclamations of the populace. The Archduke Franz Carl represented his brother, who was indisposed; M. de Metternich had put on his gayest looks, and everything wore a sunny countenance. The ground was kept by a small detachment of the civic guard, and by the nobles, who did the honours of their national entertainment; no troops were on duty on the ground, and perfect order prevailed.

The trumpets speedily announced the approach of the great national procession, headed by the citizens of Prague, with the banners of their guilds, surrounding four couple of brides and bridegrooms, who received a dowry of two hundred florins for each couple, in honour of the occasion. The same sum was given by the emperor to the bride and bridegroom chosen from each of the sixteen circles. The Praguers, with all their banners and nuptial ornaments, went in city guise on foot; but the pageant of the Berauner Kreis, which came next in order, was preceded by twenty-one handsome young peasants on horseback, in their broad hats and long coats, gaily trimmed with ribbons, each bearing a small red and white pennon in his hand. These were followed by four of the village magistrates, and by four ornamented chariots: the first containing the wedding-music; the second the bride and bridegroom, with bridesmaids, surrounded by as many bridesmen on foot, crowned with flowers, all in their provincial costume; the third conveyed the parents and friends; the fourth contained the bride's trousseau, and the nuptial bed—a continent of feathers—which it is the custom of the country to carry in the procession from the altar. These chariots, adorned with the arms of Prince Lobkowitz, from whose estate they came, were followed by larger carriages, containing the peculiar trades and productions of the circle of Beraun. First six shepherdesses and two shepherds, busily engaged in shearing lambs as they drove along; then a carriage of osier fancy work, with slight fair-haired girls, weaving baskets, from the lordship of Königsaal, where thousands of hands are engaged in that manufacture. The third carriage was a very large cage, beautifully wrought in polished iron, containing a forge,

a chimney, an anvil, and eight smiths from the great iron-works of Count Wr̄bna at Horzöwitz, beating nails, and blowing their fire, singing merrily as they passed.

The pageant of the Bidshower Kreis was led by musicians, the nuptial-party, fifteen unmarried couples, who seemed ready to profit by the first opportunity, and six married couples, who did not seem to repent; these were followed by seven fishermen, with their nets and implements, intertwined with bulrushes, used in catching the celebrated Bohemian carps, which are fattened in the ponds of Kopidlnoer.

The marriage-party of the Budweiser-Kreis was attended by as genuine a bag-pipe as ever sang in our own Highlands; and the ladies of the party scarcely improved the sweetness of its melodies by their shrill vociferations. The procession which followed was again composed of fishermen, from Prince Schwarzenberg's estate at Wittin-gau, bearing an immense net seventy-eight fathoms long, and laden with five cwt. of lead.

The Bunzlauer-Kreis was preceded by an allegorical group of tutelary genii, personated by pretty, fair-haired girls, who pointed to the ornaments and the motto of the emperor, *Beata Turri*, emblazoned on a pillar nine feet high, surmounted by the two-tailed crowned lion argent. The bride's carriage, and her twenty couples of bridesmaids and bridesmen, were followed by a chariot very ingeniously contrived to show the manufactures of the district. The vehicle supported two cylinders, disposed like a vertical reel on a colossal scale, round which revolved an endless roll of the chintzes and cottons of the industrious Bunzlauer population; the same invisible mechanism which put these cylinders in motion, was applied to a kind of loom in the back of the carriage.

The cotton-car was followed by four men with feathers of spun glass in their caps, bearing a huge temple, glittering with all the rich colours of the Bohemian glass manufacture, and ornamented with a fringe of large hanging prisms, which swung and sparkled in the sunshine.

After this splendid toy came a pyramid of the more solid woollen manufactures of Reichenberg—the dyed fleece, the shining cloth, the variegated worsted, and long festoons of lighter woollen stuffs, were very tastefully intermingled in the car. The procession was closed by eleven village magistrates on horseback, bearing pennons inscribed with the names of their villages, amongst which I remarked, not without emotion, the immortal names of the lordship of Friedland, and that of Dobrawitz—the latter was supported by a worthy peasant rejoicing in the genuine Bohemian name of Mrkwiczka.

The pageant of the Chrudimer-Kreis consisted of little besides the marriage train, but in that respect it surpassed all the others. It was led by four trumpeters, dressed in spencers trimmed with fur, blue silk waistcoats, and the everlasting leather breeches of the Bohemian peasant, unusually bedizened with buttons. The bridegroom walked, crowned with rosemary, a white scarf over his shoulder, and the Hockzeits-redner on his left hand, surrounded by a host of bachelors. Then came five carriages, containing the friends, parents,

and village schoolmaster of the bride; and in the sixth, the bride herself, a strapping blonde, with eight bridesmaids as portly as herself, all with their hair pulled back from the forehead, *à la Chinoise*, and crowned with gold fillagree work and bright Bohemian beads. Her carriage was followed by the marriage-fool in a harlequin dress; and by a vehicle containing a goodly assortment of household chattels, with a mountain of clean Chrudimer flax, and a man busily employed at the spinning-wheel.

The marriage-ceremonies of the lordship of Stecken, in the Czeslauer-Kreis, are even more peculiar. The bridegroom was dressed in green fustian, and a broad hat with a blue ribbon; but his most distinguished ornament was a red cravat, which it is customary for the bride to give her intended husband before the ceremony, when he takes her to go to confession with him; whilst he returns the compliment in the shape of a pair of red cotton stockings, and shoes with buckles in them. The bride wears a long ruff fastened under her collar, which she is on no account to take off till she has been to a mass or a christening.

The women of the Elbogner-Kreis were dressed in short black spencers like the men, but their heads were splendidly ornamented with gilt crowns, and pendants hanging all round over the forehead. In the Egra weddings it is customary for all the male relations, god-fathers, and connexions of the bridegroom, to pair off with all the corresponding female connexions of the bride. The names of the happy pair were singularly appropriate—Adam Böhm and Eva Werner; they were followed by all the male Böhms leading all the female Werners to the third and fourth generation; and the Elbogner procession was closed by a carriage with eight merry couples of hop-gatherers, plucking hops from the green festoons above their heads.

The nuptial procession from the Kaurzimer-Kreis was followed by carriages filled up with pyramids of the rich fruits and flowers of the district which supplies the markets of Prague, surrounded by the gardeners and vinedressers, in costumes which have retained but little of their fanciful peculiarity.

These were followed by the peasants from the villages of the Bohemian forest in the Klattauer-Kreis, preceded by their *recnyk* or speaker, who directed the procession with a stick called a Czekan, carrying a cake under one arm and a hen under the other as a present for the parson. The women were dressed in a bulka or kind of black coat: the hair of the unmarried women was hanging in locks, imperfectly confined by a white snood; whilst the matrons wore a dove-tailed cap, like that I had seen near Tetschen.

The party from Königgratz was accompanied by an old married pair, who celebrated their golden anniversary of fifty years' happy marriage on the same occasion.

The procession from Leitmeritz escorted a vehicle planted with vines, and with all the emblems of a vintage festival. The car stopped opposite the imperial tribune; and the good wine-growers of the Leitmeritzer-Kreis poured out a glass of their amber wine, which was handed up to the empress, who rose, and drank to the health of her people.

The bride and bridegroom from the rich corn-lands of the Prachiner-Kreis were followed by a carriage ornamented with ripe ears of wheat and bearded barley, tied up with scarlet ribbons. The car was filled with reapers, dancing as they went, to the music of the viol and the bagpipe. The peasant girls were decked with silk ribbons upon their short snow-white sleeves, and had bright silk scarfs crossed over their breasts. The bagpiper and the fiddler were dressed in a costume, which is believed to have been lineally handed down from the great artists (of the bagpipe and fiddle) of the fourteenth century: their green coats turned up with red, their white sleeves, hanging-caps, and half-boots, are only to be found in the oldest pictures.

The procession of the Pilsner-Kreis was led by the faktor, or joke-maker of the party, and though his jokes were as old as the immemorial custom by which he held his office, they were not the less well received. The six matrons, whose business it was to watch the bride's household goods, hailed them with particular enthusiasm, waved their handkerchiefs in the air, and screamed a kind of farm-yard air, which exceeded all the braying and cackling of Noah's ark in harsh discord: it was, alas! the funeral dirge of an unfortunate chanticleer, who was carried in the procession with the certainty of being solemnly beheaded by the relentless faktor on the day after the wedding.

The couples from the circles of Rakonitz, Saaz, and Tabor, closed the bridal processions, with their attendants, their beds and chattels, and the emblems of their harvest home.

These were followed by a band of 650 miners, marching in rank and file, headed by their captains, and wearing uniforms with a great plume in their caps, and a pick or a shovel in their belts. They evidently preserved that *esprit de corps* which distinguishes a mining population all the world over; and they followed the banner emblazoned with the sign of their peculiar metal with a proud look of intelligence and superiority.

The gold-washers of Eule led the van; after them came the crescent banner of the silver-mines of Pribram and Ratiborzitz, and the lead miners from Mies. The tin-mines of Prince Lobkowitz, at Bilin, sent their small contingent with the cobalt-workers and smelters from Zbirow. The iron-works of Prince Furstenberg at Neujoachims-thal, of Prince Dietrichstein at Ransko, and Count Wrzna at Horzowitz, sent a large detachment; and the whole procession was closed by the men engaged in the works of sulphur, vitriol, and alum.

After this immense train had passed the royal stand, the peasants of each circle repaired to the refreshment-house and the dancing-floor prepared for them, where their merriment was kept up till a late hour of the evening. Such was the length of the procession, that although it moved rapidly along, it was nearly two hours in passing. I have described it thus particularly, because, although I can give no idea of the infinite peculiarities of so vast and various a pageant and the animated scene which these picturesque groups presented to the eye, the whole population of Bohemia is thus rapidly passed in review. To a stranger, indeed, the spectacle was one of extreme festivity, though but little enthusiasm was manifested; but it drew tears into the eyes of more than one reflecting Bohemian, who remembered the

real condition of these gay revellers, and thought how their holiday dresses masked their wants and miseries from the eye of the sovereign. The sports of a people can ill bear to be transplanted from their own village soil; and amidst the throng of a city the easy and cordial joy of a peasant's marriage-day assumed much of the constraint of an acted pageant.

The ground was kept by civic troops, and the greatest order prevailed; but we afterwards learned that two regiments of cuirassiers had been posted in the neighbourhood, and a signal was preconcerted that, in case the people should show the slightest symptoms of the impetuosity that led to the fray on the Hradschin, at the emperor's coronation, the military were to arrive at full gallop, and to occupy the ground. So severe are the precautions of an Austrian government!—so precarious the pleasures of an Austrian people!

ANACREON'S ODE TO A PAINTER.

“ Ἀγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε.”—κ. τ. λ.

Come, best of painters! let thy skill
With living tints the canvass fill;
Paint, master of the Rhodian art!
The absent mistress of my heart;
Paint her while I to thee retrace
Each eloquent, each matchless grace!
Her shiny hair of raven dye
In silken tresses first descry,
And round them breathing, if the powers
Of art can reach it, fragrant showers;
Now glancing from the sable shade
Her ivory forehead be portrayed,
Rising above two blooming cheeks
Whose glow the prime of youth bespeaks;
Her eye-brows next in arches bend,
And gently each to each extend,
So that the space of white between
Be only indistinctly seen;
The borders of her eye-lids fringe
With curtains of a deeper tinge;
But, O! her eye exhibit bright,
And ever flashing radiant light!
And like Minerva's be its hue!
Like that of Venus moist with dew!
Paint next her beauteous cheek and nose—
Mingling with milk the blushing rose;
And make her lip—seductive bliss!
Provoking passion's burning kiss!
Let all the rival graces play
Upon her chin in fond delay;
And all about her snowy neck,
And bosom fair let Laughter deck;
Adown each limb in loose array
Let light and purple vestures stray!
That Fancy's eye alone may steal
A glance beneath the modest veil:—
Enough!—my girl herself I see—
She lives!—she breathes!—she speaks to me!

Ex. Edit. *Barnesii*, 1721.—Ode xxviii.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER III.—LIBERAL MEMBERS.

MR. BERNAL—MR. AGLIONBY—MR. JERVIS—MR. JAMES GRATTAN—
MR. HANDLEY—MR. HOWARD.

MR. BERNAL, the member for Rochester, is better known as chairman of committees, than as a speaker in the house. He speaks very seldom and never at any length, on any question of commanding importance. Possibly his notion is—and assuredly it would not be a wrong one—that he has abundant exercise for his lungs in the capacity of chairman of committees, without volunteering speeches in ordinary circumstances. Mr. Bernal, besides, has an inducement to act as chairman of committees, which he has not to make speeches to the House. For the discharge of his official duties he receives the handsome sum of 1,200*l.* a-year; while not one farthing would he get for his speeches, even did he possess the most eloquent tongue that ever spoke, and he were to play the orator every night. He has a clear audible voice, evidently possessed of considerable power, though he does not call its capabilities into full play. You hear him distinctly in all parts of the house, even when he looks as if he fancied himself to be only speaking to some private friend across the table. He talks with considerable ease and facility. His style is plain; occasionally it is terse and vigorous: it is always clear. There is no mistaking what he says. He appears to best advantage as a speaker at a public meeting. I recollect being present at a dinner given to the members for Lambeth, at the Horns Tavern, in the end of 1835; and Mr. Bernal made one of the best of the many excellent speeches delivered on that occasion. There he spoke in a tone of decision and energy which I have not witnessed in any of his speeches on the floor of the House of Commons. He suited the action, too, to the word. His gesture was energetic without being extravagant. In his manner in the House of Commons there are no indications of warmth: there he is sufficiently conservative of his gesture. None of his next neighbours, as Mr. Wakley would say, are in danger of getting a broken head from the unguarded use of his hands. Let me not, however, be understood as insinuating that Mr. Bernal has no gesture at all: he has some, but it is moderate. It usually consists of a limited and gentle movement of his right hand.

Mr. Bernal is a man of respectable talent. He never utters anything feeble or silly; but neither does he, on the other hand, ever soar many degrees, if he soar at all, above mediocrity. Sometimes he displays acuteness in detecting the slips of an opponent. I have,

¹ Continued from page 80.

also, on repeated occasions, thought him happy in developing his own views of a question. He seldom falters or hesitates, and when he does, never to an unpleasant extent.

As chairman of committees, Mr. Bernal gives great satisfaction to the House. He has not much of the polished manners of the late Speaker, nor does he equal in this respect the present; his manners are plain and unassuming; but every one knows that he is a man of genuine kindness of heart. Hence, he is esteemed by men of all parties. Without parading the authority with which his office of chairman has invested him—which power is practically as great while the House is in committee as that of the Speaker himself—he knows well how to assert, when there is occasion, the dignity of the situation he fills, and to vindicate the character of the House. I have repeatedly had occasion to admire the firmness, blended with moderation, which he shows in dealing with such troublesome customers as Mr. Kearsley and others.

There is one curious circumstance I have repeatedly observed in Mr. Bernal's conduct in the house. Whether the thing be accidental or not, I cannot say; but I have generally remarked that immediately before his being called to the chair, he goes and seats himself at the furthest corner of the conservative side of the house, as if wishing to have an opportunity of walking the greatest distance the size of the house will allow, before taking his seat as chairman. Some ill-natured people might wish to insinuate that Mr. Bernal's object in this movement is to show off his person. I do not believe anything of the kind, though Mr. Bernal has, undoubtedly, a commanding person. He is tall and stout. A better formed figure, considering that he is a muscular man, is not often to be seen. He, evidently, is possessed of great physical strength. Were he an Irish emigrant come over to this country to seek for employment, he would be engaged at once, under the impression that he was an "able-bodied labourer." His face is round, and his features are intelligent and agreeable. His complexion indicates an ample stock of health. He has a fine forehead. His hair is of a dark-brown colour, but a considerable part of his head is bald. He is of Jewish extraction. His grandfather, if I am correctly informed, was an Israelite in early life, but became a convert to Christianity. Mr. Bernal is in the meridian of life. I should not think him above fifty.

Mr. AGLIONBY, the member for Cockermouth, addresses the House with much greater frequency than would be inferred from the reports of the proceedings given in the newspapers. A few words will explain how this happens. He very seldom takes part in the discussions which arise on the introduction or second reading of any important question. He confines himself to observations on matters of minor importance, and chiefly when the House is in committee. On such cases, it is but seldom that any report of what is said by hon. members is given in the public journals. I have seen Mr. Aglionby address the House, when in committee, ten or twelve times in the course of an evening, and his name not once, perhaps, appear in the papers of the following day. I have repeatedly seen other members much oftener address the House on particular occasions, and yet not one word of

what fell from them was to be found in the newspapers of next morning, nor even the single fact stated that they had spoken at all. Mr. Aglionby is a man of excellent business habits; and often displays considerable acuteness in detecting the defects or positive faults of a measure in its progress through committee. He used to be commendably regular in his attendance in the house, but I do not think he has been quite so exemplary in this respect of late. In the sessions of 1834 and 1835, he generally was among the last to exchange the toils of legislation for the luxury of sound repose on his bed. Many of his hon. colleagues in the Commons were then, night after night, sleeping soundly in their own houses, or busily engaged in circulating the bottle—if, indeed, they were not in many instances worse employed—while he, with Mr. Hume, Mr. Pease, Mr. Brotherton, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Wakley, and some eighteen or twenty others, were carefully sifting and improving measures of great public importance in their transit through committee. He really was a most laborious and most useful member: he is so still to a great, though I doubt if he be to the same, extent as before. He and Mr. Hume, for several sessions, took the trouble of preparing the list of the majority and minority whenever a division on any interesting question took place in the house; and so anxious has he always been on such occasions to accommodate the press and the public, that I have known him go himself repeatedly to the office of one of the newspapers with the list, when the House had been up before he had been able to get it prepared. By going to the office of one of the morning journals, in such cases, he was virtually going to the offices of all; for he always gave particular instructions to the party with whom he left the list of the divisions, that slips of it, as soon as put in types, should be sent round to the other journals.

Mr. Aglionby is a gentleman of respectable talent. His speeches are more remarkable for their good sense, with occasional acuteness, than for any higher degree of intellectual qualities. I never heard him give utterance to anything brilliant or profound; but I have repeatedly seen him discover blemishes in a measure, or blunders committed in legislating on it, which had escaped the observation of all others. Brought up to the legal profession, though I believe he has never practised at the bar to any extent, he has a great command of words on all occasions. He does not, in general, speak long at a time; but from the manifest ease with which he does deliver his sentiments, I am confident he could go on without a moment's intermission, or without any great inconvenience to himself, for hours at a time; and that, too, on any subject—even on the most trifling. I know of few men who possess greater volubility. He speaks with singular rapidity: I am not sure whether he does not speak a greater quantity in a given time than any member in the house. No reporter could, if he wished, follow the hon. gentleman through his speeches: that, however, for the reasons I have already given, is never attempted. His voice is not strong, but it is clear. It is easier to hear than to follow him. He never raises his voice. He continues in the same low key throughout.

I cannot say what is the precise age of Mr. Aglionby; but no one

would suppose he was more than forty-five. He is a little, thick-set man; but cannot be called corpulent. His face is round, and his complexion is somewhat florid. He is dark-haired, and pretty well whiskered. The expression of his countenance is pleasing and intelligent.

Mr. JERVIS, the member for Chester, used to speak with some frequency; but of late he has been comparatively silent. He is well informed on most of the questions which come before the House; but I have never observed in his speeches any indications of a vigorous or comprehensive mind. He never speaks on questions of commanding importance: he always reserves himself for those of subordinate interest. Usually, indeed, he confines himself to questions which are only of local importance. He appears to most advantage in committees of the whole House: his suggestions for the improvement of measures which are on their passage through committee, are often judicious. The greatest recommendation of his speeches is their good sense. He is always intelligible: he is so even when the subject is complicated. He is a barrister by profession, though I believe he does not practice to any great extent. Like most lawyers, he is in the habit of using a profusion of words, and like the majority of these speakers by trade, he gets on with great ease and considerable rapidity of utterance. His voice is weak; and hence, between the low tones in which he speaks, and his unusual volubility, it is sometimes difficult to follow him. There is no variety in his voice. If you hear him once you can form as good an idea of him as a speaker, as if you had heard him a hundred times. He is very sparing in his gesture: very often he uses none, unless a very slight movement of the right hand, accompanied by an occasional gentle movement of the head, should be dignified by the name. His appearance is not much in his favour as a speaker. He is about the middle height, but slenderly made. His complexion is pale, and there is something feminine in the expression of his countenance. His face has more of the oblong than of the angular form: his features are regular, without anything strongly marked. His hair is of a dark brown, but exhibits none of those traces of the curling locks with which the hair of so many other hon. members abound.

Mr. Jervis is but a young man: he is seemingly under his fortieth year. He is a decided reformer. Without going the whole hog in Radicalism, he is something considerably more than the mere Whig. He is well liked in the house. He always commands attention whenever he rises to speak; and the indulgence thus extended to him, or, more properly speaking, the respect which is invariably evinced towards him, he has the good taste and the good judgment not to abuse by dooming the House to hear any lengthened harangue. He never speaks long at a time; seldom above ten or fifteen minutes. I am not sure that he has spoken for more than twenty minutes at a time during the last three sessions. His manners are modest. He has none of that petulancy about him which is so marked a characteristic in the parliamentary exhibitions of various other young members of passable talent, who sometimes address the House. Every one must, at the first glance, see modesty in Mr. Jervis's face; and if

that face speak the truth, he must be blessed with a good temper. His conduct in the house is certainly in favour of this theory. I have never seen him involved in any personal altercation with any other hon. member ; nor have I ever witnessed him taking a part in those scenes of uproar to which I have so often alluded. He deserves credit for the regularity of his attendance on his parliamentary duties. He is rarely absent when there is an important question before the house ; and he is often present when the questions under consideration are not of general interest. He is a useful rather than a shining member ; and, for my own part, I hold that that man, though of common talents, who is punctual in his attendance in the house, and takes part in the more laborious duties which devolve on the members, has incomparably greater claims to the suffrages of a constituency than he who makes what is called a brilliant display in the shape of an hour or two's speech, on some great field-night, and is hardly ever seen in his place on any other occasion. The latter is a cheap way of purchasing popularity where Nature has not been niggard in the bestowal of brains. The man who really deserves well of his country is he who assiduously and conscientiously discharges all the duties of the legislative office, however humble, without regard to the reputation he may or may not thereby gain for himself.

Mr. JAMES GRATTAN, member for Wicklow, is hardly known in the house as a speaker ; but the circumstance of his being the son of the celebrated Henry Grattan is of itself sufficient to entitle him to a brief notice. He does not address the House above once or twice in the course of a session, and then only very briefly ; and yet there are many worse speakers in the habit of inflicting their eloquence on hon. gentlemen. He has a powerful voice, though he seldom raises it to that high pitch of which it is susceptible. It has something of a husky sound, which, when he lowers it, has the effect of preventing his being distinctly heard. He talks with great fluency ; he never appears at a loss for words ; but his style is by no means polished. It is, however, tolerably correct. His ideas are of an inferior order ; they never, even by accident, rise above common-place. Occasionally he repeats himself, and at other times he is not so very explicit as he might be. In his manner he has nothing of the vehemence of his brother, the present Henry Grattan. His action is moderate : he gently raises his head up and down, and sometimes turns his face from one part of the house to the other. When about to speak, he puts his hat under his left arm, and in that position retains it during the time he is on his legs.

In personal appearance Mr. James Grattan has a good deal of resemblance to his brother. He is little above the middle height ; and, without being stoutly made, has manifestly a strong constitution. His face has something of an angular form. His forehead is well developed, and the expression of his countenance altogether is that of intelligence and decision of character. His complexion has something in it of a florid hue. His hair is of a dark brown, and he usually rejoices in such a luxuriant crop of it, that a hair-cutter would be apt to charge him double the usual price for a poll, provided the hon. gentleman were to make no contract beforehand with him of the

scissars and comb. He looks much older than his brother Henry, though he is only a few years more advanced in life than he. He is pretty regular in his attendance on his parliamentary duties: when an Irish question is before the House, you may calculate as safely on his presence as on that of the Speaker himself, or the clerks at the table. He almost invariably acts and votes with Mr. O'Connell; the only instance I recollect of his differing from him was on the occasion of the introduction of a measure for giving poor laws to Ireland. He highly eulogised the conduct of government in that case, though Mr. O'Connell was avowedly opposed to any poor laws for Ireland.

Mr. HANDLEY, the member for Lincolnshire, confines his speeches in a great measure to agricultural topics. He may, in some sense, be said to be, on the Reform side of the House, what the Marquis of Chandos is on the Tory benches, namely, the farmer's friend. He is at all times the advocate of the agricultural interest, when he conceives his advocacy of that interest is necessary. He is a tall, stout, good-looking man. He has a fine country-looking countenance, with a complexion redolent of health. His face is full, and his features are regular and pleasing. His hair is of a light brown, and he sports a pair of whiskers of which any Spanish Don might be proud. I have often thought that I have detected Lord Palmerston, who is allowed to have a very excellent taste in such matters, casting a sly glance towards Mr. Handley's whiskers, and evidently repining in his own mind at their ample dimensions. I have generally observed that the proprietors of what Domine Sampson would have called "prodigious" pairs of whiskers, look on each other with a jealous eye. Of them it may be said with peculiar truth, that they can "bear no rival near the throne." Mr. Handley's facial appurtenances are so striking and ornamental, that I am pretty positive Colonel Sibthorpe would almost be inclined to exchange his luxuriant mustachios for them. Be this as it may, I am confident that Mr. Handley neither covets the whiskers of the noble lord nor the mustachios of the gallant colonel.

Mr. Handley is a respectable speaker, but nothing more. His articulation is distinct, though his delivery is somewhat rapid: his voice is clear, though not so powerful as one would suppose from the vigorous and robust appearance of his frame. Were he a good speaker otherwise, his commanding figure would add to the effect of his elocution. His style is plain; he seems to have no ambition to be considered an orator. He appears to aim more at utility than at brilliancy. There is nothing profound about his matter; but it has generally the attribute of good sense to recommend it. He often deals in statistical statements, in which he is usually clear and correct. He does not make long speeches. I do not recollect ever hearing him speak for more than three quarters of an hour at a time; he does not generally, even when addressing the House on his favourite agricultural topics, speak so long. Were he to speak more frequently, he would be sure to attain to a much more respectable station in the house. It is not however likely, as he is about his fiftieth year, that he will now be seized with any fit of ambition to possess an oratorical reputation in the House of Commons. As it is, he is always

listened to with attention. He has all the appearances of good nature. I never knew him engaged in any personal squabble with other hon. members. I have never heard him indulge in acrimonious observations when speaking of an opponent; nor have I heard any ill-natured remark made by any other members at his expense.

Mr. PHILIP JOHN HOWARD, the member for Carlisle, is one of the few English Roman Catholics in the house. He is a young man. I should suppose, judging from his appearance, that he is not above thirty years of age. He is a gentleman of decidedly liberal principles, without identifying himself with the extreme radical party in the house. His manners are most inoffensive: he appears to be full of good-nature. I never yet knew him take any part in any of the never-ending squabbles which take place in the house. His manners are so conciliatory as to disarm all hostility towards him. I have no recollection of any hon. member ever making use of a harsh expression in reference to him. There is, on some occasions, something approaching to softness in his demeanour, which circumstance, coupled with his feminine appearance and manner of expressing himself, occasionally causes a good deal of merriment when he rises to speak. In the middle of the present session, he went down one evening to the first row of benches on the ministerial side of the house, for the purpose of making a few remarks, with the view of vindicating the corporation of Carlisle from an attack which Lord Stanley had made on that body a few nights previously. But before doing so, he rose, and looked round him to see if any other hon. member was about to address the House. Observing no one on his legs to speak, though hon. gentlemen were walking about in dozens, he commenced in this way: "Mr. Speaker, as I see nothing, nor nobody at this time before the House, may I be permitted——" The infinite good-nature with which he began, coupled with the circumstance of his looking around him, as if wishing to re-assure himself that he was right, caused a universal laugh, which drowned the remainder of the sentence. He was about to proceed amidst a good deal of merriment and confusion, when the Speaker, observing that two of the Masters of Chancery had just entered the house with a message from the Lords, shouted as loud as he could, "Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms!" meaning that Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms should usher in the messengers with the usual ceremony. Mr. Howard, fancying, in the confusion of the moment that the speaker was calling on the Sergeant-at-Arms to take him into custody for some unconscious violation of the rules of the house, looked towards the Sergeant-at-Arms with unutterable surprise, mingled with some alarm. A universal roar of laughter, in which the Speaker joined, at once convinced Mr. Howard of his mistake, on which he heartily laughed at the fears which had so suddenly and ungroundedly taken possession of his mind. After the message from the Lords had been delivered, he again endeavoured to address the House, but had not proceeded far, when it was found that there being no question before it, he was out of order. He then resumed his seat, on which Lord Stanley, who had a reply ready to the anticipated speech, in justification of the attack he had made on the Carlisle Corporation, went over to the ministerial side of the house, and

seating himself beside Mr. Howard, and stretching his left arm along the top of the back part of the bench, against which the hon. gentleman reclined, he looked up most poetically in Mr. Howard's face—just as if he had been a lady into whose ear the noble lord was pouring a declaration of his love—and in that position continued for at least ten minutes, all the while endeavouring to justify his conduct in attacking the Corporation of Carlisle. Mr. Howard thus had the speech exclusively addressed to himself, which Lord Stanley had intended to deliver to the House, consisting at the time of about three hundred members.

Mr. Howard, in addition to a timid lady-like way of speaking when addressing the House, has a sort of lisp in his enunciation which sometimes has a ludicrous effect. In the discussion, about six weeks since, on the proposed abolition of the penny stamp on newspapers, Sir Robert Peel, speaking of the cheapest of the newspapers, called them by mistake penny papers. An hon. member on the ministerial side of the house, Mr. Wakley I think it was, corrected the right hon. baronet, by observing that there were no penny newspapers, on which Mr. Howard, taking off his hat, and starting to his feet as if he had made some important discovery, observed, "There's a Penny Magazine," pronouncing the last word "Magathine." The odd way in which the sentence was lisped out, in conjunction with the circumstances under which the remark was made, upset the gravity of the honourable members as effectually as ever Liston did an audience in the Olympic Theatre. So contagious did the laughter prove, that I believe not even Mr. John Richards, or Mr. Arthur Trevor, escaped.

I like to see Mr. Howard rise to address the House. He never tires his audience by long speeches. What he says is usually brief, and, generally to the purpose. He is not a man of comprehensive mind; he is incapable of grappling with first principles; but his matter is usually entitled to the praise of being good sense, and in some instances he displays considerable acuteness. He is not wordy; his diction is plain. If his ideas are not of a high order, he always gives his audience a fair allowance of them, considering the length of his speeches.

But what I chiefly like to see Mr. Howard rise to speak for, is the "jolly-looking" and ever-smiling countenance he presents to the House. He is cheerful even when sitting; but he becomes doubly so the moment he rises. It is almost impossible to look at him without being on good terms with him; for you see at once that he is on good terms with everybody around him. There are many hon. gentlemen on the Tory side of the house, who usually look very grave, or sulky, or cynical, or a mixture of all three together, on whose faces you see an attempt to look pleasant the moment their eye encounters the ever-laughing countenance of Mr. Howard. Even Mr. Roebuck himself, I believe, must plead guilty to having on repeated occasions, suffered an agreeable look to irradiate his physiognomy, when he has fixed his optics for some time on the member for Carlisle. His features, like his voice and manner, have a good deal of the feminine character about them. His complexion is clear, and has a healthful appearance. His face is round, but has nothing of corpulency about it. His hair

is light. In stature he is rather below the middle size. His person is well-proportioned, and he is altogether good-looking.

Mr. Howard does not speak often ; and even when he does address the House, it is but for a very short time. I have no recollection of ever having heard him make a speech which occupied more than five minutes in the delivery. The average duration of his speeches is from a minute and a half to two minutes. He deserves all praise for regular attendance on his parliamentary duties, and for the consistency of his political conduct.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

“ α μεγάλα μοι κοπρίς εὐπνῶντι παρεστα.”—κ. τ. λ.

By me while sleeping did tall Cypris stand,
Holding young Eros in her lovely hand—
His eyes downcast, inclining to the ground,
And in these words the mother utterance found :
“ Dear Shepherd, take my Eros to thy care
To teach in singing,” and did disappear.
Now I, as was my wont, without a thought,
The willing Eros pastoral ballads taught—
Fool that I was !—how Pan did first devise,
And join obliquely reeds of various size ;
And how Athené first inspired the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute—
Such did I teach : but heedless of my lore
He in his turn would amorous ditties pour—
His mother’s deeds ; and how the gods above,
And earth-born mortals, own the sway of love :
What I taught him long since I have forgot ;
But what Love sang to me—O I forget it not.

R. S. FISHER.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c. &c.

AFTER all my vain attempts, which I then thought I might, in some measure, attribute to the stiffness of my right arm, I grew silent and melancholy. I longed to talk, but dared not, for my thoughts were preying upon the future, the miserable future that awaited us. I could not, however, rally my spirits. It was no use on the part of Honoria telling me that she cared not for the fire, that she felt no want of it, and that we should have better success another day. Towards evening I grew perfectly miserable, and the sun of the second day of my sojourn on the island went down on my discontent. We neither of us supped—I, because my misery gave me a distaste for food—Honoria, because she saw me miserable.

Yet, subdued as I was in mind, and wearied in body, we did not fail to pray fervently before we retired to rest. When we had so done, I lifted my sister again into her sleeping berth, that felt, she told me, like what it was—a bed of down. I kissed her, prayed to God to bless her, and wished her good-night. I then lay down beneath her, on my bed of leaves, covered with cotton; and though infinitely better lodged than I was the previous night, it was long before I could sleep. Honoria did not this night complain of the never-ceasing moaning of the surf, but fell asleep almost immediately that she had laid herself down. I employed my restless hours in thinking over all manner of devices that I had ever heard of to procure fire. I had no method of concentrating the sun's rays by the means of lenses or glasses. I thought of all manner of fires of all manner of colours. Squibs, crackers, roman candles, and sky-rockets, danced before my mind's eye, but they afforded me no clue—I thought then of all manner of combustions, not forgetting that singular one called spontaneous. Even that afforded me no indications of the way to strike a light—for, if I had been inclined to make a bon-fire of myself, for the benefit of my sister, I had no spirits with which to saturate my body. At length I fairly fell asleep, among vain and mocking images of Greek fires, blazing ships, flashes of lightning, and flame-vomiting volcanoes. These glowing scenes must have occupied me through the whole night; for, it was well advanced in the morning when all these dreamings took a more peaceful and rural character, for their wild sublimity had dwindled to my fancying myself standing in some cockney-trodden fields near Islington, looking carefully on at a stack of damp hay on fire.

"I have found it!" shouted I, starting up from my sleep.

"Found what, my Ardent?" exclaimed my sister, poking her pretty face from out her stone bed-place in the rock.

"Found out how to make a good fire. Waking I am but a fool, but I am excellently wise in a dream. See, the sun is already high—

¹ Continued from p. 96.

to our baths and our breakfasts—this third day begins gloriously. My Honoria, we shall have a good fire, and roast muscles for dinner. We shall be happy yet. When we have once a good fire, I don't know what we may not do."

"Will it help us down some fresh cocoa-nuts?"

"To be sure it will. I'll make a fire round the bottom of the tree, and burn it till it falls."

"Then help me down, too, Ardent."

The next day found us overcome by lassitude and far from well. The fruit of faded cocoa-nuts grew disgusting to us. Water, pure blessed water, the next best gift to the sun that ever was vouchsafed to man was still a luxury to us. As if in mockery of our sufferings, this particular day seemed to be more gloriously beautiful than any of the preceding that we had passed in this solitary paradise.

We spent nearly the whole of the day in fruitless, and I must own languid, efforts to produce fire. Another painful annoyance was now added to our other misfortunes; our miserable salt-water-sodden shoes failed us utterly. We found the little that remained of them gall our feet so miserably that we preferred being barefoot. This confined us almost exclusively to the narrow margin of the smooth, hard, and cool sand, washed by the flowing of the sea; for the part from where the waves formed their weedy outline up to the bush, during the greater part of the day, was heated like an oven—to enter the bush was still worse. Every step was barred against us by myriads of vegetable spears, not certainly so large as that with which Goliath went out to meet the slinger-boy, but to our tender feet much more appalling.

Our miseries were thus closing in around us. On an island, perhaps on a continent, of vast extent, we were imprisoned to a small plane or slip of ground, and domiciled like seals in a sea cave. But alas! we could use neither the land nor the water like these amphibious monsters.

I judged of my own altered looks by those of Honoria. Pale, languid, yet resigned, whenever I was not occupied in traversing to and from the spring, to fetch for her a fresh supply of its ice-cold water, or renewing my childish attempts to create fire, she sate by me, her head reclining upon my shoulders.

And my reflections were very bitter, even unto death. My own helplessness—my utter worthlessness, was the severest goad to my stricken soul. There seemed to be nothing before my eyes but a lingering death to both, and the direst madness to the one that might but for a little while survive the other.

I heaped unutterable scorn upon my own head. I, a man, in the vigour of my youth, once so proud of my activity and the grace and power of my person, was then placed in an Elysium to starve by slow degrees—with whom?—my sister: whose existence was the one great pulse of my heart! Despicable Ardent! The Indian, whose whole vocabulary of language consisted of the jabbering of a few words, would be twice a king—an hero, an angel—to what I was. Even the small green monkeys, that flung themselves in their wildness from tree to tree, placed as I was, were my superiors.

For one moment I utterly disbelieved all the statements that I had

ever read or heard of concerning persons wrecked like ourselves upon desolate places. The next, I gave them the fullest credit, and heaped unmeasurable infamy on my head, for being so much weaker, and so much less inventive than my fellow-men. I was a prey to every contending feeling that could disgust me with my own existence, which, seeing the fragile and exceedingly lovely being near me, I dared not leave.

I must here remark, that, as far as my observations extended, the place we were in was totally free both from mosquitoes and sand-flies, those more than Egyptian plagues. Had these been added, we should doubtless have sunk under our wretchedness.

Towards the evening my sister slept. Burning with indignation at my inutility, and harrowed by self-reproach, in spite of the burning sand beneath my feet, and the risk of noxious and venomous reptiles under the covert of the jungle, I determined to seek some other food that might tempt her appetite, and which, from similarity of appearance to those with which I was acquainted, I should suppose to be wholesome. Both the plantain and the banana, I felt assured, from the description I had read of them, I should know when seen. I had already met with a noble looking plant that had large leaves, which I supposed to be a species of plaintain; I also thought that I should not be mistaken in the guavre.

In penetrating the thicket that belted the sand I suffered much; but when I got more in the interior, and found both the trees and shrubs of a larger growth, my advance was much less difficult. I passed by many fruits of a most tempting appearance. Some of them I tasted without swallowing. They proved mostly to be cool to the palate, and of a mild subacid taste. Enticed by the brilliancy of the foliage on my right, I proceeded to that quarter, and, to my inexpressible joy, found not only a great profusion of bananas, but also many water-melons. With these delicious fruits I provided myself amply, and before Honoria awoke I had the extreme pleasure of arranging them near her.

A few minutes before the sun disappeared behind the lofty mountains to the westward, Honoria arose in a fever of thirst. How deliciously grateful was the expression of her mild blue eyes, as they fell first on the fruit and then dwelt upon mine! Our souls had a felicity of their own, independent of our bodies. This blessed feeling seemed to us an assurance that, when our immortal essences should be separated from their corporeal incumbrances, the most ineffable bliss awaited us. Thus Nature confirmed to us the benign lessons that Faith had previously taught.

That evening we both ate plentifully of our new diet, and the breathings of gratitude prevailed in our prayers before we retired to our respective sleeping-holes for the night.

The next day we were both ill—miserably ill—alas! how wretchedly ill! We could scarcely, supporting each other, crawl, on the next morning, to the coolness of our grotto. Much of the fruit remained from the last night, yet neither of us seemed inclined to eat. The cry was for water.

The concentrated pangs of a nation perishing by the plague could

not be greater than was the throb that wrung my heart just before I fainted, in my vain attempt to reach the spring. I thought I felt that death was folding me to his bosom. The horrid thought of leaving my helpless companion to expire by slow starvation aroused all my energies to struggle with the overwhelming conqueror. Then, as I found myself grow more and more weak at every effort to rally my pulse and my respiration once more to their wonted duties, there came, with the certainty of my defeat, the illimitable, the ineffable misery.

But I recovered, and my recovery brought back some portion of my strength. I was able, at length, to reach the water, and bear back with me an ample supply for the fast-sinking sufferer in the grotto.

"You have been long, my Ardent."

"Have I? But it is by absence from each other that we measure time. Is it not so, my sister?"

"Truly, dear brother. It was wrong in me to remark it. O my God! how is it thy divine pleasure that this will end?"

"Let us trust to that Providence. See, Honoria, everything around us breathes of beauty. The breezes come in upon us here, through those noble and eternal arches, bearing to us a thousand fragrant odours, cooled by passing over the rippling sea. Mark how wantonly happy the fish—how intensely happy these beautifully-plumaged birds appear to be."

"You are very kind, Ardent, and all that you say is very true. But I am so ill——"

"It will be temporary—it must soon pass. In this land of loveliness, sickness or suffering ought not to be. It seems like an absurdity, an anomaly, to mention them amidst these glorious scenes. But woe is mine! I comfort you not, my Honoria."

"You do, indeed, Ardent. My pain, my misery, seems to be strangely, as it were, only on the surface of my being, whilst there runs below it a strong, a vivifying, and abounding stream of bliss—and that bliss seems to me identified, O my Ardent! with your being. Speak on—your words are very sweet to me."

"When we become acclimated to this place, my Honoria, and accustomed to a purely vegetable diet, our strength will return, and with it our health and spirits, and then—and then——"

"What then, Ardent?"

"Why, then we shall be happy—very happy, of course. We will never speak, though, of the future. Let us say constantly to each other, are we not happy now? Let each hour be sufficient to itself. Can we then be unhappy?"

"But how is all this to end? How is it to end?"

"That is the very question that we are never to ask. Do you understand me, ever dear Honoria?"

"Yes, I think I do—I was wrong—I am always doing or saying something wrong—unintentionally, believe me. Pardon me, for I fear that I grow worse. We shall die, both of us."

"Had you said I shall die, you would have afflicted me greatly, my beloved. To associate me with you, in death as in life, is most kind. Do you know that, had we but health and the means of living here in this sequestered elysium,

‘ The world forgetting, by the world forgot,’

I should almost dread our return to the sordid haunts of man.”

“ Why should that separate us ? Vain speech, we shall die here—I must sleep.”

But why should I recount the many days of illness through which we languished ? One day better—the next worse. Even Honoria’s transcendent beauty was fast melting away. The skeleton stood out terrifically distinct. Her hair became matted—her voice hollow—the purity of her skin was all but absorbed by the multitude of freckles that spread over it. Indeed, nothing remained of her surpassing beauty but her large blue eyes. They grew more lustrous, and more intensely blue. They seemed to me, as she wasted away, to increase in size. Whenever I looked upon them, my heart wept blood.

For myself, I was a hideous spectacle. My complexion, which was naturally dark, had, in every place that was exposed to the sun, become nearly black, or of a fierce reddish black hue. The lower part of my face was covered with bushy hair. Whilst the appearance of Honoria was too human—for it reminded you of death, and of the grave—mine was scarcely human at all. I also was wretchedly emaciated and gaunt. We may be truly said to have lived for each other ; for had not one been alive, the other would have laid down quietly to die.

And yet—all the accounts of shipwrecked persons upon uninhabited places cannot be false—why, then, was our condition so much more wretched than theirs ? I can only answer that I must have been most weakly constituted as to inventiveness of mind, or have been so thoroughly an aristocrat, that I was destined from my cradle to live upon the labour of other men’s hands. It was most evident, that, even under the most favourable auspices, I could not live upon the labour of my own.

As we neither of us increased in strength, we began seriously to think that our last hour was rapidly approaching. Then arose those mysterious feelings of innate modesty, that never leave woman until every other virtue has left her. Though both Honoria and myself were thrown upon this coast nearly in the same plight as to dress, when, in a short time, I was nearly all rags, she had contrived still to keep her sailor’s jacket, trousers, and waistcoat, about her, so as to wear a decent appearance. How she managed this, with none of the implements of housewifery, a woman only can tell. Latterly, whilst I had been used to sit idly, plunged in despondency, she had employed herself, ill as she was, in plaiting many yards of strong sinnet, out of the fibrous coverings of the cocoa-nut.

I took no note of time. It must have been at least a fortnight that we thus lingered on. At length, death seemed inevitable, and not only inevitable, but a consummation to be ardently wished for. Honoria said that she knew she should die first ; she declared if, by some miracle, her powers of endurance should exceed mine, that she could not survive me an hour. But what now she most dreaded, that made almost her only present misery, was the idea that, after death, she should lay unburied and exposed.

To all my reasonings upon making this a source of uneasiness to her during our apparently short stay in this world, she listened not only unconvinced, but impatiently. At length, hiding her face in my bosom, and bursting into tears, she asked me to dig a grave for her.

When once the request was made, it was unceasingly urged. She would assist me to the last remnant of her strength. She could undergo every torture but the idea of lying defenceless upon the naked sands. It was in vain that I beseeched her to look upon the grotto; or the crevice in the rock, as a larger tomb. She must be hidden from sight—and that, too, in a place where, in all probability, no human eye had wandered, or ever would wander. The occupation of digging our own graves! It must, however, be done.

Many through affectation, many through a deep religious feeling, have, during the hours of vigorous life and health, prepared for themselves the receptacles of death. But feeling or affectation was altogether foreign to my nature. I think that then I feared not death, yet I loved not to contemplate it. Oh! then I bitterly cursed my helplessness!

With feeble and tottering steps we passed from the sand to where the green turf encroached upon it. If rural beauty could reconcile one to graves, we soon found a spot that would leave us nothing to wish for in living. It was just where the spring, rushing forward to the dark clear pool in the sand, that absorbed all its waters, made a pretty bound from the ledge of a miniature rock, of about two feet, into a basin formed of rounded and very small pebbles beneath. Just here, there was no tree of any lofty growth, yet the place was surrounded by the most superbly flowering bushes; the sward was green with the richest verdure, and gorgeous with many flowers. It was secluded, even amongst the universal solitude. It was a retreat that spoke of peace, though not of silence. It was here, then, that we destined that our remains should amalgamate with the generous soil, and exhale away in myriads of flowers.

When we had resolved upon this, Honoria's spirits strangely rose. She told me that she felt as if the door of a friendly house was open to her—with her spirits, a little of her lost appetite returned to her. She was, in a few hours, evidently in better health. Yet was she angry when I hinted to her, that the finding and the digging of her grave would be the means of making it unnecessary for her. She persisted in it that we must soon die, and entreated that we might lose no time in making our departure decorous.

I once thought that I had some energy of character. I deceived myself. My nature is, and must ever have been, weak and pusillanimous. Yes, it was necessary for me in order to be brave or active, or even intelligent, to receive strong excitement from without. I had no mental mind, no noble resources within me to draw upon. Why did I suffer, why join in this miserable mockery—this childish playing at grave-making? Every nerve, every pulse that I had, ought to have been urged to the utmost in the endeavour to sustain and invigorate my dying sister—fool, coward that I was.

We procured for each of us a couple of large flat shells from the

beach, where they were in abundance ; we then marked out the limits, and began to scoop out the earth. The mould at first was dark in colour, and very light in ponderosity, and was plainly nothing more than a foot or two of decayed leaves, and other vegetable matter, resting upon the rock.

Our work went on but slowly, and for two days. It is most certain that we improved in health, and began to eat the various fruits that we now adventured upon more freely, with a relish unknown to us before. We also slept soundly, and the third day I became heartily ashamed of my occupation."

"Come, Honoria," said I, as we both arose at sunrise, "no grave-making to-day. It is a detestable occupation, and I am sick of it."

"Well, Ardent, to please you, we will only work one hour now, before the sun grows too hot, and an hour in the cool of the evening. That will be delightful."

"No I thank you, sister. Delightful!—hum. I think it would be much more delightful, if we could each of us get a draught of sweet cocoa-nut milk. There it hangs, tempting us, while we are grubbing like worms in the dirt. We can but fail, after all—and then, if you please, we will employ the cool hour of the evening in trying to climb up the rock at the right hand, and thus discover in what manner of place we are. Let us rouse ourselves, and we shall then be able to do without graves."

"As you please, Ardent. I hope this show of strength and courage will last. I feel myself a little better—but depend upon it our case is hopeless. Could you but see yourself, so great is the change in your appearance, you would be affrighted."

"Well, sister, let us not bandy compliments. To our prayers—then each to our respective baths—and then to a cocoa-tree. Whilst a piece of flesh remains upon my hands or feet, I will attempt to climb the lowest."

In another half hour, behold us again standing under the tree that had so much baffled us before. We looked up. The lowest branch of fruit was, at least, five-and-thirty feet above my head. We could not play the magnanimous fox, and stalk away, pronouncing the unattainable fruit to be sour. Yet as we looked up beseechingly, the fable struck me, and I could not forbear mentioning it to Honoria. She smiled, for the first time for many days.

"By that sweet smile, Honoria, I will mount that tree, or lie down and die at its roots."

"No rash vows, Ardent, or you'll get no more smiles. Shall I help you again?"

"Yes, dear—now for it."

"No, no, you naughty boy. You shall stand no more upon my poor shoulders. Let me show you a better way. Tie knots in this plaiting that I have made for you. Fasten a piece of rock to it, and throw it up till it catches between the branches, close to the trunk of a tree."

"Excellent, you are my guardian angel," and I kissed her with rapture. A few attempts, and the upper part of the line was safely jammed. I then tied it tightly round the base of the trunk, and with

but little difficulty, but with great pain, I soon found myself in the bosom of the tree. I left none of the nuts there.

I also took advantage of my elevated position to make some observations on the nature of the place in which we were confined. I made no new discovery, except that the forest grew very thickly behind us. I then descended. My feet were covered with blood. Blistered before by the heat of the sands, every knot that I had trodden upon, or rather embraced with the soles of my feet, had torn away the skin, and inflicted a wound. Skilfully as Honoria had plaited the fibres of the cocoa-nut husks, it was, after all, but a rough and a very prickly line.

My sister was more grieved at the state of my feet, than rejoiced at the number of plentiful and refreshing meals that I had procured. However, I made light of the matter, and swaddling my feet with some portion of my shirt, tied round and round by this invaluable sinnet, we repaired to the grotto, and, considering all things, that day we fared sumptuously. Having been wounded, I assumed airs accordingly, and rebelled against grave-digging. We then employed the rest of the day in plaiting line, and in tolerably cheerful conversation.

On the following day, the spirit of ingenuity seemed to have descended upon us. We repaired to our grotto as usual, and there my genius took so rash a flight, that I actually took measure of Honoria's naked feet for a pair of sandals. Even if we could contrive to fabricate one pair between us, we should have gained something. We had the means of fastening them to our feet, but the difficulty was to procure the soles. Inspired, no doubt, by St. Crispin, and conjuring my still weakly sister not to remove from the coolness of the grotto until I had returned, with my bandaged feet I contrived to penetrate farther than I yet had done into the wood that belted us towards the interior.

It was my first intention to cut down a large branch of a tree with my penknife, one that would have been of a sufficient volume to have allowed me to cut out a sole. But my only implement, my penknife, gave such evident signs of breaking, and the labour seemed so interminable, that I was forced to relinquish this notable project. However, I cut myself a long wand, of about the thickness of my thumb, with several hooks upon it, and then proceeded to bark some of the largest trees with my penknife, in hopes to find some thick and stout enough for my purpose of shoe-making. I thought that I had succeeded. I next loaded myself with as much fruit as I could conveniently carry, and, after an absence of five hours, I returned, weary but joyous, to our marine drawing-room.

How shall I describe my astonishment and my admiration at what I then beheld. My sister was decked in the prettiest mother of pearl sandals that could be conceived. At first, I really thought that she had been visited by some wonderful mortal. With what disgust I now looked upon my specimens of various barks, that it had taken me so many hours to procure.

"What mermaid, what nymph of the sea has been with you, thus sweetly and gracefully to deck out my love?" I exclaimed, as seated upon a natural bench, she thrust out coquettishly, the prettiest little sandalled foot in the world—albeit, that it was dreadfully freckled,

and very, very red. "Who has thus made graceful this blessed foot?" said I, taking it up and kissing its high and classically-turned instep. "What nymph of the dark green ocean caves has made this offering to my innocent sister?"

"Ardent, the same being will make you a pair. I assure you that they are very cool to the soles of the feet."

To make these very picturesque sandals, she had merely taken two of the large flat, mother-of-pearly shells with which the beach abounded, chipped, and then ground them against the rock into the shape of the sole of her feet. To fasten them she had perforated the edges in about four or five places on each side, and then passed a small plait of cocoa-nut fibres, over and across the foot, much in the manner in which skates are fastened on. This adaptation answered excellently for the rocky pavement of our grotto, and the hard sand on the margin of the sea. On the loose sand it was nearly useless, and not more available in the bush. However, flushed as we were with the success of our first attempt, we hoped soon to be enabled to see ourselves elegantly and usefully shod.

The rest of the afternoon we were particularly cheerful, though we consumed most of it in abortive attempts to produce fire. We never alluded to grave-digging the livelong day.

On the following morning I made a great improvement in my cocoa-line, by which I ascended the trees. Instead of knots in the rope, I now tied pieces of stick transversely, in the manner that boys make the tails of their kite. But this was not all. On this memorable day I procured for us the first animal food that we had tasted for nearly a month. We had long been tantalized by observing all day long, from the very steps as it were of our grotto, in the clear water beneath us, abundance of muscles, oysters, and other shell fish, attached to the edges and sides of the rocks. Under my direction, Honoria soon made a net-like bag, clumsy enough to look at, certainly, but sufficient for our purpose. This I attached to the end of my long hooked stick, and very soon rasped off the tenacious gentlemen, who dropped, with their houses, generally, into the bag that I had so hospitably prepared for them.

Here was a luxurious addition to our usual fare. However, this happy event had nearly been attended with disastrous consequences. In my haste to offer the first fruits of my ingenuity to Honoria, I imprudently made use of my penknife with which to open the oyster. I had nearly broken this, to us, invaluable instrument. It was saved only by the presence of mind of my sister. How important the merest trifles had become to us. We now chipped the edges of the shells, until we found them open enough to introduce another shell, and thus we managed extremely well. I began to think that we were Robinson Crusoeing it admirably. The fire, the fire, would that we could make a fire! Gladly would I have welcomed a storm of thunder and lightning, for the chance that the latter might blast and fire the trunk of some old tree.

Hitherto, the weather had been delicious. Hot, certainly, intensely hot, during the middle of the day, but this only made our cool marine retreat the more luxurious. Yet we had hardly seen a cloud flit over the deep and eternal blue above us. The dews fell copiously during

the night, but from these we were well sheltered. On the whole, I must say, that habit had tended to ameliorate our situation to us, and I began to conceive vast projects. I had even come to the resolution, when the wounds on my feet were healed, and I had inured myself to go barefoot, that I would arm myself with a pointed stake, and make myself a second Nimrod in the woods.

Two more days passed happily enough in climbing cocoa-nut trees, hooking up oysters, and making plait and resolves. On the second of these days, towards evening, for the first time since our being cast on this shore, the weather grew chilling, the large belt of surf at seaward rose mountainously, and the rain descended, less in drops, than in wide and thin sheets of water. The waves now leaped the reef merrily, and came tumbling in upon our sequestered beach. They soon hissed and bellowed through the fissures of our grotto. I had hardly time to save many yards of excellent sinnet that were lying upon the floor. This beautiful grotto afforded us a shelter no longer. The waters dashed through it, and fairly drove us from it. We were expelled, and forced to wander up, through the descending torrents of rain, to the inland rocks, in the clefts of which we had hitherto made our bed-places. Wet, and dispirited, I could do nothing better than lay Honoria in her niche, and plucking as many green and leave-clothed branches as I could, endeavoured by their means to keep out the cold and searching wind.

But everything was saturated with moisture. The branches themselves, though they impeded the free ingress of the chill blast upon the poor girl, were themselves laden with water. I slept not all that night, but walked through the driving rain to and fro, before my sister's resting-place, or when I heard her voice, stopped to converse with her. She uttered no word of complaint, but just as the day broke, she told me, that though she felt very stiff, she found herself much disposed to sleep.

With the rising of the sun, the wind and rain went down, and the air grew again warm, balmy, and genial. The surf on the reef still moaned out its thunders, which were all the tokens that remained of the storm of the last night. Indeed, as it grew warmer, the fragrance from the flowers and shrubs became inspiring to the highest degree. Whilst Honoria still slept, I lifted her from out the wet cavity which was her resting place, and laid her on the driest spot that I could find.

Her slumbers were long and lethargic. It began to grow hot, and I would have aroused her, but I found it nearly impossible. As the day advanced, I was obliged to move her from place to place in order to procure the necessary shade for her. I felt myself to be ill, stiff, and very weary. I had watched all night. I bore up, as well as I was able, against my increasing drowsiness. At length I could no more, and I sank down in sleep beside her.

My blood crept slowly through my veins, as if each drop would petrify with horror, when Honoria awoke me, by kneeling over and shaking me violently by the shoulders. There was no doubting the wild and over-eager look. The thin and transparent cheek was flaming with fever—there was the strength of madness in the clutch of her bony fingers. The pang of disease was upon her young heart.

"Up, sleeper," she exclaimed, whilst the words grated harshly through her thin and black encrusted lips. "Up, our hour is come at last, and the bed is not prepared. We may be excused for not wearing the wedding garment in this desolate spot. To the grave, loiterer—and perhaps the Great Being who clothes the birds of the air, may Himself find a shroud for us. Up, sir—to work, to work, to dig and to delve."

I have sinned greatly. At that moment I wished sudden death to both of us. Dare I record it? I must—I contemplated it. As I arose, and lifted her up in my arms, and threw one of them about her neck fondly, my accursed fingers began tampering with her white and wasted throat. Yet I never loved her more enthusiastically.

How fervently I prayed to my God, as I bore her along to the cool spring, either to annihilate us at once by the sudden blast of his lightning, or enable me to resist temptation. As she eagerly drank the refreshing waters, and, as with them I laved her hot hands and her parched brow, she looked upon me madly, gratefully. But still the burden of her mind was the grave. She could say nothing but—"To the grave—to the grave!"

I was compelled to comply. There was no other method of soothing her. I went to the dismal work almost as mad as herself. How frantically she urged me to hasten! She evidently knew me no more. She told me of the large sums of money that she would give me—that they were still on board the *Santa Anna*—but that I had only to mention her name, and that I should be enriched for life—but I must dig faster, faster. Then she would laugh faintly at the idea of superintending her own burying-place, but she appealed to me if she could help it.

"You are but an ill-favoured and dark-browed man, indeed—I affect not such bushy beards—you are hideous to a degree—so unlike my beautiful Ardent, my dear brother. Make the pit large enough for my father, and my mother, and my Ardent too—they'll all be here in time—though, as I trust in God's mercy, I know not where any of them are, except my poor miserable self. You'll lay me next to Ardent; but make haste—make haste. The wild dog shall not tear my limbs—yes, yes, we will balk the wolf—the hyena shall not dismember me; but hasten—they come—they come—hark! I hear them—wicked man, they are upon me, and my grave is not ready—I will not curse you!" She fell to the ground motionless.

Was I also mad? I jumped upon my feet. I threw away the shell with which I had been labouring with my utmost strength. I beat my temples with my clenched hands. Were the wild dog, and the wolf, and the hyena, really rushing down upon us? Mad or not, there was, indeed, the sharp shrill howl of the beast of prey, and the deep loud bark, and shouts of unearthly tones.

And then there was a crash in the underwood; a small animal of the panther kind leaped the streamlet, and passed away like the wind; and, the next instant, Jugurtha was at my feet in the shallow grave, and Bounder racing in mad circles around us.

My first impulse was to fall upon the neck of my black brother and weep. It was but instantaneous—"There, my Jugurtha, she is not yet dead—save her!"

He seized my hands, and kissed them, gave a short mournful howl, started upon his feet, seized the body of Honoria in his arms, and carrying her as he would a child, bore her through the thicket at a pace that left me out of sight in a few minutes.

However, the sagacious dog remained with me, and, amidst a profusion of caresses, led my way onward. For at least two miles we went through a wooded country; we then entered upon a savannah, which was bounded by a river of considerable breadth. In a bending of one of its sweeps, and embowered in a natural grove of banyans and plantains, stood a wigwam, and two smaller erections beside it. I had been too much torn by contending emotion to be much astonished. I concluded, as I saw a column of thin smoke ascending from the midst of all this, that the land was inhabited, and that we were approaching an Indian village. I suffered considerably in this hurried journey, and was in a state but little short of fainting, when I reached the door-way of this comfortable dwelling. I had barely strength to stagger to something that formed a seat, covered with a rich fur-skin, and drink copiously from a calabash filled with excellent milk, and to observe Honoria, still breathing, extended upon a sort of couch, than, overcome by mental and bodily fatigue, I fell into a deep slumber.

I knew but little of what passed for many days. I had been the victim of the same fever that had attacked my sister; and the first coherent vision that was permitted to me, was the exquisite bliss of seeing her, much improved in looks, gliding about me, and tenderly officiating as my nurse. I was very happy then; and, in the pleasing lassitude that followed my fever, I troubled myself about nothing. It was sufficient bliss for me to hold Honoria by the hand, to pat Bounder upon the head, and to catch a glimpse of Jugurtha's broad grin of intense pleasure.

In my convalescence, and before I had strength to rise from my bed, for such it might fairly be called, from all the excellent accommodations that surrounded me, I concluded that Honoria and myself had been wrecked upon the unfrequented part of some one of the partially civilised Society, or Friendly Islands. I was furnished with milk, good soup, several kinds of broiled meat and fish, and something closely resembling bread. When, one day, Honoria brought me a calabash of a light and pleasing kind of wine, I was completely satisfied, in my mind, that I was in, or near, a society somewhat advanced in the arts of civilisation. I was never more deceived in my life.

Everything about, and around us, was the creation of Jugurtha. The first day that I was enabled, by resting on the arm of Honoria, to walk abroad, I found myself in a rural paradise. By clearing away a few shrubs, a beautiful walk had been made along the margin of the river, and seated there, the picture of happiness in black, I saw Jugurtha making fishing-traps of wicker work, and using a sharpened shell for trimming his work, which seemed to cut quite as well as a common knife. The moment that he saw us, he flung away his work, ran up to us, and would have knelt and kissed our hands. I took him in my arms and embraced him very, very tenderly, at which Honoria laughed very heartily. How that laugh rejoiced the inmost recesses of my heart! It was the soul-stirring herald of returning happiness.

"No, no, Jugurtha," said I, "you are here my sovereign—my lord and king. I must acknowledge that, my dear Jug—and here's Honoria laughing at us. Now, Jugurtha, who helped you to build all this beautiful place? Our neighbours, I suppose, are very friendly."

Jugurtha, to this question, grinned more vividly than I ever saw him before, and showed more white teeth. I never counted them, but I verily believe that he had a few more dentals than is the usual lot of mortals. When he was very much pleased, the extension of his black lips seemed to be infinite; but however extended they were, I always found them well lined with the purest ivory. Jugurtha not only grinned, but jumped, and capered, and tossed up his chin, and finished his pantomime by pointing to Honoria.

She also did nothing but laugh, and I, of course, gave myself the credit of being the cause of their mirth.

"Well, sister, I have no objection to hilarity. I rather like it—especially when one is permitted to share in it. But how, my love, do you intend to pay for those handsome and ample Turkish trousers? I suppose that you have given your promissory note for them at the European store in the next village."

As all these grave reflections tended but to increase the mirth of those to whom they were addressed, I allowed the laughter that I had excited to subside of itself. Now, as Honoria had spent much time, and very laudably too, in teaching Jugurtha to talk with his hands, and had also caused him to make considerable progress in writing, he was able to converse with her more readily than with any other person, and my prolonged illness, after her rapid recovery, was fully employed in these conversations, in which one only spoke.

It was long before I could believe Honoria's assurances that everything I saw had been produced solely by the industry and ingenuity of Jugurtha within the space of three little months. How I felt myself debased in my own estimation! Each of us were thrown on shore, under nearly or perhaps actually the same circumstances: I had almost, with my sister, been starved to death, whilst the despised negro had created an Eden of plenty around him. Of course I was burning to learn the means he had used, and in what his immense superiority over me consisted. I therefore shortened my walk, and begged Jugurtha to show me how he contrived what had baffled me, in all my pride of an European education to kindle fire.

Jugurtha obeyed readily, but with no smile of contemptuous exaltation. How great was my astonishment to observe him pluck away two pieces of green branches, apparently taking without selection the first that came to hand, and, gathering a bunch of dry grass, commence rubbing the green wood over it. In a very short time the friction produced a fine powder, which, being blown up, immediately ignited and set the grass in a blaze. The wild, thought I, is, after all, the wise man. My reflections upon this simple event were anything but soothing to my vanity.

In a few days I was restored to perfect health, and then I began my examinations of all the natural and artificial wonders that I saw around me. We will, most certainly, begin with my sister, who, with the exception of being much freckled, never appeared more gloriously beautiful. Her emaciation had entirely disappeared, and she was in exuberant health.

She wore on her head, when abroad, a very fanciful cap, studded all over with small feathers of the most dazzling hue, so closely connected together that the material upon which they were affixed could not be ascertained. The whole was surmounted by a bunch, or we should rather say plume, of large feathers, that drooped, coquettishly enough, over the right ear. When, to this, my sister would add a band of the freshest flowers, methought that no jewelled coronet was ever more graceful or more dignified. For vest, she had some remains of her blue jacket, upon which was attached, in wide stripes, from the two shoulders converging to the point before her which terminated that portion of her dress, several soft and rich-looking skins. She wore a pair of ample Turkish trowsers, made of ribs of cloth, roughly sewed together, by the means of cocoa-plait, which cloth was merely the bark of the wild mulberry-tree, beaten out upon a rock, wet with salt water, then cleared from its outer cuticle, and afterwards cut into long strips. The texture of this natural linen was not much coarser than that of the manufacture employed in England for kitchen towels. The colour was of a dull whity brown, but Jugurtha was actively employed in preparing dyes from plants and berries, with the natures of which he was acquainted, in order to exercise his skill in fanciful adorning, upon a new pair, that was already in a state of great forwardness.

My sister's pretty little ankles were nearly concealed by a pair of half boots, the upper part of which was formed of a sun-dried skin, with the long brown fur outside; the soles were of the same skin, fastened to shapes of drift wood, chiselled out by sharp shells, and rendered perfectly smooth by a file made of a branch of coral. The upper and lower part of this buskin was attached by a clear strong gum that exuded plentifully from a tall tree with very small leaves. Honoria assured me that they fitted her feet perfectly, and she was never more at ease in them in her life. Besides, they were not only tight against wind and dust, but almost water-tight also. They were free from all bad odour, and, the only objection that the most fastidious could find against them was, that they were a little larger (to the eye only) than necessary, and had a somewhat clumsy appearance. I longed devoutly for a similar pair.

With a long bow, made of a dark wood, and arrows of reed, tipped with flint-pebble or sharp pieces of shell, shaped for the purpose, she stood the Diana of these favoured climes. She had already taken several lessons in archery during my confinement to the hut, and had made so much progress as to have wounded an edible rat so severely, that he was unable to make his escape; so that Jugurtha killed, and Bounder ate him.

The house, or rather our principal room, was formed like most of those which every one conceives to be the first efforts at architecture under a genial climate. It was an oblong square, the walls of which were composed of a few upright branches fixed in the ground, slightly bound together by the smaller twigs, and the whole made air and water tight by the broad and thick leaves of the sugar-cane and the cocoa-nut tree. The shelving roof, from one long pole in the centre, supported by uprights in the middle of the hut, was made nearly in the same manner, and thatched with precisely the same materials. The ground of the inside had been raised against these frail walls,

nearly a foot all round, which served much to strengthen their foundations. This embankment Jugurtha had trampled down hard, and covered with small leaves, and the finest dried grass, together with the soft woolly matter, plucked from the wild cotton-trees. On this he laid a profusion of skins. He had already hunted down and trapped a great many wild dogs and other small animals of prey.

The very day after he had brought us home, Jugurtha began doubling the walls of his house and filling the space between them with clay, which the heat of the sun soon turned into a consistence almost as firm as burnt brick.

As my health rapidly improved, we soon became active together. From sunrise to sunset we were continually and usefully employed. Jugurtha wanted us to act the prince and princess, and remain at home in dignified idleness. To this neither Honoria nor myself would consent. There was so much for us to do, and the pleasure was so great in doing it.

Our first care was to build a separate house for my sister. To make this commodious and even beautiful, as regarded our means and the climate, was our greatest anxiety. We began by making the side-walls loftier, and improved upon Jugurtha's first building by leaving in them spaces for a window on each side, for the door was the only means by which light and air could find its way into our present abode. Not knowing to what extent the cold might annoy us in the rainy season, after some expostulation, I carried my point with my black friend, and we attempted a fire-place of stones, and baked clay within the apartment.

The chimney was next to be erected. I was for constructing it in the cyclopean style of architecture. Jugurtha made me understand that this would not succeed in a climate subject, like this, to such fearful bursts of hurricane. We then commenced it with bricks of sun-dried clay, a groove being left in the bottom and a corresponding elevation on the top of the brick. The ends of each were likewise contrived so as to dove-tail.

We worked at this edifice *con amore*, but it did not, of course, preclude us from other occupations. We conversed but little with each other; which silence was, I believe, an involuntary and unconscious tribute, on our parts, to poor Jugurtha's inability to speak. Our food was most abundant and various, and we throve upon it wonderfully.

Honoria's house, or rather room, was, in the space of a couple of months, completely finished. The stone stove answered well, and the chimney did not smoke. At length, she gave her first party in it with a great deal of dignity. The table in the centre was a large slab of stone, nearly black, the upper surface of which Jugurtha had rubbed quite smooth, by grinding it with another stone still harder. It was in shape not quite square, nor quite round, nor quite oval, nor very angular, but partook largely of the merits of all these forms. It was elevated upon four substantial pedestals of rock, deeply imbedded in the floor. There was no chance of overturning the table, even in our wildest revelry. Nor could we more easily throw down the seats, as they also were of one consistency with the earth beneath them, hardened and well smoothed down. However, they were well covered

with small dry leaves, the wool of the wild cotton tree, and the furry skins of several small animals.

We had cups of the cocoa-nut shell in abundance, dishes of calabashes, vases, and cups and saucers of various sized and elegant shaped shells. We had the flesh of several animals, among which that of the wild hog, in its infancy, was the most prominent. Our fish was abundant, and our dessert would have shamed the table of an alderman.

To all this I must add, that no one knew better than Jugurtha how to tap the palm-tree, and by the means of due fermentation, turn its pleasant sap into a delicious wine. At this inaugural fête all the principal personages in the territory were invited, and no one so far forgot his gallantry and the duties of politeness as to stay away.

We sat down to our table a little after noon, and Honoria did the honours with a grace and dignity that could not be surpassed. Indeed, her attention to her distinguished guests was of that delicate and unremitting nature, that she washed the dishes with her own hands, and cleared the table after the repast herself, for the introduction of coffee. This day we, for the first time, abstained from all labour, not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of our feast. We felt ourselves independent and happy, and our happiness was manifested by our countenances, our voices, and our actions.

Of this party, so memorable in the annals of my life, Bounder was the first who forgot himself. In the exuberance of his enjoyment, he ate so much broiled pig, that he found he could not very well see out of his eyes, so he went to the door-way for more light, and shutting them, fell fast asleep in the sun.

Jugurtha, at various intervals, got up and danced, and was all the live-long day too much in a hurry to express himself by talking with his fingers. Yet, upon the whole, he expressed himself very well. Happiness, I really believe, could do no more for him.

Honoria was condescending enough to sing us a few Spanish and sprightly songs, to all of which her sable auditor danced and snapped his fingers. I made many profound observations, and several excellent speeches, and resolved, the next day, to shave myself, trusting to my penknife for the razor, and to Jugurtha's ingenuity for everything else.

I may safely assert, that the whole day was one of unclouded pleasure. A walk by moonlight alone, arm in arm with my sister, on the banks of the river, concluded the evening.

I saw her to the threshold of her new habitation. We had no occasion to knock for admittance, for, as yet, the door was not constructed. Indeed, against what had she to bar and lock herself, excepting the too cool winds of the heavens whenever they might blow, and, as yet, they had not chosen to be severe.

After having mutually bade God bless each other, the first uneasy thought of the livelong day, seemed by her parting expression to have attacked her. With a sigh from the depth of her heart she exclaimed, as she imprinted on my brow the sisterly kiss of peace and good night, "Oh! my beloved Ardent! how will all this end?"

"We are in the hands of God, Honoria; but remember, that is the only thought which I forbid you not only to dwell upon, but even to admit. We are happy now, my love. Let us thank God for that. Good-night."

MEMOIR OF THE ABBÉ SIEYES.

READ BEFORE THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MORAL AND POLITICAL
SCIENCE, BY M. MIGNET.

EMMANEUL JOSEPH SIEYES was born at Frejus, on the 3d of May, 1748. He was intended for the church, and it was in a theological seminary that this bold innovator, this proud, uncontrollable spirit received the rudiments of education. He completed his studies at Paris, and became a licentiate of Sorbonne. But his preparation for the priesthood formed only a part of his more comprehensive education. He came into life while the distinctive character of the eighteenth century was forming, and his mind drank in deeply the impressions of the age. He grew up in the midst of the intellectual ruins of the past, and saw its long-established tenets crumbling away one after another: he learned to reject the authority of tradition, and to confide in the reasoning powers of man. As he belonged to the second period of this century, when the rights of the understanding were acknowledged before those of society were as yet admitted, and when there existed a desire to pass on from ideas to reforms, Sieyes fixed on political institutions as the principal object of his careful examination and study. The social arrangements which were the result of conquest, he regarded as abuses, and the distinctions of unequal rank as injustice. He determined to pay no obedience but to the law, to acknowledge no superiority among men but that of merit.

He early felt the religion of right, and adopted with ardour the new doctrine of social equality, which was the political creed of the world, and to which Sieyes was a faithful adherent.

The works which most powerfully arrested his attention and harmonised with his taste, in early life, were those of a metaphysical character. "There are no books," he says himself, "which ever gave me more lively satisfaction than those of Locke and Condillac.*" He was at that time attentively occupied with the theory of language, the philosophical progress of the human mind, and the laws of the intellect. He thought much, but he wrote nothing. He examined the system of the economists, who placed the foundation of wealth, not on the labour of man, but on the productions of the soil. While he felt the superiority of their system over the old notions which prevailed on this subject, he still regarded it as narrow and insufficient.

Sieyes was at this period twenty-five years of age. He quitted Paris, in 1775, to reside in Brittany, where he had obtained the preferment of a canon. Soon after, the Bishop of Chartres sent for him, and appointed him, in succession, canon, vicar-general, and chancellor of his church. Wherever he went, he became an object of distinction, and the clergy of Brittany made choice of him as their deputy to the states of the province. The diocese of Chartres also elected him their consulting commissioner to the Upper Chamber of the Clergy of

* Notice sur la vie de Sieyes, p. 8. Paris, chez Muradat, 1794.

France. M. Sieyes bore his part in the general government of a body which had furnished the monarchy with some of its most able politicians, and which was destined to produce some of the most remarkable leaders of the revolution. Here he learned the management of affairs, and the metaphysician became a minister of state and politician.

He divided his time between his public duties and his studies; spending part of every year in the country with the Bishop of Chartres; and it was there he gave himself up to profound meditation upon the organisation of society and the mechanism of government. He followed neither the historical school of Montesquieu nor the logical school of Rousseau: while he decidedly objected to the form of government hitherto established in France, he was equally opposed to a pure democracy. His preference was given to a representative democracy.* He was of opinion that this political system established the rights of all the citizens, and placed at the head of the state, and at the helm of affairs, such men as were the most competent to direct them. He thought, in opposition to Rousseau, that the individual was the object, and not the instrument merely, of the government: in short, that the man stood before the citizen, right before the law, eternal morality before the mutable and fluctuating rules of social bodies. He desired to have a monarchy, but he wished for a restricted monarchy, crowning, not supporting, the edifice. To him the old forms of society appeared like inverted pyramids, which were to be replaced upon their base. Proceeding from the framing of theories to their application, he had not only settled the principles, but the language to be employed. The following anecdote will illustrate this remark:—In 1788, in one of his frequent journies from Paris to Chartres, he was one day walking in the Champs-Élysées with one of the most illustrious members of the Academy. He saw an act of brutality committed by the guard, then serving in the Place of Police at Paris. A woman was selling her small wares in a part of the Champs Élysées which she could not properly occupy, and the guard was driving her away by force. All the passers by stopped, and joined in outcries and murmurs. Sieyes, who was one of the number, exclaimed, "*There will be no more of this when we have national guards in France.*"

The moment shortly arrived when the coteremporaries of Sieyes, bent upon the boldest and most complete innovations, employed him to represent their desires and to draw up their thoughts. The revolution was advancing rapidly. Those reforms which had been required by the voice of the public, and which the necessities of the time required, had been refused by the privileged classes. The monarch, animated by the best intentions, had not been able to accomplish them. The financial disorders of the state, which had not yielded to the efforts of two assemblies of the notables convened for the purpose, hastened on, in the course of events, and compelled the crown to ap-

* The representative system of government is the only one worthy of a body of men united by the love of liberty; and, to speak the real truth, it is the only legitimate government. This was indeed the monarchical system. He expressed in the "Moniteur" of the 6th July, 1791, the motives for his preference. "I prefer it, because I am convinced that under a monarchy there is more liberty for the citizen than under a republic."

peal to the états généraux, which had not been assembled for the space of a hundred and seventy-five years.

But how were the states to be convoked? Were they to be brought together, as in 1614, by making them vote in their orders, or should a new mode be adopted—that of voting individually? If the latter mode was employed, would it be desirable to double the number of the deputies of the third estate, or to retain their ancient number? In short, was the rule of the majority to take place of the suffrage of classes, the interests of the public to prevail over those of the individual, rights to triumph over privileges, and a powerful reforming assembly over the assemblies of the ancient monarchy? Such were the questions proposed by the government itself.

M. Sieyes was not slow in replying to them: and now, for the first time, he appeared before the public.

In the former attempt at reform which had been made by the administration, he had been elected member of the Provincial Assembly of Orleans. He had discerned the depth of the mischief, and the inefficacy of the remedy employed by the crown. He, therefore, now proceeded to propose his own, in three writings which he published in quick succession, in 1788, and at the beginning of 1789. These three works were:—1. His *Essai sur les Privilèges*:—2. His famous question, *Qu'est ce que le Tiers-état?*—3. *Les Moins d'Exécution dont les Representans de la France pourront disposer en 1789*.

All his views were unfolded in these pamphlets, which became the political creed of the revolution. Nothing ever exceeded the effects produced by the discussion on the Tiers-état. This manifesto of the middle classes contained three questions and three answers.

1. What is the Tiers-état? Everything.
2. What has it been heretofore in the political body? Nothing.
3. What is its demand? To become something.

In this work, which led the middle class to victory and to government, M. Sieyes undertook to prove, and I make use of his own expressions, that the Tiers-état formed a complete nation by itself; that it could do without the other classes, though these could not exist without it; and he went so far as to say, “If nobility comes by conquest, the third estate will become noble, when in its turn victorious.”

He foresaw that glory, like everything else, would become popular.

He maintained that the third estate, composed of 25,000,000 of souls, ought to have a number of deputies, at least equal to that of the other two orders, which amounted to no more than 24,000 ecclesiastics, and 120,000 nobles; that it ought to choose its deputies from among its own body, and not among the members of the church, of the army, or even of the bench, as had formerly been the case; that it ought to give up its own privileges, because men do not arrive at liberty through the privileges of associated bodies, but by the rights of citizens shared by all.

He contended that there was no constitution in France: that it was necessary to create one: that the nation alone had the right and the mission to do this: that care should be taken not to imitate the English constitution, which had been produced by fortuitous cir-

cumstances; a work, astonishing in his opinion, considering the time of its settlement, but too rude and too complicated to suit the present advanced state of the social science, to whose infancy it belonged. "Although," he added, "the Frenchman who does not fall down before it, is sure to get laughed at, I venture to declare, that instead of discerning the simplicity of order, I see nothing but a system of precautions against disorder." * The constitution of England, which organised in that country the institutions of the Middle Ages, suited neither the rigorous intellect of Sieyes, nor the more advanced social condition of France. It was his object not to perpetuate differences, but to arrive at unity: to restore all that had fallen, and also to put in action all that subsisted. A uniform society, with equal laws, a representative government carried on by delegation, personal liberty restrained by law alone, the liberty to think and write checked only by the rights of others, a national and general administration; and to facilitate and strengthen these great changes, a new division of the country which should efface the ancient provinces, with their separate existence, their puzzling boundaries, their unmanageable rivalships, and unseasonable privileges: these were the ideas he propounded, the innovations which he recommended. It will be interesting to know in what he proposed, in his "*Plan de délibérations pour les Assemblées de baillage*," that great territorial transformation, which being realised in 1789, agreeably to his project, has had more effect than any other cause upon modern France. "There is no way," said he, "of destroying local privileges, but by effacing the boundaries of the provinces. And it will be essential to establish a new territorial division, at distances as equal as possible. No means can be devised more powerful or more expeditious for peaceably uniting all the provinces of France into one body, and all her populations into one nation." This was truly an inspiration of genius! To this idea France is indebted for her form, her equality, the immensity of her resources, and the facility of her action.

Upon whom did Sieyes call to accomplish such a revolution? The tiers-état. In what manner?

Here, again, let us listen to his own words; and, confess his astonishing foresight or his power; his foresight, if he discerned future events; his power, if he brought them to pass.

He summoned the third estate, which, according to his view of the subject, was not a class, but the nation, to form itself into a *National Assembly*, (his own expression,) in case the clergy and the nobility refused to join in deliberation with them. "The third estate alone, it will be said, cannot represent the états-généraux." "Ah! so much the better," replied Sieyes, "it will compose a *National Assembly*. But it is answered that in case the tiers-état should assemble, to form, not the three *general estates* of the realm, but the general assembly, it would no more be competent to vote for the clergy and the nobility than those orders are to deliberate for the people. In the first place, the representatives of the third estate will undeniably have the voices of 25 or 26,000,000 of individuals, who compose the nation, with the exception of about 200,000 nobles and priests.

* "Qu'est ce que le Tiers-état?" chap. ii. sec. i. and ii.

This is sufficient to authorise their taking the title of a National Assembly. They will deliberate, therefore, without difficulty for the whole nation." * On this question M. Sieyes went further than anybody; for he contended that voting individually was no fairer than voting by class; the representatives of the 200,000 privileged persons not having equal claims with those of the 26,000,000 of citizens. His theories were rigorously carried into his plans of reforms. He was sensible of this, and expressed himself thus on the subject: "I know that such principles as these may appear extravagant to the generality of readers: but in making war upon prejudices of almost every class, it was needful that some writers should consent to pass for *mad*, or the world would have been less *so* than it is. It is a long process to disseminate the truth amongst a whole nation. The men who are aggrieved by it must have time to grow accustomed to it: the young who receive it eagerly, should have time to grow into men: the old must arrive at their season of retirement. In short, if the grain is not to be sown until harvest-time, where will be the crop?"

The ideas of M. Sieyes, however, spread more rapidly, and sank much more deeply than he imagined. They served as a rallying point for opinions, and afterwards as a model for reforms.

It was decided that the number of the tiers-état should be doubled, and the country districts were instructed to send deputies to the *etats-généraux*, convoked by the government for the month of May 1789. Sieyes, having impelled public opinion, and being about to lead the *etats-généraux*, framed a *plan of deliberation to be pursued by the rural assemblies*, which contained the germ of the revolution. The electors of Paris decided, according to his advice, not to give their votes either to a noble or a priest. They had twenty deputies to elect, and after choosing nineteen, their remaining votes were given to Sieyes.

The difficulties which he had foreseen with the conflicting orders, were evident at the very opening of the *etats-généraux*; and having expected them, he was prepared to conquer them. His reputation gave him a great ascendancy over the other members of the commons, and he possessed the advantage of a clear head and a determinate object: no wonder if he was the life and soul of their deliberations. The two first orders having persisted, during nearly a month, in refusing to meet the third to examine their respective powers, he proposed "to cut the cable which yet held the vessel to the shore." He got a law passed to establish the validity of their powers, whether the deputies from the privileged orders were present or not; he decided the commons to do what he had written of the year before—constitute themselves a National Assembly. Some days after, when the assembly which had been impelled by him to stand forward boldly as the first public body, was deprived of its place of meeting, it adjourned to the Fives' Court, where Sieyes drew up the celebrated and decisive oath, "Never to separate; and to assemble anywhere as circumstances might require, until they should have fixed the constitution, and regenerated public order." In the sequel, when the crown had set aside

* See his pamphlet, "Qu'est ce que le Tiers-état?" ch. vi.

all the decrees of the commons, and commanded its members to separate, Sieyes, after the eloquent and fiery address of Mirabeau to the grand master of the ceremonies, contented himself with saying to his colleagues, "What we were yesterday, we are to-day—let us go on with our deliberations." They did go on, and the revolution was accomplished.

It was Sieyes who raised the *tiers-état* to national importance, by his famous pamphlet, and established the governing power of the middle class, by substituting the chamber of commons for the states general of the kingdom; and it was Sieyes also who remodelled France completely, breaking up the old provinces, and dividing each of them into departments. The first of these changes contained the revolution of society, the second that of the government; the third that of the territory of France and its administration.

Although this last work was brought forward in the Constituent Assembly, by Thouret, it was the plan of Sieyes. He held to it as his exclusive property, and I well remember asking him, subsequently to the year 1830, if he was not the principal author of the division of France into departments: "The principal author!" he replied, with justifiable pride; "more than that, I was the sole author of the plan."

After these great achievements, he bore a part in the deliberations of the assembly upon other points which were of great but not capital importance. But he had to encounter opposition or dissensions; and as he was of an imperious and dogmatical temper, he cooled, and gradually withdrew from public affairs. One of the first causes of his retirement was the discussion upon the wealth of the clergy. Regarding the tithe as the most onerous of territorial burdens, and the most unfavourable to agriculture, he desired to see it abolished. But as it was considered to represent 70,000,000 francs of rent, he thought that it ought not to be given up to the landed proprietors, but purchased by them, that the money it produced might be applied to the payment of the public debt, and the diminution of the taxes. His opinion did not prevail: the tithe was simply suppressed, upon which he used these memorable words, "They want to be free, and do not know how to be just."

As this speech was attacked, he lost his temper, and remained silent. This state of feeling was increased by the rejection of his plan for the establishment of the jury, in civil as well as criminal proceedings. And accordingly, when, in the year 1790, the great question of peace or war was under discussion, and Mirabeau, who bore so eminent a part in it, produced to the assembly his motion in favour of regal power, he exclaimed at the end of his first speech, "I shall not conceal my profound regret that the man who has laid the foundation of the constitution, and contributed the most essentially to your great work—the man who has made known to the world the true principles of representative government—that he should have condemned himself to a silence which I deplore, and which I cannot but think culpable, however his immense services may have been in some points misunderstood; that the Abbé Sieyes, (I ask pardon for naming him,) does not come forward to introduce into his own plan of a

constitution, one of the most powerful springs of social order. I lament his absence the more, because I have not directed my own attention to this question, from being accustomed to rely upon a man of such power of thought for the completion of his work. I have urged him, conjured him, entreated him by the friendship with which he honours me, for the sake of his country, to enrich us with his ideas, and not leave this chasm in the constitution; he has refused me, and I have nothing to say in his defence. But I now implore you to obtain his counsel and opinion, which cannot be concealed, and to snatch from despondency a man whose silence and inactivity I regard as a public calamity."

Notwithstanding this loud and glorious challenge, Sieyes remained inflexible. From this time he rarely took a part in the debates of the constitution, and he even refused to be made Bishop of Paris. Having been elected, with several of his political friends, member of the departmental administration of the Seine, he laid down his office in the Constituent Assembly and retired into the country, where he lived all the time of the duration of the Legislative Assembly. In the great struggle which broke out between the revolutionists of the first and second epochs, Sieyes bore no part: therefore when the monarchy was overthrown on the 10th of August, he was named member of the convention for the departments of La Sarthe, l'Orne, and la Gironde. On his entering this new assembly, he saw plainly by the sentiments and language which he heard, that his time either was past, or not yet come. Still, he met here some of his old friends, and became the object of respectful gratitude to the more moderate and liberal members; indeed, he was elected president of the assembly almost at his first appearance, and became a member of several important committees. On one tragical occasion, he did not join with his vote the expressions which have been attributed to him; nor did he involve himself in the ever-increasing tide of party rage. He limited himself to the presenting of certain plans of organisation: one of these was for the war department, the regularity of which ensured its rejection. Believing, with some reason, that his name hindered the success of his proposals, he endeavoured to be more useful, by employing that of another person. He communicated to M. Lackanal, who was also a member of the committee of public instruction, and afterwards of the Academy, a vast plan of general education. When this was known to the committee of safety, they caused the rejection of his plan of organisation, and erased his name from the committee of public instruction. Passion, not law, held sway; it was not the time for knowledge, but for struggles; not that of liberty, but of dictatorship.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Athens: its Rise and Fall; with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Esq., M.P., A.M., Author of "England and the English," "Rienzi," &c. Saunders and Otley.

If a code of well-digested, practical, and just laws be the most useful, and a grand epic poem the most lofty product of the human mind, the author of an impartial, deeply considered, and eloquent history may surely claim a literary crown in which some of the laurels, both of the poet and of the legislator, may be justly blended. The historian does but record truly those events that the epic poet magnifies greatly, events that at once supply the legislator with his principles and examples; in fact, the sagacious historian shapes the rough material for both, and, if he be not allowed a rank equal to either, in the proud estimate of genius, the great historian should be enthroned on a seat between them, but a little less elevated than those that the eternal voice of nations has adjudged to their Homers and their Solons.

England can boast of her great master of song, but where is the lord of her jurisprudence, or the sovereign of her history? Gibbon has chronicled learnedly, eloquently, and acutely, but too loosely, the annals of ancient days, and of a long perished power; but he is often influenced too strongly by his predudices to be impartial, by his enmity to Christianity to be just. Hume wrote less to record facts than to work out theories; and his love for pure monarchical institutions often makes him uncandid, and sometimes, even untrue. Yet Gibbon and Hume are the only names of which England, as yet, chooses to boast. Others there be of her sons who have written history vividly and well, but it can be the hand only of posterity that can inscribe their names on the imperishable tablets of fame.

So must it be with the author of the "Rise and Fall of Athens," Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Rash, and almost fruitless as the task must be, let us speculate upon what are his chances of ranking among those historians whose names will be coeval with the existence of letters.

We have shown that the field is open to him, and that if his voice be not duly heard, or his productions honourably attended to, it will not be because he will be overwhelmed by a mass of enterprising rivals. He has already a widely-established fame. He speaks as from an eminence. Even if his words be not those of wisdom, respect for his former success will make men hesitate before they pronounce his speech, foolishness. The prestige is in his favour. So far is well.

In our opinion, and we advance it with all humility, we think that he has dignified and made beautiful every subject that he has yet ventured to undertake. In his novels, which approach as nearly to poetry as anything can that is not actually poetry itself, he has shown deep insight into human character, a nice perception of motive in the com-

plicated actions of men, and a ready hand to seize and turn to the greatest advantage the most striking points that the resistless course of events throws up. He has also a complete command of style in all its varieties. He seems to be singularly free from all violent, debasing, and narrow prejudices. He is of that station, and we believe possesses that independency with regard to wealth, that must lift him far above all sordid influences, among which, the soul-crushing patronage of the few, or the degrading intimidation of the many, are the most oppressive. Though all these advantages will not enable a man to write history well, they will be admirable preparatives for it.

But it may be asked with apparent justice, what need we have of this speculating? The history is before you. Is it a good thing? Judge ye the historian by his book, not the history by the man. So we would, heartily, and at once, if all who read "*Athens, its Rise and Fall*," would do the same. But, alas! they will not. The work will be read through the diminishing and magnifying lenses of all manner of prejudices. This will be bad enough, but the critics by profession will treat it much worse, (if the author does not happen to be of their party,) and begin by attempting to prove the work is bad; not because they choose to examine it, but because they feel persuaded that such a person could not write it well.

To meet, and to repel this method of pronouncing judgment, it certainly is not travelling out of our way to prove that, with the numerous qualifications that Mr. Bulwer possesses, he could not, unless he were very indolent, or insanely careless of his own fame, by any possibility write it badly.

The title of the work sufficiently explains and circumscribes the extent and the aim of this history. Two of its volumes only are, as yet, before the public. These two volumes embrace the most difficult part of the author's task. They treat of when, through the mists of time, the first gigantic and fabulous spots of history appear. It is upon these specks in the vast ocean of obscurity, that learning exhausts her ponderous and unread volumes, over which German commentators gloat, and on which your antiquaries and philologists cut such antique capers. Without seeking to avoid these quicksands, that beset the historian at the very outset of his voyage, he has passed by them rapidly, yet, giving them, perhaps, more attention than they deserve.

For our own parts, we think that the earliest infancy of all nations is very much alike. If the aborigines are of a sluggish, dull, or effeminate or intractable breed, they will remain savages, until extirpated by savages still more degraded than themselves, or else conquered into civilisation by a superior race. In this state, a nation can have no history, nor does it deserve any. Thus, too, the origins of all religions, save the revealed one, are the same—fear produces idolatry, idolatry creeds, creeds that sometimes reign conjointly with, sometimes destroy, their parents; till reason, philosophy, and, last of all, revelation, among the most enlightened of mankind, annihilates both. He thus traces the progress of religions. Thus Mr. Bulwer comments on the Grecian mythology:

"That in these august Mysteries, doctrines contrary to the popular

religion were propounded, is a theory that has, I think, been thoroughly overturned. The exhibition of ancient statues, relics and symbols, concealed from daily adoration, (as in the Catholic festivals of this day,) probably, made a main duty of the Hierophant. But in a ceremony in honour of Ceres, the blessings of agriculture, and its connexion with civilisation, were also very naturally dramatized. The visit of the goddess to the Infernal Regions, might form an imposing part of the spectacle: spectral images—alternations of light and darkness—all the apparitions and effects that are said to have imparted so much awe to the mysteries, may well have harmonized with, not contravened, the popular belief. And there is no reason to suppose that the explanations given by the priests did more than account for mythological stories, agreeably to the spirit and form of the received mythology, or deduce moral maxims from the representation, as hacknied, as simple, and as ancient, as the generality of moral aphorisms are. But as the intellectual progress of the audience advanced, philosophers, sceptical of the popular religion, delighted to draw from such imposing representations a thousand theories and morals, utterly unknown to the vulgar: and the fancies and refinements of later schoolmen have thus been mistaken for the notions of an early age, and a promiscuous multitude. The single fact, (so often insisted upon,) that all Greeks were admissible, is sufficient alone to prove that no secrets incompatible with the common faith, or very important in themselves, could either have been propounded by the priests, or received by the audience. And it may be further observed, in corroboration of so self-evident a truth, that it was an impiety to the *popular* faith to reject the initiation of the mysteries—and that some of the very writers, most superstitious with respect to the one, attach the most solemnity to the ceremonies of the other.”

In the first two chapters, Mr. Bulwer is learned in showing how uselessly learning has been employed in endeavouring to fathom the unfathomable. In the third chapter the interest suddenly increases upon the reader, when the author begins to treat of the heroic age. The style grows lofty with the subject, and the sentences are often majestic. Treating of the Spartan government, there is much philosophic discrimination evinced; and those sturdy tyrants, who called themselves republicans, stand forward, in all their naked deformity. To our feelings, to be a much-vaunted Spartan citizen, was being but little above a courageous brute; whilst the Pericci, and the helots, who made the bulk of their population, were obliged to eat the bread and drink the tears of the bitterest slavery, that ever crushed man beneath the state of the reptile. The following rather long extract will afford a good specimen of the author's style of narrative, flowing, rapid, yet confined strictly to the proper channel, never weak by too much diffusion, or narrowed into the violent by too much condensation.

“ If we consider the situation of the Spartans at the time of Lycurgus, and during a long subsequent period, we see at once that to enable them to live at all, they must be accustomed to the life of a camp;—they were a little colony of soldiers, supporting themselves, hand and foot, in a hostile country, over a population that detested them. In such a situation certain qualities were not praiseworthy alone—they were necessary. To be always prepared for a foe—to be constitutionally averse to indolence—to be brave, temperate, and hardy, were the only means by which to escape the sword of the Messenian, and to master the hatred of

the Helot. Sentinels they were, and they required the virtues of sentinels: fortunately these necessary qualities were inherent in the bold mountain tribes that had long roved amongst the crags of Thessaly, and wrestled for life with the martial Lapithæ. But it now remained to mould these qualities into a system, and to educate each individual in the habits which could best preserve the community. Accordingly the child was reared, from the earliest age, to a life of hardship, discipline, and privation; he was starved into abstinence;—he was beaten into fortitude;—he was punished without offence, that he might be trained to bear without a groan;—the older he grew, till he reached manhood, the severer the discipline he underwent. The intellectual education was little attended to; for what had sentinels to do with the sciences or the arts? But the youth was taught acuteness, promptness, and discernment—for such are qualities essential to the soldier. He was stimulated to condense his thoughts, and to be ready in reply; to say little, and to the point. An aphorism bounded his philosophy. Such an education produced its results in an athletic frame, in simple and hardy habits—in indomitable patience—in quick sagacity. But there were other qualities necessary to the position of the Spartan, and those scarce so praiseworthy—viz. craft and simulation. He was one of a scanty, if a valiant, race. No single citizen could be spared the state: it was often better to dupe than to fight an enemy. Accordingly, the boy was trained to cunning as to courage. He was driven by hunger, or the leader over him, to obtain his food, in house or in field, by stealth;—if undiscovered, he was applauded; if detected, punished. Two main springs of action were constructed within him—the dread of shame, and the love of country. These were motives, it is true, common to all the Grecian states, but they seem to have been especially powerful in Sparta. But the last produced its abuse in one of the worst vices of the national character. The absorbing love for his native Sparta rendered the citizen singularly selfish towards other states, even kindred to that which he belonged to. Fearless as a Spartan,—when Sparta was unmenaced he was lukewarm as a Greek. And this exaggerated yet sectarian patriotism, almost peculiar to Sparta, was centred, not only in the safety and greatness of the state, but in the inalienable preservation of its institutions;—a feeling carefully sustained by a policy exceedingly jealous of strangers. Spartans were not permitted to travel. Foreigners were but rarely permitted a residence within the city: and the Spartan dislike to Athens arose rather from fear of the contamination of her principles than from envy at the lustre of her fame. When we find (as our history proceeds) the Spartans dismissing their Athenian ally from the siege of Ithomé, we recognize their jealousy of the innovating character of their brilliant neighbour; they feared the infection of the Democracy of the Agora. This attachment to one exclusive system of government characterised all the foreign policy of Sparta, and crippled the national sense by the narrowest bigotry and the obtusest prejudice. Wherever she conquered, she enforced her own constitution, no matter how inimical to the habits of the people, never dreaming that what was good for Sparta might be bad for any other state. Thus, when she imposed the Thirty Tyrants on Athens, she sought, in fact, to establish her own gerusia; and, no doubt, she imagined it would become, not a curse, but a blessing, to a people accustomed to the wildest freedom of a popular assembly. Though herself, through the tyranny of the ephors, the unconscious puppet of the democratic action, she recoiled from all other and more open forms of democracy as from a pestilence. The simple habits of the Spartan life assisted to confirm the Spartan prejudices. A costly dinner, a fine house, these sturdy Dorians regarded as a pitiable sign of folly. They had no respect for any other cultivation of the mind, than that which produced

bold men, and short sentences. Them, nor the science of Aristotle, nor the dreams of Plato, were fitted to delight. Music and dancing were indeed cultivated amongst them, and with success and skill ; but the music and the dance were always of one kind—it was a crime to vary an air or invent a measure. A martial, haughty, and superstitious tribe, can scarcely fail to be attached to poetry,—war is ever the inspiration of song,—and the eve of battle to a Spartan was the season of sacrifice to the Muses. The poetical temperament seems to have been common amongst this singular people. But the dread of innovation, when carried to excess, has even worse effect upon literary genius than legislative science, and though Sparta produced a few poets gifted, doubtless, with the skill to charm the audience they addressed, not a single one of the number has bequeathed to us any other memorial than his name. Greece, which preserved, as in a common treasury, whatever was approved by her unerring taste, her wonderful appreciation of the Beautiful, regarded the Spartan poetry with an indifference which convinces us of its want of value. Thebes, and not Sparta, has transmitted to us the Dorian spirit in its noblest shape ; and in Pindar we find how lofty the verse that was inspired by its pride, its daring, and its sublime reverence for glory and the gods. As for commerce, manufactures, agriculture, the manual arts—such peaceful occupations were beneath the dignity of a Spartan—they were strictly prohibited by law as by pride, and were left to the Pericæci or the Helots.”

It cannot be supposed that we shall follow the progress of this history step by step, nor that we should show in what particular points the author agrees with, in what he differs from, the historians who have preceded him. It seems, however, to be a duty, that we should acquaint the reader that in Mr. Mitford's work, facts are too often warped into props for theories ; and that that gentleman has evinced strange partialities for, and dislikes to, the various characters, which it was, or at least ought to have been, imperative on him to describe faithfully.

We entirely agree in feeling with Mr. Bulwer, upon the individuality of Homer, and much admire the research that he has displayed in discussing a subject so dear to every poetical mind. Whenever the author approaches these topics, inspiration seems to come upon him visibly, his eloquence breathes as with fire ; indeed, he is only too little the historian when he is too much the poet.

We would recommend every reader to study the well-delineated character of Solon carefully. We can hardly conceive humanity in a more glorious light. Patriotism as pure and as enlightened as was that of this great lawgiver, exists, we have no doubt, amongst us. But where is now the man who, with this, combines the wisdom to make it useful ? Where ? we ask ; but we will not leave it to Echo to answer the question. We believe that persons, combining these high qualities, are among us ; but, alas ! not in that station that may command attention. The state of our laws are a stigma and disgrace, and so will it ever be, whilst it is left to lawyers to make laws, and then to interpret them after.

The greatest domestic glory of Athens was that she possessed no lawyers. Their own laws, the people at large, construed—they were brought to the plain test of common sense. Happy must they have been in their jurisprudence with laws emanating from Solon, and neither attorney nor barrister to explain them into mystery !

We cannot refuse our readers the pleasure of contemplating the character of this the mighty one among legislators, from the masterly hand of Mr. Bulwer.

“Let us here pause to examine, by such light as is bequeathed us, the character of Solon. Agreeably to the theory of his favourite maxim, which made moderation the essence of wisdom, he seems to have generally favoured, in politics, the middle party, and, in his own actions, to have been singular for that energy which is the equilibrium of indifference and of rashness. Elevated into supreme and unquestioned power—urged on all sides to pass from the office of the legislator to the dignity of the prince—his ambition never passed the line which his virtue dictated to his genius. ‘Tyranny,’ said Solon, ‘is a fair field, but it has no outlet.’ A subtle, as well as a noble, saying; it implies that he who has once made himself the master of the state has no option as to the means by which he must continue his power. Possessed of that fearful authority, his first object is to rule, and it becomes a secondary object to rule well. ‘Tyranny has, indeed, no outlet!’ The few, whom in modern times we have seen endowed with a similar spirit of self-control, have attracted our admiration by their honesty rather than their intellect; and the sceptic in human virtue has ascribed the purity of Washington as much to the mediocrity of his genius as to the sincerity of his patriotism:—the coarseness of vulgar ambition can sympathize but little with those who refuse a throne. But in Solon there is no disparity between the Mental and the Moral, nor can we account for the moderation of his views by affecting doubt of the extent of his powers. His natural genius was versatile and luxuriant. As an orator, he was the first, according to Cicero, who originated the logical and brilliant rhetoric which afterwards distinguished the Athenians. As a poet, we have the assurance of Plato that, could he have devoted himself solely to the art, even Homer would not have excelled him. And though these panegyrics of later writers are to be received with considerable qualification—though we may feel assured that Solon could never have been either a Demosthenes or a Homer—yet we have sufficient evidence in his history to prove him to have been eloquent—sufficient in the few remains of his verses to attest poetical talent of no ordinary standard. As a soldier, he seems to have been a dexterous master of the tactics of that primitive day in which military science consisted chiefly in the stratagems of a ready wit and a bold invention. As a negotiator, the success with which, out of elements so jarring and distracted he created an harmonious system of society and law, is an unanswerable evidence not more of the soundness of his theories than of his practical knowledge of mankind. The sayings imputed to him which can be most reasonably considered authentic, evince much delicacy of observation. Whatever his ideal of good government, he knew well that great secret of statesmanship, never to carry speculative doctrines too far beyond the reach of the age to which they are to be applied. Asked if he had given the Athenians the best of laws, his answer was, “The best laws they are capable of receiving.” His legislation, therefore, was no vague collection of inapplicable principles. While it has been the origin of all subsequent law,—while, adopted by the Romans, it makes at this day the universal spirit which animates the codes and constitutions of Europe—it was moulded to the habits, the manners, and the condition of the people whom it was intended to enlighten, to harmonise, and to guide. He was no gloomy ascetic, such as a false philosophy produces, affecting the barren sublimity of an indolent seclusion; open of access to all, free and frank of demeanor, he found wisdom as much in the market-place as the cell. He aped no coxcombical contempt of pleasure, no fanatical disdain of wealth; hospitable, and even sumptuous, in his

habits of life, he seemed desirous of proving that truly to be wise is honestly to enjoy. The fragments of his verses which have come down to us are chiefly egotistical; they refer to his own private sentiments, or public views, and inform us with a noble pride, 'that if reproached with his lack of ambition, he finds a kingdom in the consciousness of his unsullied name.' With all these qualities, he apparently united much of that craft and spirit of artifice which, according to all history, sacred as well as profane, it was not deemed sinful in patriarch or philosopher to indulge. Where he could not win his object by reason, he could stoop to obtain it by the affectation of madness. And this quality of craft was necessary, perhaps, in that age, to accomplish the full utilities of his career. However he might feign or dissimulate, the end before him was invariably excellent and patriotic; and the purity of his private morals harmonized with that of his political ambition. What Socrates was to the philosophy of reflection, Solon was to the philosophy of action."

But we must not dwell too fondly upon the various excellencies of the first volume, but proceed to give a rapid sketch of the contents of the second. We have been forced to pass by in silence, the very splendid account of the battle of Marathon, which reads like a hero's war-song.

The most striking part of the commencement of the second volume, is the brilliant account of the origin and progress of the Athenian tragedy, with critical remarks upon Thespis, Phrynichus, and Æschylus, with a beautiful analysis of the tragedies of the latter. We must quote part of this.

"Nothing can be more grand and impressive than the opening of the 'Agamemnon,' with the solitary watchman on the tower, who for ten long years has watched nightly for the beacon fires that are to announce the fall of Ilion, and who now beholds them blaze at last. The description which Clytemnestra gives of the progress of these beacon fires from Troy to Argos is, for its picturesque animation, one of the most celebrated in Æschylus. The following lines will convey to the general reader a very inadequate reflection, though not an unfaithful paraphrase, of this splendid passage. Clytemnestra has announced to the Chorus the capture of Troy. The Chorus, half incredulous, demand what messenger conveyed the intelligence. Clytemnestra replies—

"A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
By the Fire-God sent, it came;—
From watch to watch it leapt that light,
As a rider rode the Flame!
It shot through the startled-sky,
And the torch of that blazing glory
Old Lemnos caught on high,
On its holy promontory,
And sent it on, the jocund sign,
To Athos, Mount of Jove divine.
Wildly the while, it rose from the isle,
So that the might of the journeying Light
Skimmed over the back of the gleaming brine!
Farther and faster speeds it on,
Till the watch that keep Macistus steep—
See it burst like a blazing Sun!
Doth Macistus sleep
On his tower-clad steep?

No! rapid and red doth the wild fire sweep;
 It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
 Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam!
 It rouses the light on Messapion's height,
 And they feed its breath with the withered heath.

But it may not stay!
 And away—away—
 It bounds in its freshening might.

Silent and soon,
 Like a broadened moon,
 It passes in sheen, Asopus green,
 And bursts on Cithæron grey!
 The warder wakes to the Signal-rays,
 And it swoops from the hill with a broader blaze,
 On—on the fiery Glory rode—
 Thy lonely lake, Gorgôpis, glowed—
 To Megara's Mount it came;

They feed it again,
 And it streams amain—
 A giant beard of Flame!
 The headland cliffs that darkly down
 O'er the Saronic waters frown,
 Are pass'd with the Swift One's lurid stride,
 And the huge rock glares on the glaring tide,
 With mightier march and fiercer power
 It gained Arachne's neighbouring tower—
 Thence on our Argive roof its rest it won,
 Of Ida's fire the long-descended Son!
 Bright Harbinger of glory and of joy!
 So first and last with equal honour crown'd,
 In solemn feast the race-torch circles round.—
 And these my heralds!—this my SIGN OF PEACE;
 Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords of Greece,
 Stalk, in stern tumult, through the halls of Troy!"

How vastly superior is this to the blazing cross of Roderick Dhu, by Walter Scott! It is verse like this that lifts the soul from all that is ignoble, and elevates man to a god, by the faculties of his mind. The whole of this chapter should be selected from the history, and published by itself; as it is, whilst consonant to the plan of the work, in itself complete.

We verily believe that no history extant gives a more full account of the renowned expedition of Xerxes, we are sure not a more vivid one. Twice was Athens occupied by the Persian armies, plundered and nearly destroyed. The battle of Thermopylæ is familiar to every one; yet, we can fairly promise that the account of it in this work will be read with a renewed interest.

If history be written, or read only, as a bare narration of facts, it will be read or written but to little purpose. A battle, a negotiation, or an institution, what are they in themselves? A battle is but the mere struggle of brute force modified by different degrees of skill, a negotiation but too generally a contention of pacific roguery, and an institution but a net-work; thrown by the stronger over the weaker party, in order that plunder and oppression may be more leisurely and more safely carried on. But when he who records battles, nego-

tations, and institutions, traces their effects upon the public mind, and, like Mr. Bulwer, shows under what circumstances they work for good or for evil upon the body politic, writes history as it ought to be written, gives imperishable lessons to future generations, and lays trains of thought which, leading to political wisdom, must, in our present state of progression, tend to increase the sum total of human happiness.

Much as we admire our author's force of language, his accuracy of style, and his powers of description, we like him most when he is most philosophical. These Grecian republics have always been so many arenas in which the battlers for adverse politics have, by mutual consent, come down to wage their wordy and vindictive war. "Behold," says the advocate for despotism, "the injustice, the tyranny, the miseries, inflicted upon mankind by democratic governments. Look at Ostracism: to punish virtue is made to be a virtue by the insensate rabble." Nothing daunted by sarcasms like these, the stern republican leaps into the lists, and meets his absolute enemy by a long list of Spartan perfections and Spartan magnanimity, which never existed. An attentive perusal of this work, and a study of the healthful reflections made by the author, will correct all these opposing errors; and show, that whatever may be said of the possibility of two diametrically opposite opinions being both right, that it is very possible indeed that both of them may be wrong.

The last chapter of the second volume is devoted to the tragedies of Sophocles. On critical ground Mr. Bulwer is always grand and enlightened. As with the Athenians, their poets, painters, and statuary, stamped their individual character, a writer of Athenian history needs no apology for dwelling at the greatest length upon the greatest among them. The history of Athens is to be traced with greater effect in her philosophy, her dramas, and her progress in the fine arts, than in her petty squabbles with the petty states around her. Indeed, we cannot help thinking, that, most of her wars were insignificant even to derision. In them, excepting when marshalled against foreign invasion, as at Salamis and Marathon, she hardly ever appears to us great. But how sublime is she in her drama, her architecture, and even, notwithstanding its subtlety and want of proper basis, in her philosophy.

It is thus that our author characterises the genius of Sophocles, and concludes his second volume.

"But when we come to the plays of Sophocles, we feel that a new era in the drama is created, we feel that the artist poet has called into full existence the artist actor. His theatrical effects are tangible, actual—could be represented to-morrow in Paris—in London—everywhere. We find, therefore, that with Sophocles has passed down to posterity the name of the great actor in his principal plays. And I think the English reader, even in the general analysis and occasional translations with which I have ventured to fill so many pages, will perceive that all the exertions of subtle, delicate, and passionate power, even in a modern actor, would be absolutely requisite to do justice to the characters of *Œdipus at Colonus*, *Antigone*, *Electra*, and *Philoctetes*.

"This, then, was the distinction between *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*—both were artists, as genius always must be, but the art of the latter

adapted itself better to representation. And this distinction in art was not caused merely by precedence in time. Had Æschylus followed Sophocles it would equally have existed ;—it was the natural consequence of the distinctions in their genius—the one more sublime, the other more impassioned—the one exalting the imagination, the other appealing to the heart. Æschylus is the Michael Angelo of the drama, Sophocles the Raffaele.

“ Thus have I presented to the general reader the outline of all the remaining tragedies of Sophocles. In the great length at which I have entered in this, not the least difficult, part of my general task, I have widely innovated on the plan pursued by the writers of Grecian history. For this innovation I offer no excuse. It is her poetry at the period we now examine, as her philosophy in a later time, that makes the *individuality* of Athens. In Sophocles we behold the age of Pericles. The wars of that brilliant day were as pastimes to the mighty carnage of oriental or northern battle. The reduction of a single town, which, in our time, that has no Sophocles, and no Pericles, a captain of artillery would demolish in a week, was the proudest exploit of the Olympian of the Agora ;—a little while, and one defeat wrests the diadem of the seas from the brows of ‘ The Violet Queen :’—scanty indeed the ruins that attest the glories of ‘ The Propylæa, the Parthenon, the Porticoes, and the Docks,’ to which the eloquent orator appealed as the ‘ indestructible possessions’ of Athens ;—along the desolate site of the once tumultuous Agora the peasant drives his oxen—the champion deity of Phidias, whose spectral apparition daunted the Barbarian Alaric, and the gleam of whose spear gladdened the mariner beneath the heights of Sunium, has vanished from the Acropolis : But, happily, the Age of Pericles has its stamp and effigy in an art more imperishable than that of war—in materials more durable than those of bronze and marble, of ivory and gold. In the majestic harmony, the symmetrical grace, of Sophocles, we survey the true portraiture of the genius of the times, and the old man of Colonus still celebrates the name of Athens in a sweeter song than that of the nightingale,—and in melodies that have survived the muses of Cephissus. Sophocles was allegorically the prophet when he declared that in the grave of Œdipus was to be found the sacred guardian and the everlasting defence of the city of Theseus.”

The reader will perceive that, in the two volumes that are to succeed these, the most interesting portion of the work will be embraced, that of the domestic habits and of the individual character of the Athenians. Forms of government and political institutions are only of use as they promote the private good of the great mass. If the middle classes be not affluent, and have not the command of the luxuries incidental to the country and to the times, the government must be in fault, for the energies of the people are not then properly developed. We therefore look forward with much anxiety for the concluding volumes.

Our opinion of the present may be fairly deduced from what we have said. If they lie open to any ill-natured cavil, it will be that they are too discursive. This we will never admit. That they are liberally episodical is most true, but how valuable are these episodes ! Would that the literature of the country were more generously supplied with them.

Mr. Bulwer tells us that this history is not written for the mere scholar ; the muckworm, that must fatten upon dry facts or he will starve, or the sage commentator, who, after consulting fifty authori-

ties upon a disputed trifle not worth a rotten reed, profoundly differs from all, and writes another opinion more absurd than any that have gone before. It is not for any of these that he has written, but for the world in general. He has erected a monument to history of, we trust, durable materials. His facts with which he builds up his structure he has cemented together by good sense. The proportions are beautiful and grand, the ornaments classical and appropriate; and if its height be lofty, its base is proportionably, broad, and stable. If, in this construction, he may have admitted some materials not in unison with the plan, or added to it some embellishment foreign to his subject, we believe, considering the vastness of the undertaking, few will be found who will discover the blemish, and still fewer would be those who would visit it with censure.

It is a difficult, and not a very wise act to predict the extent of the success of any work; but we think we should run but little risk in saying that this History of Athens is likely to supersede all other treatises on the subject. The genius that appeared so graceful and so versatile in the novelist, has, we think, attained an almost perfect maturity in the historian. We deceive ourselves much if, sooner or later, the universal world of letters will not think so too.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Eis Podov.

SHOULD Jove o'er flowers a queen impose,
The queen of flowers should be the Rose;
Of meads the blush! the gem of bowers!
The garden's pride! the eye of flowers!
Goddess of colours on the sight—
A lightning flashing beauty bright;
It breathes of love! and ever fair
Encircles Aphrodite's hair;
Its leaves it waves as locks that move
Luxuriant on the brow of love!
And to each Zephyr's warm caress,
In smiles it does its love express!

R. S. F.

CLEVELAND.¹

IF the exclamation of the rider be thought profane, let it be borne in mind that a pistol-bullet in the lungs is no mollifier of the temper. But the feeling of the wounded man was good-temper itself, to that of the as yet disappointed assassin. He tore his hair in bootless rage, cursed his companions, though they had no part in causing his failure, and finally recovered the use of his reason just sufficiently to reflect that he was most egregiously playing the fool, and to be aware that the one of his companions who could speak, spoke excellent sense, in advising retreat ere the whole country should be aroused in arms, which doubtless it would be so soon as the wounded man should relate what had befallen him. The hint was too important to be neglected, and after arranging time and place for a future meeting, Bischoff strode across the heath in one direction, his companions departing with no less alacrity of motion in the other.

"After all," said one of the twain who kept together, "that Mr. Bischoff's a queer cove."

"Part villain and part fool!" was the laconic reply of his companion.

"And you're as queer a fist as he is, by G—d," was the rejoinder; "for strike me stupid if I can make you out either. That you should hate him I can understand, and you play *Dumby* so well, that I don't wonder even at that; but how you mean to serve yourself by being what the beaks call 'complice' fore the fact, is altogether out of my reach. That you won't peach, I know—but how the devil else you are to have your revenge of him I can't make out."

"Be you content," was the reply; "if I were not *sure* of my revenge, think you he had lived to rise from the fern yonder?"

"The very thing I said we ought to do; though barking irons are more than a match for the chine, too. However, if you're content, so am I: for he bleeds like a pig, and I draw him like a dray-horse; and you—you're —"

"Stash it!" was the reply; "we must make for the road, and mount a rattler in quick time, or the topping cove may have to do with us, and *he* escape after all."

Verbum sat sapienti: half a hint of those very ugly matters the gallows and the hangman, were quite sufficient to put "Jack the Lagger" to his best pedestrianism, and in a short half hour the twain had gained the high road, and were seated on a night coach, dashing Londonward.

Swiftly flew the startled horse, and fainter and fainter grew his wounded rider. He kept his seat, indeed, and spared neither spur nor voice to cheer his gallant horse to his speed; but he felt that he had received his death wound, and that all that his utmost speed could accomplish, was the sad luxury of dying beneath his own roof-

¹ Continued from p. 112.

tree, and after a parting gaze upon that young and beautiful wife, whom every hour had made still dearer to him.

The heath was crossed despite the forked and vivid lightning, the wounded man's home rose at length upon his view, the horse stopped short in his wild career as he arrived before the well-known portal—and the excitement of swift motion being now at an end, the wounded man sank lifeless into the arms of the servant, whom the sound of the approaching horse had summoned to the door.

Marianne shrieked as the pale and lifeless body of her husband was borne to their chamber; but she had sufficient presence of mind to dispatch a servant for surgical aid—aid which, alas! was wholly unavailing. During the livelong night Charles Smith was watched and tended with a care and an anxiety, great as they were, unhappily useless; but all efforts to revive him were in vain, and before morning dawned he was a corpse, whose chief enjoyment of his life had been to render it useful to others, as it had been honourable to himself.

If Marianne's grief was silent, it was not the less sincere and deep; so deep, indeed, that it was with difficulty that she roused herself sufficiently to write intelligence to her father of the sad bereavement which had so suddenly and so shockingly befallen her. She did so, however; and his daughter's letter was delivered to Mr. Elford as he sat at breakfast in his dressing-room—for his health had of late grown more and more delicate—with his warm-hearted, though somewhat loud-toned brother.

"Eh!" said Mr. George Elford, who gazed in surprise and alarm on the pale and agitated countenance of his brother—"no bad news, I hope?"

Too much overcome by his feelings to utter a word of reply, Mr. Elford passed the letter across the table, and Mr. George, even yet quite unsuspecting of the terrible news it contained, took it up to ascertain its contents.

"Ha—humph! 'My dear father.' Pretty hand enough the lass writes, but a devilish illegible one! What they call an Italian hand, I suppose? Pretty sure it's not an English one, at any rate. Hem, ha! 'Dear father!'—wish the puppy who taught her to write had kept her a little longer in round hand."

Thus ran on Mr. George, as he puzzled over the slender, close, and upright letters of Marianne; but at length, "poor Charles," and "barbarously murdered," met his eye, and he, too, laid down the letter, and looked as pale and as awe-stricken as his brother.

It was long before either could find words in which to console the other; and when Mr. George was, at length, roused from his stupor, he was roused by the heavy fall of his brother, upon whom the sad news had brought a second fit of paralysis, which confined him to his bed from that hour, until, in a little month, that good and gentle spirit had for ever ceased to reckon of the passions and the sorrows of the earth, and that venerable form was hidden for ever from earthly gaze.

Thus effectually and painfully aroused from the stupor into which the sudden receipt of such terrible news had for a brief time plunged him, Mr. George rang the bell violently, dispatched the servant who

answered the summons, for medical aid, and then as tenderly as promptly conveyed his brother to his chamber. It was late that night, when Mr. George for the first time quitted his brother's bedside; and he then only did so on the assurance of the medical attendant, that no early change for the worst need be feared; though, he added, it was next to impossible that he would ever recover his speech; and quite so, humanly speaking, that he should ever quit his chamber alive.

Relying as firmly upon the first part of the doctor's statement, as he was saddened by the last, Mr. George departed from the chamber of sickness, and, late as it was, proceeded forthwith to the house of sorrow, where he arrived on the following day, just as an official investigation was going on as to the circumstances of Charles's death.

The investigation was of small avail; for the wounded man had never spoken a syllable during the brief time which had elapsed between his arrival at his house, and the last felt pang which released him for ever from the toils and the trammels of mortality. Of the assassins not a trace had been discovered; and, as it was well known that Charles had not a personal enemy among his neighbours, whether rich or poor, it was agreed by all present that he had in all probability been attacked by some common plunderer, who had met him on the road, and that the sudden fright of the horse at the report of fire-arms, had prevented the robber from rifling the pockets of the man whom he had thus bootlessly hurried into the presence of his Maker.

That Charles had an enemy, and that it was by the hand of no common plunderer he was thus suddenly and unprepared deprived of his life, our readers as well as ourselves are aware. But though the decision of the coroner's jury was incorrect, it was certainly the only one to which, under the circumstances, it could, with any show of reason, have come.

Amid the tears of many, and amid the sorrow of all, Charles was buried; and from the grave of her young and virtuous husband, the unhappy Marianne passed without an hour's delay to what proved to be the death-bed of her aged and excellent parent.

The distorted features, the sunken and glazed eye, the ever-moving lips, to which utterance was for ever denied, but too plainly and too truly told Marianne that the hours of her venerable parent were numbered, and that he, too, like her husband, would speedily pass from her sight, and exist for her only in a sad though holy remembrance.

Her worst fears were but too soon verified; after long suffering, and the most agonising attempts at speech, the good pastor lay for some hours so still, that Marianne feared that even her light and timorous footstep would disturb the slumberer.

Slumberer! Fond girl, is that the aspect of him who sleeps? The clenched hand, the drooped jaws, the glaring and yet sightless eyes—are they the symptoms of sleep? Aye! But it is only in death that man sleeps thus.

And it was in death that the good pastor slept; and Marianne again wept above the grave of the beloved one, and many a week elapsed before the soothings of her uncle—to whose home she retired

—her own residence, once so dear, being now too full of terrible association to be endurable—could win her from solitary and bitter musings. But those soothings were at length effectual. Is this *unromantic*? Be it so: it is *true*—which is of more consequence.

Are the dead too soon forgotten, or too lightly remembered? So sneerers at all feeling have said—but it is not so. If the child plays upon the very verge of the earth which wraps his parent's bones, and plays nevertheless joyantly, let us forgive him—rather, let us not unjustly censure him. They visit the dreams of his innocent sleep; and they rise upon his remembrance long years after the churchyard in which they repose is hidden from his view by thousands of miles of earth and of ocean.

The dead are not forgotten; neither are they remembered but with a hallowed and hallowing love: but we act as we are ordained to act, and wisely as mercifully as he who created us ordained that the *passionate* grief of the bereaved living shall gradually but surely give way to reverence of the dead, to chastened belief in the fitness of our separation from them upon earth, to touching and yet not revolting reflection that we, too, in the fulness of time, shall be even as they are, and remembered even as we remember them, and to an humble and chastening hope that as we loved them upon earth, so we shall rejoin them in heaven. Mercifully as wisely is this self-consoling power implanted in our nature; and he who sneers at grief because it at length receives consolation, has either never had occasion to grieve, or proves the injustice of his own sneer, by proving that he has forgotten the very character and process of his own grief.

But we must leave Marianne to her gradual recovery from that bitter grief which none can indulge long—and live; to say a few, and but a few words upon a rather less amiable person—to wit, "Jack the Lagger."

"Done brown, or I'm a big wig," said Jack the Lagger, to his sole co-inmate of a dirty, low-roofed parlour of a public-house. The cove's too downy for us; but he comes the corianders slap up. He's out and out leary, eh?"

"Fool as well as villain!" was the laconic reply of the same person who made the same reply to the same speaker, on the night of the murder of Charles Smith.

"If he continues to bleed freely, I don't think one need mind anything else," said the first speaker.

"*You* need not," was the reply: "but *I* must, and *I will*. Fool as well as villain, to think that mere change of place can make him safe when—but he does not even dream that the storm gathers above his head—fool, utter idiot!—when the smiting bolt is in full career for his destruction!"

"Gentry patter, I take it. Suppose you mean you've stagged him since you and I parted, though the deuce of us could not when we hunted in couples?"

"You have it!"

"Then by G——, Dumby, you bang old Townsend, and he bangs the devil, at queering a shy cock."

Such was a portion of the conversation which passed between the worthy coadjutors of Mr. Bischoff, as they sat before a low fire; Jack luxuriating with a pipe of tobacco and a very mahogany-coloured glass of grog, and his companion with the more aristocratic-looking, but no less deleterious mixture which the landlord of the Magpie and Stump was wont to produce for the delectation of the more high-flying and pecuniary crossmen, who showed their good breeding by demanding sherry wine, and their bad taste by neglecting that to which our landlord facetiously misapplied the name of that very delicious wine.

To confess the truth—quite in confidence, though—I am rather fond of sherry myself.

The drinker of strong grog, and the sipper of pseudo sherry, sat long and talked earnestly; but if it were ever so desirable, we could not lay more of their conversation before our readers; for other knights of the cross dropped in by twos and threes, and the farther conversation between our especial pair of friends was consequently carried on in a tone which defied what they would have termed ear-wigging."

One of them, the respectable person who preferred grog, not only talked earnestly, and listened attentively to his companion; he also drank deeply; and at length was utterly incapable of either talking, listening, or drinking any longer. Stretched luxuriously upon the floor, his head pillowed by his right hand, Jack slept the deep sleep of drunkenness, and his companion quitted the house.

"Jack's in for it to-night," said one of the knights of the cross, after having painted the face of Jack clown fashion, filled his hat with water, and nailed the skirt of his coat to the floor.

"The mon's fou," said a Scotch thief.

"It's dhraming dhrunk, that he is," said an Irish thief.

"He's precious vell vetted, and no mistake," said a cockney thief.

Farther comment upon the peculiar situation of the sleeper was prevented by the entry of two persons, who seemed to be considerably more free than welcome.

"The pigs!" whispered one of the party; in that whisper, that is to say, which goes quicker to the ear and the heart of him who is in peril, than the blast of the trumpet, or the shouting of the embattled host.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIA, AND THE SLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.¹

No. IV.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

VI.—THE SOUTHERN FRONTIER OF BOHEMIA, AND THE MARCHES OF MORAVIA.

I LEFT Prague with many feelings of regret. Its venerable monuments, and the character of its people, had awakened so deep an interest in their fate, that the melancholy with which a wandering traveller always leaves the stable monuments of by-gone ages, standing where he found them in their historic place, was heightened by the reflection, that here so much remains to destroy, which a ruder hand than that of Time may scatter and efface. We left the city by the Ross-Thor; as I looked back, from the road behind Karlshof, on that magnificent panorama, a storm was breaking over the horizon, and the tower and front of the Hradschin were illuminated by the lurid glow of a tempestuous evening, till I lost sight of them in the dense clouds collected above and around.

Before dawn we had reached Thabor, the seat and citadel of that remarkable sect, which conferred upon their town, and assumed for themselves, a name connected with the awful glories of the Transfiguration.* The light of the moon and stars, which were shining with exceeding brilliancy, enabled me to distinguish the strong natural position of the place, moated by a deep ravine, and the towers of the churches which once rallied the armed fanatics of Bohemia round their bare altars.

On leaving Thabor we entered upon a somewhat bleak, but not uninteresting country. The road began to ascend amongst the hills which divide Bohemia from Austria. The ground was varied in every direction by small knolls, crowned with pine-woods. Here and there the red foliage of the mountain ash, or the orange-tips of other timber-trees, peeped out among the dark masses of firs, and the light sprays of the larches. The woodmen were busy at their labour: cattle were feeding in considerable herds on the rich marshy pastures; and at every mile we passed some little mountain tarn, rocking a fleet of water-lilies in the morning breeze, or reflecting in its calmer nooks the azure of the clear sky.

We passed through Neuhaus, a town built with much architectural elegance, in the style of the more imposing edifices of the capital:

¹ Continued from p. 176.

* The town of Thabor was built in 1420 by Wanczek and Hromada, two chieftains in the Hussite wars, on a hill which had previously been called Hradist: they compelled the citizens of Aust, a town which they had besieged and destroyed, to construct and inhabit this new fortress, which afterwards became a most important position in the religious wars.

one of the churches has a beautiful, though very small, Gothic tower, and the ruins of the castle are the most striking feudal remains I have seen in Bohemia. Alas! the White Lady of Neuhaus has not been more fortunate than her namesake of Avenel; and the legend, which tells of her ancient power, adds, that whenever she has appeared in later years, her head droops beneath her white veil, and she sits weeping upon the scattered stones of her house.

A gradual ascent had brought us to the table-land above a range of hills, which derive more importance from their geographical position than from their height. These hills are not only the boundary between Austria and Bohemia, but between the water-courses of northern and southern Europe. Hitherto all the little lakes and brooks which we had passed, on the Bohemian side, were sending their tributary streams to join the Moldau and the Elbe, those great Bohemian rivers which connect central Europe with the North Sea. An hundred yards beyond the frontier the waters flow in a contrary direction, and the channels they follow tend towards the Danube, that huge artery of the Austrian empire which connects its commercial and political interests with the East. This distinction is one of those important primary facts which influence the entire social condition of the empire. The difference which was immediately observable in the character of the population, the system of agriculture, and the appearance of the towns and villages, is not less striking; we had passed from a discontented to a contented people, from a poor country—indeed, one of the poorest provinces of Bohemia—to the rich and favoured lands of the Archduchy of Austria. The very oaths of the common people were changed, as well as their language: in Bohemia the volley of a peasant's curses are usually terminated by the great anathema, "You German!"; but no sooner had we crossed the frontier than our German conductor re-assumed all the grandeur of his affected national superiority, and vented his wrath on the postilions by calling them "Bohemian asses."

As the evening was beginning to close, we crossed between the village of Göpfritz and the little town of Horn, as fine a tract of arable country as I remember to have seen. From the heights down which we were descending, the eye ranged over a vast basin, skirted with dark woods, and speckled with the white towers of churches and castles. Here and there we came upon a pleasant hamlet sunk in some ravine, and so intermingled with the luxuriant foliage of gardens and orchards sheltered from the winds, that every cottage seemed to have a rich bower of its own. The joviality which prevailed in the little inn of Horn, was another sign of the easy and contented character of the country people; in an outer room lay a row of peasants and postilions, who had fallen asleep over their evening draughts, whilst in the best chamber of the inn the notables of the place were playing a noisy game of cards for a pile of kreuzers. The boundary, which we had passed a few hours before, divides two races of men as different as if they were separated by the ocean. The Bohemian, perpetually driven by the activity of his nature to work with ardour, to enjoy with passion, to dispute with violence, or, under adverse circumstances, to fall into despondency, and nourish his discontent with

thoughts of deceit and revenge ;—the Austrian, careless of aught but what he can get to satisfy his animal pleasures,—his porridge, and his beer.

The limits of these hasty sketches forbid me to enter upon a lengthened notice of Vienna, which indeed formed no part of the original plan of my tour, for (though it may seem paradoxical) in no part of the Austrian dominions can one discover so little of the real state of the empire as in its capital. The great capitals of other countries are centres which exercise a twofold power over the whole territory, by attracting the talents and energies of the population to the seat of public business, opinion, and honour, and by diffusing fresh life through the provinces, like the arterial blood which is sent forth by the heart. This circulation does not exist in Austria : public opinion is less formed in Vienna than in the secondary capital cities of the empire ; the only part of the population drawn thither from the provinces consists of the nobles who abandon their estates and their countries for the smiles of the court, bringing with them a large number of dependents upon the government, or upon the establishments of the great families. All the chief affairs which concern the several kingdoms of the empire are indeed decided in the Austrian capital, but nothing is allowed to transpire ; the easy character of the citizens is satisfied by a conviction that all is for the best in the Hereditary States, and by the solid advantages derived from the residence of the absentee nobility of Hungary, Bohemia, and the other provinces. National interests and national rights are only discussed in Pesth, Prague, and Milan, where the monuments and manners of the subjugated nations still maintain their ground. The position of Vienna may be compared to that of the earth, placed in the middle of Tycho Brahe's planetary system, with its tiny moon revolving around it, whilst the system of all the other planets moves in a separate orbit. It presents the anomaly of a great city in a small territory, connected with the kingdoms, which feed its splendour, by no ties but those of the administration, and regarded by them with no feelings but those of envy and distrust.

After a short stay in Vienna, I again left it by the northern road, and recrossed the great stream of the Danube, which flows at about two miles from the city. The approach to the residence of the emperors deserves a more solid bridge than the wretched wooden structure which now connects the two banks of the river. We travelled all night across a dreary country, with that peculiarly cold wind, which prevails in the plains of Lower Austria, blowing very keenly. Before dawn we had crossed the Moravian frontier, and our first halt was at Nicolsburg, (Mikulow,) a town which still preserves some picturesque remains of its ancient fortifications. I was struck by the quantity and size of the timber in this part of the country ; the whole road runs between an avenue of fine trees, and the hills are belted with plantations of large oaks and elms, mixed with the graceful growth of various kinds of poplar.

My travelling companion that morning was the "*Mie Prigioni*;" I read over once more, with an interest heightened by the locality, the account which Silvio Pellico gives of his dreadful journeys along that

very road—the first, with his heart bleeding for all he had left and daunted by the anticipation of all that awaited him, yet cheered by the sympathy of a compassionate people—the second, after a lapse of years spent in miserable captivity, when liberty was restored, but when life itself was almost exhausted by the intensity of suffering, and the constitution, so firm in endurance, was almost too feeble for the novel joy of freedom. In a few hours the city of Brünn and the Spielberg itself lay before me. The capital of Moravia is built upon a steep hill, crowned by a church, with that lofty nave which is peculiar to the early Slavonian architects; and the suburbs of the town form a populous ring round the base of the eminence. To the north of the city another hill rises, more lofty and more bare, which is surmounted by the prison of the Spielberg.

It was market day; the road was thronged with peasants in their picturesque costume—the women in red cloth hose, with blue petticoats, and sheep-skin spencers; the men with immense sombreros, high boots, and great black cloaks, or sheep-skin pelisses. The city itself gave signs of life and industry; clouds of smoke and puffs of steam were rising from the tall chimneys of the numerous factories, and the streets were lined with stalls, on which the cloths and other manufactures of the country were exposed for sale. My eyes, however, turned from these cheerful scenes to the melancholy cliff, with its bastions and silent sentinels, beyond the town. The ancient fortifications of the Spielberg, which was once the citadel of Moravia, were destroyed by Napoleon; but the sides of the hill are still shaped into angular ramparts, and its great elevation cuts it off from all communication with the busy town below. I wandered through the steep streets of the town to the top of the hill within its walls, which has been pleasantly laid out as a public garden. This promenade is called the Franzens-Berg, from a monument built on one of the terraces, and inscribed:—

TO FRANCIS I.

THE DELIVERER OF HIS NATION, AND THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY,
AND TO THE AUSTRIAN ARMY,
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY GRATEFUL
MORAVIA AND SILESIA. MDCCCXV.

I stood by the trophy of this “father of his country,” and the cries of the children playing at its base were echoed back from the blank walls of the Spielberg—of that other monument which will bear testimony to its emperor’s darker fame, when this pillar of gratitude has mouldered away. The little volume in my hand has already pleaded the cause; the world has already judged between the imperial gaoler and the christian prisoner: but on this spot the sentence of history was audibly pronounced. I returned through winding ways, rich in antique ornaments, and pictures of saints interspersed with gilded and fantastic signs, which might have won my admiration at another time: but I was haunted by tales of that lofty prison-house, and I left Brünn with the emotion of one who has visited a spot consecrated by the martyrdom of a saint.

Our route that afternoon lay hard by the plains of Austerlitz, which a low range of hills alone prevented us from discerning, on the south of the high road to Galizia. But the whole of the surrounding country had witnessed the manœuvres previous to that great conflict of the emperor's (*Dreikaiser-schlacht*): we passed the knoll from which Napoleon directed the advance of his columns; and the recollections of those stirring times revived the tradition of the total overthrow of the Tatars by Jaromir and his Bohemians, which took place upon nearly the same tract of country six hundred years before. How deserted is now the spot where the armies of the East and of the West had thronged together! how lonely is the ground beneath which so many sleep! Scarcely a tree was to be seen, and the bare ridge of the hills, streaked with the variegated colours of the soil, lay naked of their crops.

In the village of Slawikowitz a monument stands by the road-side to remind the traveller that the Emperor Joseph ploughed a furrow on that spot, in 1769—a trait in the character of that interesting and zealous prince, which the Austrian courtiers thought superior to the rustic greatness of Cincinnatus and Premysl, and only comparable to the sublime condescension of an Emperor of China. At the close of the day which had brought me through these memorable scenes, we entered the splendid fortifications of Olmütz; and I fell asleep with the heaviness of another Austrian dungeon, and the romance of Lafayette's escape, in my dreams.

VII. NORTH OF THE CARPATHIANS.

The next morning we left the Moravian marches at Mistek, on the banks of the Ostrawitz, and entered the small province of Austrian Silesia, at the adjoining town of Friedek. The two last posts in Moravia lie through an exceedingly romantic region; to the north spreads the open country, carefully tilled, and interspersed with towns now busy with manufactures, above which the ruins of great feudal castles stand—once the border-fortresses of the Bohemian dominions: to the south the green and gentle acclivities of the Carpathians ascend; here and there a long vista cut through the woods, skirting their base, leads up to some hoary tower, which appeared, in the light haze of an autumnal morning, like the enchanted turrets on the canvass of Claude Lorraine. The road which we pursued across this delightful country was exceedingly frequented, as it is the main line of communication between Poland and the south of Europe. Large droves of grey Polish oxen met us in frequent succession, driven by the wild mountaineers of the Carpathians, with rude disbevelled locks hanging over their shoulders, slouched hats, and a scanty costume of rough linen fastened by a belt round the waist, with a blanket slung like a plaid across the shoulder. Each drove of cattle was accompanied by several of these savage beings, and the caravan—if so it may be termed—was closed by a captain on horseback, to whose care the beasts are entrusted. A great portion of the husbandry of Austrian Silesia is performed by women, and the beauty of their race is somewhat impaired by hard labour and a most unbecoming dress. The kilt of these Silesian ladies seldom reaches below

the knee, and as it is of a very slight texture, it affords a scanty protection to the person, and displays all the muscular solidity of the bare limb and foot. The dwellings of the peasantry are low wooden cottages, with jutting roofs thatched with flakes of pine: the luxury of plaster walls is only to be seen in the towns, or in the houses of the wealthier farmers. The population of Austrian Silesia is compounded of Germans, and of the Hunnaks and Slovaks of the Slavonian race. The language of the country varies in the villages, but German is principally spoken in the towns. The manufactures which are now established throughout the country have been introduced by Germans, and the Silesians have in a great measure lost those marked traces of their Slavonian origin, which still resist the inroads of the German element in Bohemia, Moravia, and along the whole frontier of Poland.

Teschen, the capital of all that now remains of Austrian Silesia, is situated on the western side of a broad valley, extending from the Carpathians to the plains of the Oder. The town or lordship, which was the property of the virtuous Duke Albrecht of Teschen and of Christina, whose monument by Canova adorns the Augustine church at Vienna, has now descended to the Archduke Charles. The hour at which I entered Teschen was a melancholy time. The inhabitants were loitering with mournful faces towards the Friedhof, or court of peace, as the Germans call their church-yards; the bells were tolling from all the steeples, and the priests in black robes were crossing the market-place to perform the last offices of religion over the grave of the favourite of all the town. The cholera, which had gradually extended its ravages from Austria and Bohemia to these provinces, had taken the flower of Teschen for its first victim. Her parents had died in her infancy, but, orphan as she was, there was not a father in the place who did not call her his daughter, nor a maiden who did not love her as a sister. The groups gathered round the inn door were talking of her memory with kindness; the women of her virtues, the men of her beauty: and in the meantime the procession which followed her maiden-bier wound along the streets. It was preceded by priests and torch-bearers; the coffin was crowned with garlands of the whitest mountain-flowers, and the pall was borne by six of the prettiest girls in Silesia, with long white veils and myrtle wreaths in their hair. How often does it happen that the Sindbad stranger, who roams over the world in the eternal pursuit of novelty and knowledge, becomes a sudden partaker in the joys or griefs of hearts and homes before unknown to him, and that the thousand differences of land, kindred, and people, are forgotten in the sympathies common to man! The pleasures of different nations are very various, but the same sorrows and partings are everywhere the springs of the same natural tears. It was certainly with a kindly feeling that the good citizens of Teschen saw one, who was a stranger to every individual amongst them, join their sad procession to the church of the Trinity, where their daughter lies. A few minutes afterwards we drove out of the town.

Just beyond Skotschau, the next post after Teschen, we crossed an inconsiderable stream, which I should scarcely have noticed, if I had not been informed that it was the Vistula. At the fall of the year,

and at this point of its course, the Vistula is a mere brook—but a brook which is the Rubicon of the north, and which swells as it flows, to the rank of one of the great historic rivers of Europe. As we crossed that stream, the associations—I may say the affections—of years, and the traditions of ages, crowded on my mind: and I know not if my fancy deluded me when I compared this rivulet, now shrunk to a mere thread of water in its channel, with the wasted condition of that great people whose territory it waters—a people which, like the stream, will regain its force in the wintry seasons of the world; and roll its floods through plain and forest to the coasts of northern Europe.

Bielitz, the last town in Silesia, is only separated from Biala, the first in Poland, or the Galizian territory, by the river which gives its name to the latter place. We approached it in the dark, but the windows of all the houses were so brilliantly illuminated, that it was visible at a very considerable distance. In every room there seemed to be several looms, and the whole population was busy at its evening work. The humbler dwellings of the rural labourers in the neighbourhood were lighted with the cheerful blaze of a pine fire; and the people in the streets carried great lanterns, although the night was so clear that we travelled without lamps. The extraordinary quantity of artificial light used in the manufacturing towns of Silesia and the combustible nature of the buildings often give rise to dreadful accidents. An inscription over the Town-hall of Teschen commemorates the entire destruction of that place by fire, towards the close of the last century. Biala was burnt last year, and Bielitz was just rising from the ashes of a still more recent conflagration when I passed through it. To prevent the recurrence of these disasters, the government endeavours to force the people to rebuild their houses with stone.

The part of Galizia which we traversed is as fertile and as well cultivated as Silesia, but the appearance of the peasants on their way to the city from the mountains was very pitiable; and the wretched dram-houses by the road-side at which the postilions stopped pretty frequently to drink, were kept by Jews dressed in the long black robe, worn by their race all over Poland. Early in the morning we arrived at Mogilany, situated on a ridge of hills, commanding a view of the great valley of the Vistula, which flows under the venerable walls of Cracow. On the right rises the tumulus of Krak, the founder of the Polish capital in the darkest ages of history. I knew the strange legends of unhallowed charms practised there by Twardowski, the Polish Faust, who signed his compact with the devil, danced with the imps, and was transferred to the lower regions through a chasm in the rock, on that very spot. On another eminence to the left, I descried the pyramid of earth, raised by the Poles to the memory of Kosciusko; and in the middle of that wide prospect lay the sacred city itself. A mist from the river hung in dense wreaths over its walls, but the lofty towers of the old castle, and of the splendid churches, shone out in the beams of the morning sun. My heart swelled with the joy of a pilgrim. Below the hill which we were descending, and almost within reach of our arms, lay the sanctuary of Poland, the tomb of her

greatness, the cradle of her fame, with the shrine of St. Stanislas, and the sepulchres of her kings and patriots, still adorned with the inestimable riches lavished upon Cracow by the veneration of a thousand years, and presenting to the imagination the romantic aspect of a Damascus or a Medina of the west. At Podgorze, on the left bank of the Vistula, we left the Austrian dominions—but not the posts of Austrian soldiery. The bridge across the Vistula is kept by a picquet of foreign troops; and it was not without some delay that I was allowed to pass the stream, and to set foot upon the stones which still belong to a nominally free Polish city.

VIII. THE CITY OF CRACOW.

I am acquainted with no spot in Europe more remarkable for the beauty of its natural position, and the remains of its splendid architecture, than the royal castle of Cracow. The impression it produces is of a kind peculiar to itself; it has lost that imposing regularity which belongs to the palaces of kings; but its decay has not reached that stage of ruin at which the monuments of the past are abandoned by all living sympathies, remaining as silent witnesses of things past for ever from the earth. Like the city below it, and the country about it, the castle of Cracow is in a state of living death, retaining in part the outward forms of its better days, not yet unroofed, or abandoned to the owl and the weed, but desecrated and despoiled by the strangers sheltered beneath its walls.

The castle is situated upon Mount Wawel, a rock of moderate elevation, but of considerable extent, within a stone's throw of the Vistula. The cave in which Krak, the Polish Cadmus, killed his dragon, may be seen at the base of the walls: when one remembers the endless dissensions of Krak's posterity, which have ended in the dissolution of the Polish republic, one cannot help suspecting that Krak not only killed the dragon, but sowed its teeth, and that the armed crop of Polish heroes has gone on fighting for this thousand years, by virtue of some drop of dragon's blood in their pedigree. The residence of the Dukes of Cracow and the royal palace occupied the same site from a very early period; but the earliest part of the present edifice was erected by Casimir the Great, in the fourteenth century; the more perfect portion of the palace was built in the rich Italian style of the sixteenth century, by Sigismund and his son, Sigismund Augustus. Much of the building has been destroyed by fire at different times, and imperfectly restored: but more mischief has been done by man than by time or the elements. The magnificent windows have been blocked up, the marble window-frames and Venetian coignings have been wantonly shivered to pieces, and the pillars which support the hanging galleries round the great area, resembling the row of arches round the Doge's palace at Venice, have been plastered into uncouth square buttresses. In many parts of the interior the same havoc has been going on: the great mantel-pieces and cornices of red marble and gold are whitewashed; and the vast apartments are partitioned into chambers to suit the Austrian companies of light infantry. Enough remains, however, to make one forget the present occupants of a palace, which, for so many ages, was the seat

of royalty and of taste. The quaint Latin inscriptions over the door-ways, so common in the palaces of the Polish nobles, are not obliterated—once pithy incentives to glory and virtue, now sad epitaphs upon a spot

“ Where glory breathes and burns no more,
Where virtue only comes to weep.”

Was it not melancholy to read the mottos destined to urge great men to good deeds, and to make those good deeds lasting, in a deserted palace, where power has ceased to sit, and human energy to strive? Thus:—“ *Moderata manent.*” “ *Præstantibus viris negligere virtutem, non concessum est.*” “ *Deum cole, regem ama, libertatem tuere.*” “ *Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos.*” By the side of these inscriptions are the escutcheons of the royal lords of the palace; the white eagle of Poland, crowing upon its thunders; the armed knight of Lithuania, beside the argent stripe of the house of Austria, and the serpent of the Sforzas, connected with the kings of Poland by matrimonial alliance.

We passed through the apartments which were inhabited by Sigismund III. in 1610, the last king of Poland who held his court in Cracow. Beyond these rooms we entered the Hall of Judgment; the ceiling is beautifully decorated, and the compartments are marked by carved heads of saints and sages, which are said to have uttered an articulate protest, as often as an unjust sentence was passed in that chamber. Within a few paces of this tribunal, stands an immense tower of brick, to which state prisoners of senatorial rank were instantly removed, to undergo their sentence of imprisonment. This senator's tower stands at the corner of the first court of the castle, and formed one of the strongest positions in the internal wall for defence; but this and the other towers of the castle are dismantled, and the fortifications have gone to ruin, since the siege which the Confederates of Bar sustained there in 1772.

On leaving the first court of the palace by a fine gateway, you enter a considerable open space, which was once covered by the palaces of the great officers of state, and by more than one church. The arrangement of these buildings, with the cathedral in the midst of them, communicating with the palace, is exceedingly similar to that of the Hradschin at Prague. But in Cracow the cathedral alone has retained its splendour: most of the other buildings have entirely disappeared; and the shell of the Nuncio's palace, which is still standing, will soon fall by the stonemason or the weather. There is probably no Basilical church to the north of the Alps and the Pyrenees, which has preserved such extraordinary quantities of the precious metals, used to decorate its shrines, as the cathedral of Cracow. The city has hitherto escaped ecclesiastical spoliation, and most of its pious foundations remain untouched, though it has undergone every variety of political plunder and oppression. The external appearance of this church is by no means striking: it has been altered and repaired at various periods with very little regard to the original design, and the numerous chapels, which entirely surround the interior of the building, destroy the harmony of its proportions. Several of these chapels

are crowned with domes in the Byzantine style; and the one consecrated to the Sigismunds, is gilt to such an extraordinary thickness, that its surface remains untarnished after a lapse of two centuries. Each of these chapels, and every part of the edifice, is hallowed by the monuments of some king, or prelate, or statesman, which confer a solemn interest on this sanctuary of Poland. In the centre of the nave stands the shrine of St. Stanislas, which is not unlike the tomb of St. John Nepomuck in the cathedral of Prague: the altar and the sarcophagus are of solid silver, and huge silver lamps, dedicated by different noble families, are kept burning before the relics. The body of the saint was removed to the cathedral some centuries after his death. The high altar is perfectly simple, and a great portion of the precious material of which it is composed, has been concealed with paint, for greater security. On the left hand stands the crimson velvet canopy of the Bishop of Cracow, on the spot where the kings of Poland received their crown from the church: at the foot of the throne a simple slab of black marble marks the last resting-place of Queen Hedwige:—

“*A tergo hujus marmoris ultimum expectat diem.*”

With what majesty do they sleep—these Piasts and Jaghellons! with their sceptres in their hands, a prayer upon their lips, and the white eagle on their shields, as if they were waiting to rise up kings at the Great Day! With what a look of solemn adjuration do the bishops of Cracow stand, leaning on the crozier and the sword, as if they kept watch from their high sepulchres over the crown, which it was once the part of their christian chivalry to consecrate and to defend! With what a true expression of that energy, patriotism, and wisdom, which give a glory to their names, do the servants of the commonwealth repose along the aisles; and how admirably do the effigies and stone-carved portraits of these men illustrate the history of their ages! Many times did I return to gaze upon the lineaments of the great Casimir, by the side of whose marble bed the tide of five centuries has rolled away: many times did I swing open the brazen gates, richly and fancifully embossed and emblazoned, which lead to the chapels of the Jaghellons and the Sigismunds, to the altar at which the kings were used to hear daily mass—by its side is the effigy of Stephen Bathory, as if he were starting up in his royal armour, to lead his nobles once more—and to the Soltyk chapel, which contains the mausoleum of the last ecclesiastical head of the national party in Poland.

The Soltyk chapel is adorned with the most precious relics of art which exist in the cathedral. The Gothic compartments of the vaulted roof are painted in the earliest style of fresco; and although they are much defaced, the groups of saints, which may still be distinguished, are extremely interesting. The whole parget of the roof, and the side walls, are stained of an intense azure colour, spangled in parts with large golden stars; and upon this rich ground the paintings are introduced. Until the middle of the last century the roof of the whole cathedral was ornamented in the same manner, and the destruction of so astonishing a work is to be regretted as one of the greatest

losses the Slavonian arts have sustained. The effect of that great aisle, roofed by a firmament of glory and azure, and peopled with a host of noble forms, must have been no unworthy symbol

Di questo miro ed angelico tempio
Che solo per confine ha luce ed amore.

The churches of Cracow contain few works of Italian artists, but they abound in fine specimens of the latest Byzantine school, and the painters and sculptors of the school of Nuremberg furnished many of their finest works to Cracow.

The Soltyk chapel contains two side altars, each of which is adorned with eight pictures on the panels of the folding doors. The older of these altars is attributed by tradition to a Russian artist, and it is styled a Russian altar. Three of the panels represent the history of St. George of Cappadocia, and the execution of the landscapes introduced in the background is peculiarly remarkable. The date on the picture is 1467. The second altar is of a later period, and is evidently by the hand of a German artist. The eight subjects are taken from the life of Christ, and they reminded me, by their angelic expression and exquisite treatment, of the best paintings of Lucas Cranach.

Below these altars are the tombs of Jean Albert and Ladislas Jaghellon, which are perfectly preserved and of excellent workmanship. They are carved in a kind of red marble, found in the palatinate of Cracow. The border round these cenotaphs represents a row of mourners, in attitudes of violent grief, supporting two shields, the one emblazoned with the white eagle, the other with a portrait of the monarch buried below. On each side of one of the tombs are three dogs, crouching beside their master's last bed, and howling for his death. The only monuments of a recent date in the cathedral are a statue of Count Wladimir Potocki by Thorwaldsen, and a chapel intended to be consecrated to the memory of Count Arthur Potocki, when the ornaments which have been selected by the taste and piety of his widow are finished.

Hitherto I had explored the aisles and chapels which contain the most ancient monuments of the church and the kingdom; but a still more striking depository of the dead remained to be visited. The attendants of the church raised a ponderous brazen trap-door with levers, and we descended into the crypt or vault which contains the sepulchres of three of the last and greatest sons of Poland. The architecture of this subterranean chapel is of the purest style of the round arch; it is evidently the oldest part of the cathedral; the pillars are slight, and their plain capitals give an air of tranquil grace to the vault, which is faintly lighted by a small aperture at the further end.

Opposite to this window stands a large black sarcophagus, which holds the remains of JOHN SOBIESKI; the crown, the sceptre, and the sword are laid upon it; and the name of John III. of Poland is inscribed below. On the left of this tomb, in a simpler sarcophagus of the same dark stone, lies JOSEPH PONIATOWSKI; and on the other side are deposited the remains of THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO, which were removed to Cracow in 1817. The names of these men

are their only epitaphs ; and as I stood between the sepulchres of the Great Three, I drew my breath with religious awe, conscious of my unworthiness to enter so deep a sanctuary. For a time, I bade the world and all its thoughts keep out, whilst the influence of the place was building a monument of meditation in my silent heart. It is not without a pause that the mind can rise from the external objects which strike the bodily sense and gratify the curiosity, to the high spiritual teachings of a work of art or a great historical monument. Before the host of elevated thoughts can array themselves in distinct order, the mind must feel a purity and a dignity which renders it worthy to meet things better and greater than its present self. Touched by the sacred influence of things not supernatural but the highest in nature, the heart is stirred in its recesses by an inward voice, as deep as the voice of prophecy : the mind recites to itself the lesson of the world. Who shall utter the stern eloquence of that lesson ? who shall imitate the tender voices of love and hope, which chime as sweetly as an angel's psalm ?

*La mente mia così tra quelle dape
Fatte più grande di se stessa uscìo,
E che si fesse, rimembrar non sape.*

This sepulchre is not, however, the only monument which Poland has raised to her Kosciusko. On the 16th of October, 1820, the Senate of Cracow, accompanied by vast numbers of the nobles and the people from all the adjacent provinces, proceeded to deposit the first load of earth upon an eminence, not far from the walls of the city, which had been selected to bear a mountain-tumulus in honour of the patriotic general. For four years this great work was eagerly pursued ; citizens of every rank toiled at the wheel-barrow ; parcels of the sacred soil were sent to join the mass from all the great battle-fields which had been sprinkled with Polish blood ; and the mound gradually rose to an altitude of about a hundred and fifty feet. This monument of clay, planted on the soil which has been most frequently and grievously convulsed by political revolutions, will probably maintain its place as long as the world is habitable by men. Of all the structures of our age, if structure it can be called, this alone seems raised for all time—a thing lasting in itself, lasting by the name it bears, and lasting by the spirit which made it, when those who raised it shall all be scattered in uncollected dust. On the summit of this eminence, the thought of its origin and its probable existence came over me with the strangeness of a dream ; and we seemed to look down the infinite vista of time, in prescient sympathy with generations whose ancestors are yet unborn. From that spot may be discerned the tumuli of Krak and of Vanda, which date from the earliest period of Polish history—as if, by some strange symbology, the memorials of that remarkable people were to begin and end in two barrows of uncommon size !

At the foot of the mound stands a simple chapel dedicated to St. Bronislawa ; a hermit leads his peaceful life in an adjoining cell ; and cottages were to have been built hard by, with allotments of land for eight of the families of Cracovian peasants, who fought with Kosci-

usko; to be held for ever by the service of keeping the grassy sides of the memorial in order. The monument is an object of great veneration in all the country round, even to those who saw it raised; for the lowest orders in Poland have retained an ardent and romantic attachment to the traditions of their religious faith and of their national greatness. As we drove home across the fields below the Kosciusko mound, the husbandmen returning from their work gave us the customary salutation of the country people—"Blessed be Christ"—to which my companion replied, according to the usage of the land, "Blessed be His name for ever!"

The limits of these sketches, now fast drawing to a close, warn me to leave undescribed many spots of singular beauty, many scenes of patriarchal simplicity, many associations upon which it would be pleasant to dwell. But there is one evening excursion to which I would fain devote a page before we quit the environs of Cracow, to return to the monuments within the city.

At a distance of about four miles from Cracow, you may discern, from the terrace of the castle, the Monastery of Bielany, upon the summit of a richly-wooded hill. The afternoon was far spent when we left the town, and we drove rapidly past the Convent of Zwierzyniec, with its white battlements on the right bank of the Vistula, and under the grey masses of rock scattered at the foot of the heights. In half an hour we alighted on the hill of Bielany. A rude path winds among the trees and broken ground to the gate of the monastery. The cool turf gave a pleasant spring to our feet, as we climbed through the bushes, and underneath the scattered birch-trees, those "weeping ladies of the wood," which were waving with a feminine grace on their silver stems. The hour and the place were singularly calm, and they disposed the mind to the interchange of calm thoughts. From the cross of black marble on the summit, by which we were standing, the eye wandered over an immense panorama, backed by the Carpathians and the snowy peaks of the Tatra mountains to the southwest, and traversed by the endless mazes of the Vistula, on whose banks we descried the old towers of the Benedictine Monastery of Tyniec. The sun was setting with melancholy grandeur; and a brown mist was slowly spreading its heavy wings up the valley. We had been talking of the expanding and purifying influence of the calm and romantic scenes of the natural world upon the human mind, and especially upon those who grieve and watch for their country's sake. The chant of the Camaldules at their vespers was faintly audible from within the monastery; and as we approached the entrance I read this simple inscription over the portal:—

"Venite seorsum in desertum locum, et requiescite pusillum!"

Marc. vi. 31.

We entered the church, which is a handsome building in a somewhat incorrect style of architecture: the broad and lofty nave was already dim with the coming night; but, from time to time, we saw a monk sweep across the pavement in his white garments, and the chorus of the cœnobites continued to pour forth a full strain of devotion from a choir or chapel behind the altar. The inscription of the

portal dwelt in my mind—"Come apart into the wilderness and rest ye awhile." On leaving the church, we walked through the neat gardens which surround the small separate hermitages of the brothers of St. Romuald; for each Camaldule inhabits a cell of his own within the walls of the monastery. We leaned awhile over a lofty stone parapet, watching the struggling vapours below, over which the moon was then beginning to shine: we descended through the woods, and drove home by the side of the river, which reflected the pearly light from on high, whilst the fishermen of the Vistula were kindling their night-fires on the bank.

It is impossible not to linger amongst the remains of the public buildings in Cracow with melancholy interest mingled with indignation at the barbarous policy which has devoted them to ruin. Already the Town Hall has disappeared. The number of churches in the city, when it was the seat of the court and the centre of a vast monarchy, was seventy-six: they are now reduced to twenty-seven: so great were the riches, so rapid and sweeping has been the desolation of the place. It is a grave and mournful lesson to see in how short a time the marble and the granite of the senate-house, the citadel, and the temple, will crumble to dust, when free institutions have been destroyed, when a people is oppressed, and an aristocracy banished.

Whither shall we turn? To the Church of Skalka, where St. Stanislas fell by the sword of Boleslas the Proud, with the commination on his lips against that monarch, who had allowed the Christian chivalry of Poland to run to riot, after his own example, amongst the wild luxuries of Kiow?—to the Jaghellonian University, with its old galleries, and the painted doorways of its schools, the first and greatest in the land, the last which have retained some vestiges of the language of Kopernick, (Copernicus,) and Krasicki?—to the Gate of St. Florian, with its circular court and seven watch-towers built in memory of the seven Polish cities that first adopted the law of Magdeburg—seven watch-towers from which the warders blew their horns when John Sobieski rode in that way from the campaign which had saved Christendom?—to the Great Hall of the cloth-merchants, built by Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century, with store-houses for vast quantities of merchandise—a building whose magnificence still attests the early and prodigious commercial importance of the city? At the end of the great square stands the Church of our Lady, which is to the cathedral of the castle, precisely what the Teyn Church of Prague is to the cathedral of the Hradschin. It would be easy and not uninteresting to trace out the strong affinities which exist between the monuments and habits of the population in Prague and Cracow, intimately connected with their Slavonian origin, their Slavonian Latin church, and the traditions of that ancient power which is now departed from both of them. This Church of our Lady, which was built in 1226, nearly a century before the Teyn Church of Prague, has the same light circlet of lanthorn-turrets on its towers, the same lofty nave, and the same popular character. The brazen monuments of saints on the pavement are literally flattened by the kisses of the people. The choir and high altar are adorned with a series of exqui-

site carvings in wood, by the first artists of Nuremberg. Many of the side altar-pieces are of a kind peculiar, I believe, to Poland: the limbs and heads of the saints, whom they represent, are painted, but the robes and crowns they wear are overlaid with thick plates of silver, richly embossed, and standing out from the canvass: which of course destroys the harmony of the picture, without adding to its value, if it have any value at all as a work of art.*

At the close of my stay at Cracow I had wandered into the cathedral, to bid farewell to the great shades, whose spirits, if they have still any place upon the earth, are hovering there. My mind had reached an unwonted state of melancholy excitement in that solemn temple, when an altar at the eastern extremity of the northern aisle attracted my observation for the first time. The altar-piece was an immense plate of silver, ornamented after the manner of the Slavonian artists with flowers and arabesques in relief. This large slab, which may be about eight feet in height, serves as the back-ground to a wooden crucifix, bearing a Christ, as large as life, carved with surprising art in black wood. The glory behind the head of the Saviour is of alternate spikes of steel and gold: and on approaching the foot of the altar I perceived that the whole frame was covered with a veil of black crape, stretched tightly across it.

No words that I can join in language will ever convey the expression of that altar-piece—the agonized majesty of the divine head drooping under its thorns, the wounded members cruelly extended on cross, the position of the body contracted by the death-pang, and bathed in falling sweat—but withal the superhuman life pervading the image, so meek in suffering, so sublime in ignominy, so terrible in power over things to come.

My hand shook with awe as I copied the following inscription:

“ *Hæc Salvatoris Nostri Jesu Christi cruci affixi effigies
Quæ in Iconothecâ istâ debito cum honore servatur*

COLLOQUIUM FECIT

(ut majorum habet traditio)

cum divâ Hedwige, Poloniæ Reginâ

*Ludovici Hungarorum et Polonorum Regis filiâ, Uladislai primâ conjuge,
Pietati exquisitâ dum viveret, post mortem vero variis miraculis illustri.*

Tu etiam, Hospes, signa vulnerum Domini tui

Sine voce hic te alloquentia audi,

Et quàm gratus erga ea fueris, tecum cogita !”

Eloquently indeed do those symbols still speak from beneath the black veil, hung over the mystical image by the devout queen; talking visibly to the eye of faith by the glow of religion, by the hopes of salvation, by all that is sweet or awful in the language of Christian art. I was struck by the propriety of the inscription, which, without insisting on the miracle to superstitious purposes, simply relates the old tradition of the altar, and proceeds to draw the heart of the stranger to listen to the speech of those voiceless wounds. For assuredly as often as a

* This bad practice is not uncommon in Italy. Many fine paintings are thus spoiled. The custom also obtains in some parts of Spain.—Ed.

being shall approach that altar with the same devoted submission, the same purity in affliction, and the same lovely piety which filled the heart of Queen Hedwige, the miracle of approving grace will not fail to make its still voice audible.

From the age of five years the Princess Hedwige, the daughter of Louis of Hungary, and elected heiress to the throne of Poland, had been betrothed to William of Austria, and brought up in his company. They had grown together with one life and one love: and when she mounted the throne, at the age of fifteen, in the early plenitude of beauty, and piety, and grace before God and men, her fondest hope was to share that greatness with the brother of her heart. But Uladislaus Jaghellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania, a pagan prince, the ancient foe of Poland and the Piasts, conceived the design of marrying this incomparable princess. He offered to unite his dominions to Poland, and above all, to embrace the Catholic faith, with all his nobles. Already the Archduke William was in Cracow to claim his bride; already the promises of an attachment, as long and as intense as the heart of Hedwige was pure, seemed on the eve of their accomplishment. But God and Poland, the church and the republic demanded the sacrifice; after a dreadful struggle, the woman yielded to the queen, and Hedwige renounced the lover of her youth for an unknown barbarian of the north. The sacrifice was not unblessed, for she had the glory of founding the great monarchy of the Jaghellons, of uniting Poland to Lithuania, and of extending the Christian faith to the remotest shores of the Baltic. It was at that awful moment that she repaired to this altar in the cathedral of the palace, and knelt before this very crucifix for three hours, alone, in tears, and prayers. She rose, after she had plucked forth her hopes, her love, and her human will, to offer them as a sacrifice to her country's welfare. It is not for me to estimate the tortures she had undergone, or the reward she merited: she had triumphed as a queen; she offered up her triumph, at the foot of the altar, like a saint. But before she left the church, she threw her veil over the crucifix, as a symbol of that mourning in which her maiden hopes were shrouded; a perpetual endowment was founded to renew the symbol for ever; and the crucifix which I had discovered with such deep emotion on my last visit to the cathedral of Cracow, still bears the name and the veil of Queen Hedwige.*

IX.—THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA.

For my own part I had rather wander about an old cathedral and dream of an enamoured but heroical princess, than descend into the bowels of the earth, were it even to fetch Aladdin's spoils from the cave of the lamp. But I can scarcely pretend to have visited or described any part of Galizia, if I do not make some mention of the great salt mines near Cracow. There are unfortunately a few notorious wonders of the world which exercise an irksome attraction over

* I have borrowed some of these details from the Appendix III. to the "*Histoire de Sainte Elizabeth de Hongrie*," by the Comte de Montalembert—a book so pure in its spirit, so holy in its aspirations, so deep in its learning, and so refined in its language, that it cannot be read without a warm regard for the heart and head of the author, and a deeper sense of the value of personal intercourse with him.

the most indolent traveller, and drag him, without taking much account of his tastes or wants, along the beaten track of sight-seers. Upon no other principle did I start for these salt mines.

The town of Wieliczka is pleasantly situated on the Austrian side of the Vistula, about five miles from Cracow, in a country pleasantly diversified with slight hills. The population of the town exceeds four thousand: its position has nothing of the picturesque aspect of the salt works near Salzburg or in the Vallais. Several shafts in different parts of the town descend into the excavations which have been made in the salt-rock. Down the principal of these shafts it was my fate to descend; and having put on a kind of white surplice, and hired a certain number of boys to carry iron lamps, I took my place with the guides in a kind of swing, suspended from a capstern, and we were all let down thirty-four fathoms, hanging like a bunch of grapes from a single rope. This descent brought us to the first story, or *field* of the works, where considerable numbers of men were engaged in packing and pounding the salt in barrels, whence it is raised up the great shaft. We walked for some distance along the wide galleries, which are perfectly dry and airy, till we arrived at various halls or chambers, excavated in the salt. I had been assured that I should find the air so impregnated with saline particles, as to give a strong taste of salt to the lips and tongue, but I did not perceive this to be the case. My guides lit their broom torches, which threw a transient glare over the immense caverns; the hewn vaults and the dark irregular walls glittered with the crystals imbedded here and there in the compact mass; and the vast obscure, thus fitfully illuminated, gave one the gloomy impression of a temple dedicated to the infernal deities. We crossed a salt-lake, which fills the bottom of one of these halls on the second field, in a broad flat-bottomed boat, and beyond it we found the workmen continuing the labour of excavation. Some of the galleries through which we passed are a thousand paces in length, and several of the chambers are from eighty to a hundred feet in height. It was an appalling reflection, that these prodigious perforations, descending one hundred and thirty-six fathoms into the earth, and extending, in a vast labyrinth, four stories deep, over a tract as large as a huge city, have been effected for the sole purpose of seasoning human food; that man has hence eaten the earth, obeying, it would seem, an instinctive rather than an artificial want; since it appears to be common to all mankind, and the mineral substance thus profusely consumed, has a sacred character in all the more primitive forms of religion.

The salt-rock of Wieliczka is perfectly compact; no natural chasms have ever been found in the mass; and the salt is mixed with no kind of extraneous substance, except the soil and clay in the parts nearer to the surface. The halls and passages, which have been gradually excavated in the course of nine hundred years, during which the mines are known to have been worked, are all named after distinguished personages, and many of them are adorned with obelisks and columns, left standing by the workmen. The chapel is a chamber of moderate size, scooped out in a more regular gothic form, ornamented with various statues and a huge crucifix, all of the same

material. One of the statues, composed of a single transparent salt-crystal, represents Sigismund Augustus of Poland, as large as life, though the emblems of his regality have slightly defloresced since his reign. Another statue, which I took for Lot's wife, proved to be St. Cunegunda, once duchess of the country, and still patroness of the mines, which the tradition says were discovered in the course of a very vigilant search made for the wedding-ring of that princess. Mass is celebrated once a-year in this subterranean chapel, in the presence of all the miners—and that is on the festival of St. Cunegunda.

The miners are a fine race of men; their labour is healthy, and it is not true that any of them live underground—they seldom remain below more than eight hours at a time. The implements they use to detach large fragments of the rock from the mass, are of the simplest kind; and the mines are worked at the present day just as they were in the ninth century, with the exception of the gunpowder occasionally used in blasting. The whole nature of the works has in fact little analogy with the science of mining; and it would be more correct to term them salt-quarries than salt-mines.

The whole administration is now a monopoly in the hands of the Austrian government. The salt is raised at an expense of about 10 kreuzers, (4*d.*) per quintal; it is sold to the ordinary purchaser on the spot, at the prices of 5 fl. 45 kreuz., and 8 fl. 30 kreuz., (about eleven shillings) per quintal. By an arrangement made with the Russian and Prussian governments at the Congress of Vienna, salt is sold to them at a price which enables them to make the same exorbitant profits, by re-vending it to their subjects a little dearer than it is sold in Austria. The monopoly is enforced in Galizia with the utmost rigour; and severe punishments are inflicted on the peasants who should venture to use even the drippings of salt water drained from the mines: the slightest trace of salt in the country is immediately seized by the authorities for the imperial monopoly, without regard to private property in the soil. Of course the quantity of salt raised is regulated entirely by the demand; it now varies from 700,000 to a million quintals annually. The wages of the men who work at the excavations, and who are paid by task-work, vary from forty kreuzers to one florin per diem, (16*d.* to 2*s.*;) the pay of the men otherwise employed about the mines is only sixteen kreuzers, (6½*d.*)

Accidents very rarely happen; and when they do, they are generally caused by an unforeseen approach to some neglected part of the works, where water has accumulated in the lapse of centuries. Since the Austrians have been in possession of the mines, many of the salt-pillars, which had been left by the miners to support the cavities, have been hewn away, and immense piles of wood have been substituted. It is apprehended that this change may be attended with disastrous consequences at some future time, though the wood becomes exceedingly durable from its being impregnated with salt. In the course of last year, the crust gave way in one part, and a house in the town descended gently into the depths below. But the extent and apparent solidity of the passages gives an air of great security to the immense labyrinth: and fortunately the idea of being

earthed, scarcely crossed my mind. It might seem hard to be drowned as well as buried alive ; but in the middle of the lowest field to which I penetrated, I had the satisfaction of learning from the guides that the lake we had crossed half an hour before, was just over our heads. A fortnight would scarcely suffice to explore the whole extent of the excavations, but I was perfectly satisfied with a journey of two hours. The monotonous immensity of the subterranean vaults, the broad darkness all around, just rendered visible by our passing torches, and the stony silence—so infinitely more deep than the stillest hour of a summer's night—only broken by the picking heard at intervals, or the rough explosion of the blasting powder, weighed heavily upon the imagination. I took my place again with great pleasure in the swing which raised me to my native surface ; and I joyfully opened my eyes and mouth to quaff with rare appetite a draught of light and air.

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I COME from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant home :
Encompassed by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be ;
And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
And Beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float :
Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed me,
I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them the ties they once cherished forgetting,
Oft trust to new friendship, and cling to new love.
O ! is it so hard to preserve true devotion ?—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

EMBLEMS.

AN evening-cloud, in brief suspense,
 Was hither driven and thither ;
 It came I know not whence,
 It went I know not whither :
 I watch'd it changing in the wind,
 Size, semblance, shape, and hue,
 Fading and lessening, till behind
 It left no speck in heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night,
 Shone a new star supremely bright ;
 With marvelling eye, well-pleased to err,
 I hail'd the prodigy ;—anon,
 It fell ;—it fell like Lucifer,
 A flash, a blaze, a train—'twas gone !
 And then I sought in vain its place
 Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line
 Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
 A fly's wing shook it : round and clear,
 As if by fairy-fingers strung,
 Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,
 In trembling brilliancy they hung
 Upon a rosy briar, whose bloom
 Shed nectar round them and perfume :

Ere long, exhaled in limpid air,
 Some mingled with the breath of morn,
 Some slid down singly, here and there,
 Like tears, by their own weight o'erborne ;
 At length the film itself collapsed, and where
 The pageant glittered, lo ! a naked thorn.

What are the living ? Hark ! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,—
“ The living are the dying !”

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's line of pilgrimage ?
The pathway to Death's portal :
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony ;—
The dead are the immortal ;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops, or films of gossamer, we are :
What can the state beyond us be ?
Life ?—Death ?—Ah ! no—a greater mystery ;—
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen ;
Perfect existence from a point begun ;
Part of what God's eternity hath been ;
Whole immortality belongs to none
But HIM, the first, the last, the Only One.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield, June 5, 1837.

NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.¹

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

THE Foudroyant, with her prize, was towed into Syracuse harbour. Arrived at Palermo, and Lord Nelson's flag again decorating our fore-top gallant mast, all Sicily flocked on board to compliment the gallant men who had brought in a foe so dreaded. The royal standard, seen in the admiral's barge, and the long measured stroke of the rowers, with the respectful standing position of the lieutenant at the helm, denote that the very highest in the realm are on board. The boatswain's shrill pipe called attention; and the words, "All hands man ship a-hoy!" re-echoed by his mates through the different decks, instantly placed seven hundred men in our rigging, the light topmen, that were to ascend the dizzy height of the royal yards, in advance. "Away aloft!" and like a flash of lightning they ascend to their respective posts, the graceful toss of the bowman's oar, and the tune from the boatswain's call, gave the signal to "lay out;" and our well-squared yards were covered by sailors in their long quartered shoes, check shirt, blue jacket, and trousers white as driven snow, with queues hanging down their backs, for cropping was not then in fashion, while three bold and active boys climbed the royal masts, and sat on the trucks apparently much at ease.

"Turn out a captain's guard, summons all the officers," and six of the best-dressed midshipmen attend the side ropes, and plant the silk standard in the ladies' chair, into which the hero of England and the pride of the navy, awkwardly (from the want of an arm) assisted the Queen of Sicily and her three daughters. "Whip handsomely, and beat her off, young gentlemen," and the daughter of Maria Theresa, with animated eyes and a quick step, advanced to the captain, who gallantly kissed her fair hand, while she, with great volubility, complimented and thanked him over and over again; and turning to the officers with inimitable grace, she and her daughters presented hands to be kissed by each and all of us. For my part, I was so enraptured by the striking beauty of one of the princesses, that my salute was ardent, and the pressure accorded with my feelings—for I was completely in the seventh heaven—and long did that soft pressure and kiss dwell on my fancy, and haunt my slumbers. The band played a march, the guard presented arms, and the officers uncovered, as the descendant of Maria Theresa placed her foot on the deck of the conqueror's ship. The Sicilian royal standard superseded Lord Nelson's flag, and the unfolding of its banners roused the sleeping thunder of the squadron. A royal salute welcomed this energetic woman, whose slender and perfect form seemed to tread on air, while the tender animation of her sparkling eyes expressed a warmth of heart that prompted her (at least in my

¹ Continued from p. 70.

imagination) to embrace all around her. Very little time did she devote to the splendid collation prepared for her; but, with her amiable daughters, sought to soothe the anguish of pain, and alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. The drums beat to arms, and the court inspected the quarters on their way to the different hospitals established in the ship: with every wounded man and boy they shook hands, saying something kind and consoling, while their gifts were munificent. The princesses shed tears over the sufferings they beheld, and enclosed their delicate hands in the iron grasp of Jack, as he lay restless on his couch of pain; but still he was an object of envy to me, as the beauteous Marie Antoinette bent over him with looks of pity that an angel might have envied, while her coral lips gave utterance to the most melodious sounds that ever extracted the sting from the anguish of the suffering, either in mind or body. The last object of attention to the royal party was my excellent friend and brother signal-midshipman, Mr. West, the chaplain making way for us. Here was a change shocking to behold: the fine apple-cheeked, bold boy, had shrunk into a withered, and apparently old man, by his sufferings; fevered, emaciated, and wan, he lay a ghastly spectacle. Lord Nelson, with great feeling, took him by the hand, praised his courage, told him he was promoted by him, and hailed him as Lieut. West. No emotion was shown by the heroic boy, no other word uttered by him than "drink:" the young princess with great promptitude, divided an orange, and squeezed the juice on his parched lips. Lord Nelson introduced the Queen of Naples and her fair daughters as mourning his misfortunes, in which in truth they took a deep interest, as they stood by his cot in tears: he exhorted him to look forward to long life and high rank in his profession; the surgeon shook his head, and whispered, an hour was the utmost tenure he held of this world, as the wound had gangrened. The good-natured hero seemed much shocked, and showed great emotion. The boy, finding relief and gratification from the kind exertions of the princess, opened his eyes with a death-like stare, as she bent over him: at once he seemed to comprehend his situation; the blood again rallied to the heart; the pulse that had nearly ceased again resumed its beat; animation lighted up his eyes: as he surveyed the beautiful vision, he no doubt thought of his far distant home, and its affectionate inmates. I heard him audibly sigh, and saw him make a feeble attempt to kiss the fair hand that had so kindly administered to his wants; it was the last effort of expiring nature; the gallant boy dropped on his pillow—his fine eyes assumed the glazed hue of death—the rattles in the throat gave notice of the difficulty of respiration, and the surgeon announced him to be in his last agonies. Here was a lesson of mortality to a frivolous and dissolute court. The maids of honour and the officers of the household walked off without waiting for orders, first attempting in vain to move the queen and princesses, who evinced deep feeling; and the sobs of the lovely young princess were quite hysterical. Lord Nelson in silent grief motioned Lady Hamilton to remove the queen, and with the princess royal on his only arm, led the way on deck. Our gallant captain gave an arm to each of the younger princesses, and the royal procession embarked in his barge in solemn

silence, so different to the animation and pleasure that had lighted up their expressive features on their arrival. The guard had been dismissed, the band ceased to play, and silence was ordered fore and aft on the knowledge of my friend's fate. The gallant boy was interred with military honours in the ground of the Protestant chapel of the ambassador. He died the death of a hero, and sincerely mourned by his brother officers, and was long remembered for his good qualities by those who had the pleasure of knowing him.—Peace to his manes!

THE NELSONIAN BALL.

The wounded and sick were landed with the utmost tenderness, and well looked after on shore. The gallant ship purified, the flags floated gaily from their usual stations, and all appearance of sorrow was dismissed. Now were notes of great preparation for a splendid dinner and ball, to be given by Lord Nelson, to commemorate two great events, the capture of "*La Guillaume Tell*," (the only ship that escaped from the battle of the Nile, that was not one of our own,) and the marriage of the prime minister of Naples, "*Sir John Acton*," a tall, spare Scotchman, bent by age, being on the wrong side of seventy, to a beautiful girl (his niece) on the right side of twelve, though her appearance was not so juvenile as her years; this abominable sacrifice of youth, innocence, and beauty, was made at the altar of Mammon. By raising the awnings twenty feet, removing the guns, and robing the masts in silk, two spacious rooms were given, and these were most splendidly decorated; and when lighted up in the evening, really presented a very fairy-like appearance, while the music that floated over the calm waters of this beautiful bay was softened. All the nobles of the court, with the exception of the king and queen, were there; the Marquis de Neeza, admiral of the Portuguese squadron, accompanied by his officers, gave a lightsome appearance, and took from the sombre hue thrown by Mustapha Bey and the Turkish grandees. The captive French admiral also excited great and deserved attention, and on his health being given by his conqueror, made a concise speech, in which he highly complimented Captain Blackwood, and told Lord Nelson, that to that brave man alone he was indebted for the capture of *La Guillaume Tell*; and to impress us with the idea of his estimation of him, embraced him French fashion, by kissing each of his cheeks. We all perceived, by the heightened colour, that the gallant Blackwood would willingly have dispensed with the fraternal hug—especially when complimented by his youthful brother officers on this undesired instance of the Frenchman's admiration. The youthful part of the select guests arrived in groups alongside the flag-ship, whose brilliant illumination lighted the whole bay. When two young scions of a princely house arrived in their well-appointed barge, one of our lieutenants, who had sacrificed freely to the jolly god, excited by wine and beauty—for one of the princesses was really handsome—rushed to offer his services as became a gallant knight; but, I am glad to say, was anticipated with the beauty by a brother officer, who had not drunk all the given toasts in bumpers. Rather heated, he incautiously assisted the sister, whose temper, like her person, was capable of improvement, and, in his

drunken efforts, plunged both into the water. The musical screams of numerous lovely throats were heard in various intonations. The well-washed princess, in her drenched feathers and finery, was brought on deck, and appeared a sea nymph of the fury kind. She demanded that the unfortunate hero, who was making drunken apologies, should be immediately hanged at the fore-yard-arm. To this our hero, with his usual aversion to punishment, demurred; asserting that English law, both civil and military, did not allow of such summary justice; but he pacified the enraged fair one by placing the offending officer under an arrest; and Lady Hamilton, in a short time, produced the fury, dressed, but with more taste, under her kind inspection. Now commenced the graceful and animated dance of the *Saltarella*, far different from our sleepy way of walking, like mutes at a funeral, through the quadrilles, where each is determined to act the statue,—the elastic spring of the deck being the greater from the supporting stanchions being withdrawn. The animation and vivid feelings of the beaux—the voluptuous and graceful forms of the senoras—the glances of their expressive black eyes and their raven tresses were very striking—but all this, beautiful as it really was, did not (in my opinion) outvie the modest lily of England, in the youthful Baroness of Acton. I have heard she is still a very fine woman. Her husband was a good-natured man, with whom I have often conversed, particularly on one occasion, that now occurs to my memory. Two very fine calves had been presented to his majesty, in Naples Bay, dressed as female fashionables of the highest grade; viz. in satin, with ostrich feathers on their heads, which they tossed about as if proud of all the finery they were loaded with. This unusual mode of clothing calves pleased the king, and threw us into uncontrollable laughter. Sir John told us, in a kind way, to look at the motive, which was loyalty to a beneficent sovereign, and not to attach so much ridicule to the act. Some strange circumstances attended the funeral of this respected old gentleman; but, as I was not an eye-witness, I forbear to detail newspaper reports, that might wound the feelings of his beautiful and amiable widow.

Some few of the dancers had ventured to brave the beams of the rising sun, while the judicious, fully aware that rouged cheeks and uncurled tresses do not make the impressions that all female hearts desire to make, had retired some hours before, accompanying the admiral and ambassadors.

The following day we were ordered to prepare to receive her majesty the Queen of Naples, and her three daughters, to convey them to Leghorn, on their passage to the Court of Vienna; a seventy-four and a frigate were also ordered to receive their suites and baggage.

THE ROYAL PARTY.

My Lord Nelson in person took command of the squadron, and the king escorted his energetic partner and daughters on board, and was received with the greatest honours paid to crowned heads. Shortly after he reached our quarter-deck, Lord Nelson's favourite steward, the well-known John Allen, formerly a master in the *Agamemnon*, in a broad Yorkshire dialect asked his majesty of the two Sicilies how he

did. The king, fully aware of the liberty this spoilt domestic took, very graciously presented his hand to be kissed, which the other shook heartily, saying, "How do you do, Mr. King?" to the amusement of all the spectators, save his lordship, who ineffectually attempted to polish his rough Yorkshire cast. This man, who had a feeling heart under a very rough exterior, was ordered by Lord Nelson on the 14th of February to ask every officer that had been in the gallant action off St. Vincent to dinner. I was honoured by John with the usual invite. "You must dine with his lordship to-day."

"Very sorry I cannot, John."

"You must."

"I have no clean shirt, and my messmates are in the same plight."

Away John bustled up to the admiral, who good-naturedly said, I might dine in any shirt, but *must* celebrate the anniversary of that glorious and unprecedented victory at his table at three o'clock that day. This was the first time I dined with the heroic Nelson, whose manner to his inferiors were most conciliatory and kind, his smile inimitable, and when he asked me to take wine from his own bottle, the produce of the grape grown in his dukedom of Bronte, I thought he looked very handsome, though at times his face was melancholy, betraying a mind ill at ease. Five glasses of wine were all the admiral could bear, and John Allen led him away, reminding him of his sufferings on the following day from the least excess. The passage of the royal party to Leghorn was effected in turbulent weather: the two eldest of the princesses gave way to the debility caused by sea sickness, while the lovely sister, with all the energy of the queen-mother, combated the effects of this nauseous disorder. Her hearty laugh at the efforts she ineffectually made through the speaking trumpet to converse with the ladies of the court, as the squadron crowded under our stern, still dwells in my memory, for there is an inexpressible delight in the ringing laugh of childhood, when the whole heart seems filled with joy. The queen and her family shed pearly tears, as the crew cheered them on their leaving, and the thunder of the Tuscany cannon announced that the royal family of Naples had landed in the grand duke's territories. The Foudroyant and the squadron made sail for Malta, that still continued in siege and starvation; Lady Hamilton either felt, or effected to feel, extremely grieved at parting with the queen and family; and to cheer her profound sorrow, Miss Bright composed the following song on the trophies hung in Lord Nelson's cabin.

Come, cheer up, fair Emma, forget all thy grief,
 Your shipmates are brave, and a hero's their chief;
 Look around on these trophies, the pride of the main,
 They were snatched by their valour from Gaul and from Spain.
 Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 To fight and to conquer again and again.
 These arms the San Joseph once claimed as her own,
 Till Nelson and Britons their pride had o'erthrown;
 That plume, too, evinces that still they excel,
 'Twas torn from the cap of the famed Guillaume Tell.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

Behold yonder trophy, 'tis sacred to fame,
From Nile's olden wave it was saved from the flame,
That flame which destroyed all the glory of France,
When Providence conquered the friends of blind chance.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Then cheer up, fair Emma, remember thou'rt free,
And ploughing Britannia's old empire the sea ;
How many in Albion each sorrow would check,
Could they kiss but one plank of this conquering deck.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

THE CRUISE.

Lady Hamilton's grief produced its concomitant effects upon her frame, for the mind and body are too closely allied not to sympathise with each other ; she was pronounced ill by Esculapius, and perfect silence prevailed. Stillness was observed in all parts of this Noah's ark, save and except the infernal regions, where the jolly reefers held their carouse, and played all manner of boyish pranks with impunity. I can truly aver that there is more happiness to be found in these dilapidated abodes, than in the splendid cabin or wardroom. Divested of all responsibility, the midshipman enjoys the present day without a thought of the morrow. Our black servant, (a prince by his own account,) acting in the capacity of steward, cook, and butler, was brought up before a self-constituted court, and charged with stealing from divers midshipmen (his then masters) their pots of pomatum. This loss was the more serious, as a cauliflower head was in those days the distinguishing mark of loyalty. The case was proved to an amazing extent, as not a particle of that indispensable was left in the mess, and the purser's dips suffered as substitutes accordingly. "Colonel Crib" (a nick-name given to the worthy president from being strongly marked with that foe to beauty the small-pox) called on the black prince for his defence, which is rather ingenious,—“that massa had the whole of his pomatum back in the different made dishes that massa buckra praised so highly.” This excited both nausea and anger in his judges, who reflected with dismay on their delight in the savoury dishes his highness had so concocted. Punishment followed closely on the sentence, which was fifty strokes with the sheath of a sword on the shin bones, the most susceptible place about a black, which the prince endured with the stoicism of a martyr.

But having digressed into the boyish pranks of a cockpit, I must return to a more serious subject, (at least in Lord Nelson's opinion,) the illness of Lady Hamilton, who was very feverish ; and to give her rest, the *Foudroyant* was run off before the wind, with her yards braced by, for the whole night, which had the desired effect ; for to his great joy, and indeed it gave pleasure to all on board, she was pronounced convalescent. I have said very little of the husband of this extraordinary woman ; but as he lived with her on board, I must now introduce him. He was a spare, gentlemanly old man, kind to every person, and much beloved. Of the goodness of his disposition,

I experienced a rare and striking instance. One noon, enticed by the savoury smell of the viands that his highness was bearing to our table, I followed them down, fully aware that the last comer was not the best served. Just as I with great haste had scalded my mouth with a piece of plum-pudding, for observe, gentle reader, the plums are barely within hail of each other, the quarter-deck messenger announced that Sir William was on deck, and wanted the signal midshipman. Ye gods! how I scampered up the ladder, and by the greatest ill luck encountered Sir William Hamilton, tottering down with all the caution of age. The concussion was dreadful, and I stood bewildered and aghast! I had overthrown the representative of majesty, and seriously hurt his back against the steps of the companion ladder. Hanging and all sorts of punishment flitted across my imagination. Before I could apologise or recover myself, the old man rose from the recumbent position I had so unceremoniously placed him in, and with a voice of kindness patted me on the head, with a request that I would keep a better look-out afore when called upon for similar haste. I did not find my commander so placable as the ambassador; for he not only sent me to the mast-head, but ordered that I should keep watch and watch there for a week. Lady Hamilton, with her usual kindness, got the latter part of the sentence remitted.

During the passage we encountered a thunder-storm, and the electric fluid struck away our fore-topmast, killing one man and wounding fourteen. The *Principo Real*, a Portuguese ship of the line, lost her main-mast that night, with several men killed. Having shifted the topmast, we arrived off Lavalette, that impregnable capital of Malta, and anchored close within the mouth of the harbour, to prevent any supplies being thrown in. Famine prevailed in the town to such an extent, that the only thing found in *Le Guillaume Tell*, was the leg of a mule, hung for safety and his special use, over the admiral's stern gallery. The expectation of an early surrender, formed upon this known state of destitution, I imagine, influenced Lord Nelson, the ambassador, and his lady, (she being the only female knight of Malta in the world, the honour having been conferred on her by the Russian Emperor Paul,) to hope they might be present at the surrender. But we were all disappointed; for a young officer, a relation of his lordship, having the watch the first night of our arrival, very quietly composed himself to sleep, with an injunction to the mate to rouse him if necessary. A breeze unexpectedly came in from the sea, and the ship dragged her anchor. Davis, the mate, kicked his feet with information of this event; but the luf (according to a phrase used in those days) was as easy as "Jack Easy."

"Dragging her anchor, is she, Davis? O, then give her cable."

"She has brought up, Mr. Bolton," reported the mate.

"O, I thought she would," said the sleeper.

"But I have a notion within gun-shot of the fort," said the mate.

"Well," replied the careless luf, disencumbering himself from his cloak, "I must report this;" and giving a loud yawn, he awoke Sir Edward.

"Very well, Mr. Bolton, we will shift our berth at daylight."

"Ay, ay," said our careless friend, and then resumed his nap.

Hunger, I suppose, kept the Frenchman waking, and at peep of day he made us a target for all his sea-batteries to practise on. "All hands up,"—"Anchor a-hoy," resounded fore and aft; and we hove short to the music of the shot, some of them going far over us.

Lord Nelson was in a towering passion, and Lady Hamilton's refusal to quit the quarter-deck did not tend to tranquillise him. When short a-peak, the breeze failed, leaving only its disagreeable concomitant—a swell.

"Hoist the launch, and carry out your stern-anchor, Sir Ed'ard."

"Very well, my lord."

"And youngster," said his lordship, "take the cutter on board the Success, and bring Captain Peard to take care of the ship;" in a low tone muttering, "nobody here seems capable."

Just at this moment a shot from Long Tom of Malta, now to be seen at St. James's Park, struck the unfortunate fore-topmast, inflicting a deadly wound. His lordship now insisted upon Lady Hamilton's retiring, who did not evince the same partiality for the place of "de safety" as our illustrious the Prince of Palermo, and leaving them in high altercation, I proceeded to his Majesty's frigate Success.

Captain Peard, who had anticipated such a summons, came into the boat, in full uniform, as is usual, when waiting on the commander-in-chief. The captain of Long Tom of Malta, spying the gold-laced hat and epaulettes, sent a shot a long way outside of us. Again he treated us with one that splashed equal to a moderate shower; the third struck within us, and bounded over in most musical style, and it passed near enough to our heads to cause a disagreeable sensation. The coxswain was particularly alive to the emotion, and fell over Captain Peard and myself in the stern sheets, carrying me, who made little opposition, under him.—"Where are you wounded, my man?" said the captain, in a voice of kindness; but when he found that the nerves alone suffered, in a harsh tone he ordered the coxswain into his box, and sat unmoved: he was, in truth, an honour to the navy, and merited a better fate.

After sustaining a severe fire, we warped out of gun-shot, and again had to replace the fore-topmast. And Lady Hamilton, finding that the French governor would not surrender, until he had made a meal of his shoes, influenced Lord Nelson to turn her head for Palermo, a much more agreeable place, and where the balls were not all of iron. On our passage we fell in with the Queen Charlotte, bearing a vice-admiral's flag, and found it to be Lord Keith, come to supersede our hero. This caused many long faces on our quarter-deck, and even Lord Nelson's countenance wore an expression of vexation, as he arrayed himself in his paraphernalia of stars and diamonds to wait on his senior officer. The conference was short. The successor to the ambassador, Sir Arthur Paget, was likewise on board, and our head was turned towards Leghorn, where we landed the hero of the Nile and the explorer of Vesuvius, with Lady Hamilton. We shortly after received the flag of Lord Keith, owing to the unfortunate destruction of the Queen Charlotte, by fire, a few hours after she had quitted the Leghorn roads, which the following letters will explain.

(To be continued.)

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

Chapter IV.—Present Judges.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE DENMAN—MR. JUSTICE LITTLEDALE—MR. JUSTICE PATTESON—MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS—MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

I COME now to speak of the present Judges, and in doing so shall follow the order I observed in my first chapter, when treating of the several courts. According to this order, the judges in the Court of King's Bench come to be first considered.

LORD DENMAN is the present Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He has not filled the office long. He was only appointed to it in 1834, on the retirement of Lord Chief Justice Bayley. The salary of the Chief Justice was formerly 10,000*l.* per annum; but, on the appointment of Lord Denman to the office, it was reduced to 8,000*l.*

The present Lord Chief Justice, when practising at the bar as plain Mr. Thomas Denman, possessed a very respectable business. It was not so large as Brougham's or Scarlett's, or perhaps one or two others; but it was sufficiently large and lucrative, for the last twenty years he practised, to yield him a handsome independency. It is difficult to say with confidence what the average of a barrister's income is, except when the information comes either directly or indirectly from the party himself; but I am satisfied I do not over-estimate the proceeds of Mr. Denman's business when I say that, for many years before his elevation to the Bench, they averaged 5,000*l.* per annum. As a barrister, he was never distinguished for the variety or depth of his legal knowledge: there were many of his contemporary practitioners, who could boast of being far superior to him as lawyers, who had not a tenth part of his practice. The most that could be said of his legal knowledge, was that it was respectable. He owed his success at the bar to other qualities than those of the mere lawyer. In him, in fact, the man always triumphed over the advocate. He made his client's case his own. He was all sincerity and fervour in every case in which he appeared. His manner was popular. His fine musical and powerful voice and easy manner of speaking, were great recommendations to him. He had an admirable command over himself. He was not violent or declamatory where calmness and argument appeared to him most likely to serve the interests of his client. His usual manner exhibited a happy union of coolness with animation; but when it suited his turn, he could work himself up into a paroxysm of warmth, if there be propriety in the expression, and address the court and jury with a boldness and energy which, with the single exception of his friend Brougham, were seldom exhi-

¹ Continued from page 92.

bited in the forensic efforts of any of his contemporaries. Few men have possessed greater firmness, or displayed a greater determination of purpose, than Mr. Denman. Of his decision of character, as a judge, I shall have occasion to speak when I come to view him in that capacity. The same quality shone out with great pre-eminence on all those occasions in which circumstances required it, when practising at the bar. It is said of John Knox, the well-known Scotch reformer, that he never feared the face of man: it might have been added of the sturdy Presbyterian, that neither was he to be deterred from the faithful discharge of what he conceived to be his duty by the face of woman; for on one occasion, he, in the boldest manner, denounced the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots in her own court—graced as it was by the presence of all the female nobility of the land—for what he regarded as her vices. Historians tell us, that Mary profusely shed tears at the severity of the stern reformer's rebuke; but that, unsoftened by those tears, and unsubdued by the beauty of his other auditors or the splendour of the scene, he proceeded, until he had fairly unburthened his conscience by a faithful administration of the rebuke,—just as if he had been preaching to the peasantry on one of the sides of the heath-clad mountains of his native land. Whether Mr. Denman would have exhibited equal firmness in the presence of such an assemblage, is more than I can tell. It is more, I am inclined to think, than he could say himself, never having been placed in circumstances at all similar. But whether he would be softened or subdued by the face of woman, certain it is that it may be said of him, as it is of John Knox, that he never feared, during his practice at the bar, the face of man. No man knew better than he the respect which was due to the court, and no man was more ready in according that respect to it. But his notions of deference to the Bench would never suffer him to compromise one iota of the interests of his client, or of his own independence as an advocate. He never stood in an unbecoming awe of the Bench; he never knew what it was to succumb to it, nor to yield it more honour or homage than it had a right to claim. As much cannot be predicated of all counsel—not even of some of those of the first standing at the bar. There is such a thing as the servility of an advocate to a judge: in such a case the advocate's own professional character suffers, while the interests of his client are, to a certain extent, compromised. And as Mr. Denman feared not the Bench, so neither was he overawed by any of his contemporary counsel. There were counsel of greater legal acquirements than himself, and of as great talents, who trembled to be pitted against Mr. Brougham. Not so with Mr. Denman: with him Mr. Brougham was the same as any other man,—with this difference, that he knew the commanding talents of Brougham required much greater exertion on his part to counteract the impression he might produce on the minds of a jury, than would be required in other circumstances.

Mr. Denman gave one extraordinary proof of the fearlessness of manner of which I am speaking, which must still be fresh in the remembrance of the public. I allude to the way in which, when addressing the House of Lords, as counsel for Queen Caroline, he de-

nounced the present king, then Duke of Clarence. Mr. Denman having, in a speech which occupied five or six hours in the delivery, summed up the evidence which had been adduced in the course of the trial, referred, towards the conclusion, to certain efforts which had been made to prejudice the queen, in the following pointed and uncompromising terms:—"I know," said he, "that rumours are abroad of the most vague, but, at the same time, of the most injurious character. I have heard them even at the very moment we were defending her majesty against charges which, compared with these rumours, are clear, comprehensible, and tangible—we have heard, and hear daily, with alarm, that there are persons—and these not of the lowest condition, and not confined to individuals connected with the public press, not even excluded from your august assemblage—who are industriously circulating the most odious and atrocious calumnies against her majesty. Can this fact be? And yet, can we live an hour in the world at this moment and not know it to be true? We know that if a juryman, upon such an occasion, should be found to possess any knowledge of the subject of inquiry, we would have a right to call him to the bar as a witness. 'Come forward,' we might say, 'and let us confront you with our evidence; let us see whether no explanation can be given of the fact you assert, and no refutation effectually applied.' But to any man who could even be suspected of so base a practice as whispering calumnies to judges—distilling leprous venom into the ears of jurors—I would say, 'Come forth, thou slanderer! and let me see thy face! If thou wouldst equal the respectability of even an Italian witness, come forth, and depose in open court! As thou art, thou art worse than an Italian assassin! because, while I am boldly and manfully meeting the accusers of her majesty, thou art planting a dagger unseen in her bosom, and converting thy poisoned stiletto into the semblance of the sword of justice!' I would fain say, my Lords, that it is utterly impossible this can be true; but I cannot say it, because the fact stares me in the face. I read it even in the public papers; and had I not known of its existence, in the dignity of human nature, I would have held it impossible that any one, with the heart of a man or with the honour of a peer, should so debase his heart and degrade his honour! I would charge him as a judge—I would impeach him as a judge; and if it were possible that the blood-royal of England should be tainted with such a degradation—that it could descend to a course so disgraceful—I should fearlessly tell him that it was far more just that such conduct should deprive him of his right of succession to the throne of these realms, than that all the facts alleged against her majesty, even if true to the last letter of the charge, should warrant your Lordships in passing this bill of degradation and divorce."

Here was a specimen of manly independence of character. It was one worthy the best days and the best men, of ancient Greece or Rome. It is to be borne in mind that this was uttered not only by a plain advocate before the assembled nobles of the land, but in the very presence and hearing of the royal peer against whom it was directed. The general remark, after Mr. Denman had concluded his speech, was that the passage in question would prove ruinous to him

as a professional man. For a time the prediction seemed as if it would be verified. The straightforward speaker drew down upon himself the implacable enmity of George IV., and consequently, while that monarch lived, an insurmountable barrier was interposed to all professional preferment. Mr. Denman had the mortification to see his juniors in age and inferiors in talent raised over his head, because he had given this most striking exhibition of his innate independence and fearlessness of character. To the infinite honour, however, of the present king be it spoken, no sooner was he raised to the throne than the prospect of professional promotion, according to his merits, opened on Mr. Denman. This was the more to be wondered at, as our present sovereign was the very party denounced by him. William IV., however, could never retain animosities. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he did not merge all personal feeling on the subject, in his admiration of the sterling, straightforward integrity and unbending independence of the advocate. As will presently be seen, Mr. Denman was, soon after the accession of his present majesty to the throne, raised to the office of attorney-general, and eventually to his present important and dignified situation.

I have already glanced at Mr. Denman's manner in addressing a jury. That manner was always dignified. He was sustained in every case by the feeling of thorough independence, to which I have been alluding. In no instance did either the magnitude of the case entrusted to him, or any other consideration, discompose him. His perfect composure was, under all circumstances, observable, and was often of great service, both to himself professionally and to the client whose interests were committed to his care. In many instances the loss of self-possession is very injurious to an advocate: there are cases on record in which the perfect composure of the counsel would have gained the client's cause. Mr. Denman was not over liberal of his gesticulation in addressing a jury. His favourite attitude, in the more emphatic parts of his speech, was that of extending both his arms at once, and looking the jury earnestly in the face. At other times, he moderately moved his right arm, accompanying it now and then with a gentle motion of the left. I have spoken of his fine sonorous voice. His elocution was always good. His utterance was timed with judgment to the ear; and he seldom stuttered or had to withdraw an unsuitable word. His forensic efforts rarely rose to the higher order of eloquence; but they were always more than respectable. They never degenerated into feebleness or silliness: they were always—I mean on important occasions—what is called good; but they never dazzled by their brilliancy, or hurried away the jury or the audience with the advocate, by the impetuosity of their eloquence. It is worthy of remark, as showing a superior though not first-rate mind, that Mr. Denman always rose with the occasion. Perhaps his happiest and most masterly effort, was the summing up of the evidence on Queen Caroline's trial. The peroration of his speech on that occasion, of which I have already given a specimen, was also of a very high order of merit indeed.

Mr. Denman was long ambitious of the honour of representing Nottingham, his native place, in parliament, and was fortunate enough to

obtain it. His decidedly liberal principles were of course, in those days of Tory domination, a great bar to his election for that place, as they would have been in the case of most other towns. He was beginning to abandon all hope of admission into St. Stephen's Chapel, as the representative of Nottingham; just as those who go into the nameless place referred to by Dante, when he speaks of a certain inscription being written over its doors,*—abandon all hope of ever getting out again,—Mr. Denman had thus been giving up all expectation of ever being returned to parliament by his townsmen, when circumstances occurred which led to his election. Those circumstances were very curious, and afford a fine illustration of Pope's well-known remark,

“What great events from trivial causes spring!”

Upwards of sixteen years since, Mr. Denman was, on one occasion, as was his practice, attending the assizes in Nottingham. This was immediately after a dissolution of parliament, and while the good people of that place, like the good people of all other places in the country, were over head and ears in the politics of the coming election. It chanced, as well as I can remember the particulars, that there was a division among the liberal electors of Nottingham, as to the fittest person to represent them in the ensuing parliament, when some one having, at one of the public meetings then held on the subject, mentioned the name of Mr. Denman, it was received with very great and general enthusiasm. Encouraged by this favourable circumstance, the gentleman who had named him, and who was also a personal friend of his own, hastened to the court in which the assizes were being held at the time, to communicate to him the gratifying intelligence that so much enthusiasm had been manifested in his favour. He had told the electors previously that he would bring Mr. Denman to them immediately. On reaching the court, he found that Mr. Denman had quitted it, and had stepped into the hotel, there to wait for two or three hours, until the next case in which he was engaged should come on. His friend entered the room quite abruptly, and without waiting to give the usual preliminary knock. There he found Mr. Denman, with his wig, and gown, and bands gracing his person, and with a Mont Blanc of briefs and other professional documents piled up on the table before him, in defiance of all the acknowledged laws of architecture. His friend, I forget his name, otherwise I would call him by it; his friend, without waiting to greet him with a “How d’you do?” “Good morning,” or any of the usual salutations, had hardly got to the inside, when he exclaimed, half suffocated from the haste with which he had come on his errand, “Holloa! Denman, come away this moment, and you’re sure to be elected.”

“What, what’s the matter?” inquired Mr. Denman, evidently surprised at the abruptness of the entrance, coupled with the as yet unmeaning apostrophe of his friend.

“There’s not a moment to be lost—not a single moment, I assure you!” said the other, in broken accents, caused by the despatch he had shown in the business.

“Where do you want me to go?” inquired Mr. Denman, with

* “All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

great coolness, but yet marked surprise as to what it could be all about.

"Over to the Town Hall," gasped his friend.

"Well, really Smith,* you do astonish me. Come, take a chair, and sit down, and tell us all about it." Mr. Denman motioned to Mr. Smith to sit down on a chair, which he handed to him.

"There's not a moment to be lost—not a moment to be lost. They're all met," said Mr. Smith, without deigning to look at the chair.

"*Who* are all met?" said Mr. Denman, still more and more surprised.

"The people!" was the answer.

"I'm still as much in the dark as before, Mr. Smith. What have they met for?"

"Why, to fix on a gentleman to represent them in the next Parliament," was the answer.

"O! indeed; and who may be the fortunate individual they have in view?" said Mr. Denman.

"Why, yourself, to be sure," answered Mr. Smith.

"Come, come, Smith, I'll be quite agreeable to your having a joke at my expense at any other time; but, you see, I'm too busy now for it," observed Mr. Denman, resuming his seat, and stretching out his hand for the brief he had put aside on the sudden entrance of Mr. Smith.

"But, on my honour, it's *no* joke," said Mr. Smith, with great energy.

Mr. Denman looked him in the face without uttering a word.

"I'm perfectly serious, I assure you," said Mr. Smith.

"You mean to say you are, Smith?"

"I do, by all that's sacred. Come away this instant." Mr. Smith, as he spoke, seized hold of Mr. Denman's gown for the purpose of persuading him to go.

"But, come, do tell me, has my name been really mentioned by any of the electors?" inquired Mr. Denman, rising from his chair.

"It has, upon my honour, and been received with deafening acclamations."

"Now, laying all jocularities aside, do you really think I should have a chance of being elected, if I were to stand?"

"I'll pledge my existence that you have not only a chance, but that your return is certain," answered Mr. Smith.

"Then, by G——, I'll go with you this moment!" exclaimed Mr. Denman, with a most forcible emphasis; at the same time, taking off his wig and dashing it down on the floor at his feet with tremendous energy. The gown was also doffed in an instant, and shared the fate of the wig.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Denman proceeded that instant to the hall, where they found the electors all impatient to see the latter. Mr. Smith introduced his friend; the announcement of his name was received with rapturous applause. He then made a flaming speech of

* I must suppose some name for convenience sake, and Smith being the most common name in England, I may as well suppose that that was the gentleman's name as any one else.

upwards of an hour's length, which was greeted with plaudits which a person fond of hyperbolical expressions, would say, would have drowned the roar of Niagara itself. At the conclusion of the speech, the hall resounded with shouts of "Denman for ever!" And in less than an hour there was not a boy in the streets but threw his cap up in the air, and shouted the same thing. Mr. Denman's election was now, even to his own satisfaction, secure. The day for the nomination arrived. Mr. Denman, according to promise, appeared on the hustings. He was put up and elected member for Nottingham after a very severe contest.

Mr. Denman was, for a long course of years, as before stated, the intimate friend of Brougham. With the latter, Mr. Denman largely shared that ardent attachment to literature and science, which has always been one of the most marked characteristics in Brougham's public career. It is true, Mr. Denman is not, like his friend, known for any great efforts he has made as an author; but he was always among the foremost to encourage the institution of literary and scientific societies; and he has proved, times without number, by his speeches, that he is a man of extensive information, and of a cultivated literary taste. His speech on his inauguration, some years since, at the opening of the theatre of the London Institution, was, of itself, sufficient to prove this. In the conclusion of that speech he thus eloquently refers to the pleasure he had derived from literary pursuits amidst all the labours and anxieties consequent on professional avocations;—"I trust that my zeal may, in some degree, supply what is wanting in ability; and I can offer at least my testimony as a witness, speaking from experience and observation, to the value of literary pursuits as a means of happiness. They are, in truth, in the language of that lesson imbibed in my early years—'the nourishment of youth—the delight of age—the ornament of prosperous life—the refuge and consolation of adversity—the companion of our weary travels—of our rural solitudes—of our sleepless nights.' These words," added Mr. Denman, "were uttered nearly two thousand years ago by the great statesman and orator of Rome, who, in those characters, performed but a fleeting service to his own country; while, as a philosopher and a man of letters, he has conferred benefits on all mankind, which must be felt while the world endures."

Lord Denman gives much satisfaction as a judge. For some time after his elevation to the bench, the bar thought they observed in some of his decisions an immaturity of judgment. Since then he has greatly improved, and is now regarded as in every respect well qualified for the important office he holds. If on any occasion, which rarely happens, he, in the heat of the moment, makes any remark which he supposes calculated to hurt the feelings of counsel, he shows that he deeply regrets the circumstance, by taking the first opportunity of endeavouring to set himself right with the party so offended. This is an excellent trait in the character of any man, in whatever station of life he chances to be placed: in that of a judge is peculiarly so. A milder or more gentlemanly man never sat on the bench. He treats every one in court with the greatest respect. Even the witnesses in a case, however humble their station in life,

are treated by him as if on a footing of perfect equality with the court itself. He makes no distinction in this respect between the peer and the peasant. I question if ever a more happy union of true dignity with urbanity, was ever exhibited on a seat of justice, or in any other situation of life, whether private or public, than is displayed by Lord Denman in his capacity of judge. At the bar, as a member of parliament, and in every situation of life in which he has been placed, he has shown a perfectly unsophisticated nature. The same beautiful social quality is equally visible in his conduct as a judge. With the most unbending firmness of purpose, and the greatest decision of character, he blends the simplicity and innocence, if I may here use the expression, of the child. Lord Denman knows not, unless he should have chanced to meet with it in some lexicographical work, the meaning of the word "sycophancy." He never truckled to the great: he never will. To fawn on a fellow being, no matter how exalted his station in life, were to do violence to his nature: he would suffer martyrdom, in its most awful forms, a thousand times sooner. He holds good conduct to be the only true nobility. To a high principled man he can do homage, however lowly and despised may be the party's situation in society: to respect, even in appearance, a duke or a prince, if either be a person who tramples on virtuous principles, is a thing his nature could not stoop to. Witness the feelings of contempt with which he regards mere rank, when dissociated from principle, in the severe rebuke he administered in open court, during the late trial of Lord De Roos, to some of the titled aristocrats, who, by their own admission, had been accessory to cheating at cards! Were all our judges, in this respect, like Lord Chief Justice Denman, then, indeed, might this country be proud of its judicial functionaries.

The fearlessness and independence which Lord Denman manifested when practising at the bar, he has strikingly displayed since his elevation to the bench. His recent decision in the case of Stockdale, in opposition to the pride and power of the House of Commons, proves that the rights and liberties of the subject would be safe in his hands in the worst of times. That was a display of courage, fearlessness, and integrity, worthy of the best days of England's history, and which never was surpassed in any other country in the world. To see one man thus single-handed beard the House of Commons, equally uninfluenced by private considerations, and by the menacing attitude which that assemblage were at one time understood to have assumed, is, indeed, one of the noblest spectacles ever witnessed in the judicial history of the country. The Commons have been taught by Lord Denman, in terms which there is no mistaking, the great constitutional doctrine, that they are not to take away the private character of any one—no matter though the humblest subject in the land—with impunity.

In this respect, Lord Denman is following in the footsteps of the great Lord Chief Justice Holt. On one occasion he delivered a judgment, encroaching on what the House of Commons conceived to be their privileges. They appointed a deputation, headed by their speaker, to wait on him for the purpose of remonstrating with him on

the decision. The deputation proceeded, with that view, to the Court of King's Bench. Lord Chief Justice Holt, on the speaker stating the purpose for which the deputation had waited on him, ordered the whole batch of M.P.'s to quit the court that instant, adding, that if they did not, he would order every man of them to be taken into custody that moment. The alacrity which the poor affrighted legislators exhibited in making their way to the door, on receiving this intimation, was truly laughable. Had the house been falling about their ears, they could not have used greater expedition.

Lord Denman is in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He possesses a fine figure, with a manly, dignified expression of countenance. There is something very intellectual-like about his face. His eye is quick and lustrous. His features are regular, and wear a placid aspect. Lavater would have inferred, from the language of his lordship's countenance, that he possessed a calm and untroubled spirit. In this the great physiognomist would have been right. Lord Denman enjoys an habitual serenity of mind, arising from the consciousness of having, in despite of the numerous and powerful temptations which have beset his path, acted according to his convictions in every situation of life in which he has been placed. A more honourable or upright man never adorned the English bar; a more consistent or honest politician never crossed the threshold of parliament; nor did ever a more independent or purer-minded man occupy a place on the judicial bench of this country. Lord Denman's complexion is dark. He looks well for one who has been for so long a period engaged in the bustle and business of a laborious profession, as well as in the office of a legislator. He is constitutionally strong, though not of a particularly robust appearance. It is to be hoped that one who so well becomes the important station he fills, may be long spared to enjoy it.

MR. JUSTICE LITLEDALE has now been thirteen years on the bench, having been raised to that dignity in 1824. When practising at the bar he applied himself so assiduously to the duties of his office, that had not his constitution been unusually good, he must have sunk under the weight of his labours. Few men more plodding or industrious than was Mr. Littledale when at the bar, have appeared in a court of law. He had a large and lucrative business as an advocate. What may have been his yearly income, I am not able to say specifically. His constant application to his professional duties, shut him out, in a great measure, from the world. He seldom saw any one, but two or three immediate relations or intimate friends, at his own house, and scarcely ever went to parties at the houses of others. I have heard some amusing anecdotes both before and since his elevation to the bench, relative to his ignorance of the world, in consequence of his studious and retired habits; but it would not be right to repeat them in public. As a barrister, Mr. Littledale distinguished himself by his sound and extensive knowledge of the law. He was not a very popular speaker; that is to say, he was not so well calculated to arrest and preserve the attention of a promiscuous audience, as many of his contemporaries were; but his speeches were always listened to with great interest by the profession. His voice

was good ; but he spoke rather fast and thick. He has always been distinguished for his great benevolence. When at the bar, as well as since he has been invested with the judicial character, his singularly unsuspecting and confiding disposition has often been taken advantage of by designing persons. It is understood, that from first to last he has been fleeced of large sums by parties pretending to borrow money from him for a short time, to say nothing of other expedients which have been resorted to with a view to effect the same object. He is a good judge. Few of his colleagues on the bench can lay their hands on precedents more readily. His very extensive library of law books, and the constant use he makes of them, give him in this respect advantages over most of the judges. His figure is about the average height, but rather slender. His countenance is plain ; and his features are large and marked. His complexion is sallow. With the exception of Mr. Justice Gaselee, he is the only one of the judges who adheres to the old fashion of wearing a wig out of court, and a hat with a brim of prodigious breadth. He is about his seventieth year, but looks older than he is.

MR. JUSTICE PATTISON has been now seven years on the bench, having been raised to the dignity of a judge in 1830. As an advocate he was always well known to, and much respected by, the profession ; but he was not particularly popular as regarded the community generally. He was always considered a good lawyer, and had a very respectable business. As a speaker he did not particularly excel ; though he was in this respect certainly rather above than below mediocrity. He was always clear in his statements, and ingenious in his reasonings. He was a favourite when practising at the bar, as he still is, with the profession. He was, I may also add, much esteemed by all who knew him. Even the stranger who casually dropped into the courts in which he practised at Westminster Hall, was sure to be favourably struck with the appearance of his countenance. It is the same still. No one can look on Mr. Justice Pattison's face, without concluding that he is a man of great benevolence. Such is the fact : the features of the face in his case, are a faithful index of the inner man. His countenance also indicates good-humour. He seems to be, and is in reality, pleased with everything, and every body. All is sunshine with him. He labours, to some extent, under the infirmity of deafness. Hence it is that he is often to be seen sitting with his elbow resting on the bench before him, and his hand placed to his ear. His sight is also partially impaired, and therefore he uses spectacles, which, by-the-way, very few of the judges do ; a fact the more singular, as they are almost all considerably advanced in life. I know not, indeed, where an equal number of men, of the same ages, could be taken at random, who, in so few instances, use these auxiliaries to sight. Mr. Justice Pattison's features are very large and striking, but, on the whole, pleasant. His complexion is somewhat florid, and his hair is dark. A considerable portion of his forehead is bald. His figure is rather portly, and has the appearance of considerable muscular energy. He is among the youngest of our judges. I should take him to be under forty-four.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS was raised to the bench in 1834. The

first thing which brought him permanently into notice when practising as a barrister, was his being one of the counsel of the late Queen Caroline, when she was tried before the House of Lords. He had before that been well known to the profession, and enjoyed a very respectable share of business as an advocate, but his name was not often before the public till that appointment took place. He distinguished himself by the felicity of his cross-examinations of the adverse witnesses, more than by any oratorical efforts on behalf of his illustrious client. He often elicited important facts from the witnesses for the prosecution, when the other counsel had resumed their seats under the impression there was nothing more to be extracted from them. This was ascribed by many, to Mr. Williams's superior knowledge of the Italian language. That may have been partly the cause; but it could not have been the cause altogether. There must have been superior talents in cross-examining the witnesses, as well as a superior acquaintance with their native language, to render him so successful.

As a barrister, Mr. Williams was always allowed to be better deserving of success than many of his contemporaries who were more fortunate as regarded the amount and profitableness of their business. Without being a first-rate lawyer, his legal knowledge was always admitted by the bar to be more than respectable, though he had the mortification of seeing a number of his brethren, who had nothing but their blustering self-confidence to recommend them, receiving a much larger portion of the public patronage. Mr. Williams's business, however, was considerably increased by the prominence with which the part he took on the trial of the queen brought him before the public eye. That prominence he did not suffer to die away with the occasion to which he owed it. The poor queen died in less than twelve months after her trial, and the remembrance of herself and her wrongs, as always has been, and always will be the case, died to a very great extent with her; but Mr. Williams kept himself before the public by the length, and frequency, and warmth of his speeches against the Court of Chancery during the dynasty of Lord Eldon. I am not sure, however, that he ever availed himself of the power he possessed as a member of parliament, practically to promote those reforms, on the necessity of which he had so often and so forcibly dwelt. His politics as a legislator were liberal. He was in parliament at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, but was unable, from indisposition, to be in the House at the passing of the measure. Had he been present, he would doubtless have voted for the measure.

As a pleader, Mr. Williams evinced considerable dexterity. He was acute in detecting the weak points in the case of the opposite party, and he was happy in placing them before the judge and jury. He spoke with animation and fluency, and was always intelligible, that is to say, when it suited his purpose to be so. His style was correct and easy. It bore not on it the impress of labour. Indeed his speeches, either as to matter or manner, seldom appeared to be elaborate efforts. He was not a clap-trap speaker. He was most adapted for addressing with effect an intelligent jury. His greatest

triumphs were achieved, when the parties addressed possessed the faculty of distinguishing between sense and sound, and when they gave the preference to the former. He was not a man, either as a barrister or as a member of parliament, who had any chance of being popular with the mob. His personal appearance was against him as a declaimer or popular speaker. He is under the middle height, and has no striking quality either about his face or figure. He is thin in the face, and slender in person. His complexion has something of ruddiness about it. He has an aquiline nose, and sharp eyes. The muscles of his face are generally in full play; sometimes they move so rapidly, and in such a way, as to cause an involuntary smile on the part of the beholder. Mr. Williams, indeed, when at the bar, got credit for gaining many, if not most of his cases, by what some of his contemporaries used to call the "power of his face." While the opposing counsel was labouring with all his might and main to make out a case for his client—exhausting all his intellectual resources and physical powers—while so employed, Mr. Williams was sitting watching the effects of the speech on the minds of the jury. In such cases he generally, to use his own expression, endeavoured to "ogle the jury," by the singular command he had over the muscles of his face. Sometimes he would wink at them when the opposing counsel was labouring a point, as if all he had been saying were the very essence of absurdity. The jury often construed this into a compliment to themselves, as if Mr. Williams had been intimating to them that he was sure they saw the ridiculousness of the argument as readily and clearly as himself. At other times he would give a most contemptuous expression of countenance at what he conveniently pretended to be the supreme silliness of pleadings of the counsel on the adverse side. Then again, he would shake his head, and laugh at the principal points insisted on on behalf of the opposing party. By "ogling" the jury in this way, he often had effectually replied to the counsel on the other side by the time such counsel had resumed his seat. In other words, he often virtually gained his case by the mere "power of his face," before he had opened his mouth in favour of his client.

Mr. Williams, when at the bar, was fond of horses, and had the reputation of being skilled in horse-flesh, and of being an amateur on the turf. At any rate, no one ever saw him with an inferior animal of his own. He had a practice of riding out in the vicinity of the town for two or three hours every fine morning, during term time. This he found not only to be conducive to his health, but to improve his mind, by giving his nerves a firmer tone, and thus fitting him the more for the arduous duties of his profession. An amusing anecdote has been communicated to me, connected with these morning rides. As he was one day returning from his ride, he met Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy, on his way to Westminster Hall. Mr. Williams, who, in his younger days, had a great flow of animal spirits, and was very unceremonious in his mode of accosting his private friends, shouted out as Mr. Brougham was passing along the pavement, "Holloa, Brougham, where are ye going?"

Mr. Brougham looked around him, as if wondering where the voice came from; but seeing no one he knew, proceeded along the pavement, giving sundry twitches to his nose, as if nettled at his name being thus called aloud in the public streets, while he knew not by whom it had been so.

"Henry!" exclaimed the same voice.

Mr. Brougham again paused, and looked into the middle of the street, as obviously the place being whence it came; but still recognising no one, he looked most savage and was about to move onwards, when Mr. Williams burst into a fit of laughter.

Mr. Brougham, after looking for a moment quite astounded at seeing his friend under the circumstances, also burst into a loud laugh at the figure he cut. The materials for Mr. Brougham's risibility, which the appearance of Mr. Williams afforded, will be in some measure understood, when I mention that he was dressed in what he called his summer's riding wardrobe, consisting of a thin nankeen jacket, a light waistcoat, with a variety of green stripes on it, top boots, and a straw hat, with a brim whose breadth any Quaker would have envied. It was the circumstance of seeing his friend arrayed in this very unusual costume, that prevented Mr. Brougham recognising him sooner.

"Well, upon my word, Williams, you look the jockey to admiration," said Brougham.

"Why I believe I do look something of the sort," said Mr. Williams, tapping the boot on his right leg with the but end of his whip.

"Where have you been at this early hour? I'm only just out of bed," observed Mr. Brougham.

"Why, having my usual morning's ride, to be sure," was the answer.

"How do you manage to get out of bed so early?" inquired Mr. Brougham. "It is with difficulty I can get up at nine o'clock."

"O, all habit—all habit," said Mr. Williams, putting his straw hat on one side.

"Well, I certainly must admit it's a habit which is very conducive to health. Gives one a good appetite, I should suppose."

"Bless your soul, Brougham, it gives one the best appetite in the world. You should get up every morning at six, as I do."

Mr. Brougham shrugged up his shoulders.

"Ah, but you should, though," said Mr. Williams. "Depend on it it would do you infinite good. You would eat mountains of toast for breakfast."

"It won't do: bad habits are not easily got rid of; I couldn't get up at that hour though my house were on fire," said Brougham.

"Well, well," observed Mr. Williams, "every one to his taste."

"What sort of a three-legger is that you have got?" inquired Mr. Brougham, gently patting the horse's neck.

"A three-legger!" exclaimed Mr. Williams; "why he's one of the finest animals in London."

"Ay, ay, *you* say so: I suppose he cost you twenty pounds, or thereabouts," observed Mr. Brougham.

"Come, come, Brougham, none of your nonsense now. He cost me more than five times that sum: he's a hundred-and-ten pounder."

"Had I given such a price for such an animal, you would have chafed me with furnishing another illustration of the old adage—'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

"There's not a better trotter in town. I will match him against any horse in London this moment. By-the-by," added Mr. Williams, "speaking of trotting matches, I had a curious adventure that way this morning."

"What was it?" inquired Mr. Brougham.

"Why," answered the other, "as I was trotting down the Edgware Road about an hour ago, at an ordinary pace, a little fellow of a butcher's boy went flying past me with a large basket full of meat under his arm. When he had proceeded some distance, he stopped at the house of one of his master's customers, and on the servant appearing, transferred the contents of the basket to her."

"I don't see anything very curious in that," observed Brougham. "I should think, on the contrary, its an every-day occurrence."

"Ah, but stop till you hear out the adventure."

"Well, say on; only be as quick as you can, as it's time I were down at the court."

"Well," resumed Mr. Williams, "well, I overtook the little fellow, just as he was coming out from the house. 'I say, young man, there's some mettle in that horse of yours,' said I.

"'Vy, that ben't no news. I knows that ere myself, old chap,' was the answer.

"'He's not equal to mine, though.'

"'I'm blessed if you aint a-mistaken, old jockey. Vy, he's worth a half dozen of that ere cob of yourn.'

"'Allow me, young man, to assure you that you are quite mistaken.'

"'Vell, you may think so, if so be you please, old chap.'

"As he made this remark," said Mr. Williams, "he put spurs to his horse, and started off, but suddenly pulling up again, and turning his face towards me, while he rested one of his hands on the animal's back, he apostrophised me thus: 'I say, jolly old top-boots, I'll wager that my 'os beats that ere clumsy hanimal of yours at a race up this ere road.'

"'I'll bet you anything you like, he does not,' said I.

"'Then vat is the bet to be?'

"'Anything you like.'

"'A quartern of gin?—I've not got much browns, but I can stand that ere, any how.'

"'Done,' says I.

"'How far shall it be?'

"'To the end of the road.'

"'Werry vell. Are you ready, old nankeen-jacket?'

"'Quite ready.'

"'Then here goes.'

"The horses having been previously put abreast, off we set, quite in the John Gilpin style."

"And who won the race?" interrupted Mr. Brougham.

"I was going to tell you," said Mr. Williams; "I won it by a couple of yards."

"Ah, *you* say so," observed Mr. Brougham.

"I did, upon my honour," said Mr. Williams.

"Well, but about the quartern of gin; that was the best part of the business. How did you manage it?"

"O, the little fellow proposed paying it, like a trump."

"Well done!" said Mr. Brougham, attempting a laugh. "There must have been some pluck in him."

"There was indeed." Immediately on our reaching the point agreed on, he said, 'Vell, I'm blowed if you ain't a-gained it!' and then, after fumbling for a few seconds in his trousers' pocket, he produced some pence, which he held out in his hand, exclaiming, as he looked complacently at them, 'There's the browns, old 'un; come, let's go to that ere public-house over the way, and have the quartern.' He again looked at the coppers in his hand, and betraying a slight confusion, observed, 'I'm blessed if I ain't a ha'penny short! Would you lend me one, old fellow?'"

"Of course you did so at once," interrupted Mr. Brougham.

"O certainly," answered Mr. Williams.

"And no doubt the gin was ordered and drunk between you," remarked the other.

"Have a minute's patience, and I'll tell you all about it," said Mr. Williams.

"Be as quick as you can then, for I ought to have been in the court before this time."

"Well, I had no sooner given him the halfpenny, than he darted over with his horse to the door of an adjoining public-house, and bawled out for a quartern of gin. The article was brought him in an instant, when filling up the glass, he put it to his mouth, and saying 'Your jolly good health, old chap!' drank off its contents in a moment."

"But what came of your share?" inquired Brougham

"Why, he immediately filled up the glass, and offered it to me."

"And didn't you take it?"

"No; I enjoyed the joke, but not wishing to carry it so far as to be seen drinking gin in public, I said to him that I could not taste spirits at so early an hour in the morning."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"Why, darting at me a look of mingled indignation and surprise, he said, 'Vy, I'm blowed if you ben't a precious humbug, old nankeen-jacket. But if you von't drink this ere gin, I will, that's all.' And putting first the glass and then the jug to his mouth, he inverted both in a few seconds, on which I bade him good morning."

"I wish you the same; you have had a rich adventure," said Brougham, and away the latter went to Westminster Hall.

Mr. Williams was made a Baron of the Court of Exchequer in February 1834, and in two or three months afterwards was appointed to his present situation. It is worthy of observation, that, on his first circuit as judge, and the first week of that circuit, it was his lot to preside at the trial of the Dorchester Labourers, whose case has ever

since been kept so prominently before the public. I may here mention that the sentence of seven years' transportation, passed by Mr. Justice Williams on those men, convicted, as the reader will remember, of having taken an active part in the formation of the Trades' Unions of that period, has been commuted by Lord John Russell, and that they are now understood to be on their way home to England.

The shortness of the period Mr. Justice Williams has been on the bench, puts it out of my power to say much of him in his capacity of judge. The sentence referred to was generally allowed to be more severe than the circumstances required. It is probable, however, that the extensive organisation and formidable character of the Trades' Unions of 1834, appeared to his lordship to render it necessary that an example should be made to deter others from joining such associations. With that single exception, all Mr. Justice Williams's decisions have, I believe, given satisfaction. In pronouncing judgment, or in summing up the evidence which has been laid before a jury, he is remarkable for the abruptness of his sentences. I cannot speak with certainty as to his age, but judging from his appearance, I should suppose him to be about sixty.

MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE is the remaining judge in the Court of King's Bench. As an advocate, he was not much known by the public, though his talents in that capacity were duly appreciated by the profession. His business never was large; but as he was chiefly retained on behalf of wealthy clients, it was more productive to him than was the more extensive business of many of his brethren of the bar. He was an excellent lawyer. His legal knowledge was at once sound and varied. As a pleader, he did not shine with any particular splendour. The bench and the bar could alone appreciate his talents: a jury or a promiscuous auditory could hardly have deemed him worth listening to. In very few instances were his speeches calculated to attract attention. He scarcely possessed a single quality which could be expected to render him popular with the million. His mind was not vigorous, in the more enlarged acceptation of the term. There was nothing brilliant or striking in his speeches. They were elaborate in no ordinary degree: if he ever did indulge in extemporaneous effusions, there was no appearance in his addresses of their being the creations of the moment. He was acute in detecting, and tolerably successful in exposing, the sophistry of the opposing counsel; but the effect of this was in a great measure impaired by his want of animation and energy. His matter was intrinsically good, but it might have been set off to much greater advantage by the admixture of something lively, or even declamatory, to a moderate extent. He spoke with tolerable fluency, seldom having occasion to pause for the proper word, or to correct any infelicity of expression. His diction usually displayed good taste. A competent judge could have seen that he was a man addicted to literary pursuits before he had spoken many minutes. His voice was not sufficiently strong to produce any impression as a speaker on a popular assemblage. It also either wanted flexibility of intonation, or he that ardour of temperament which could take advantage of its capabilities, provided it possessed them, in that way.

Mr. Coleridge was well known in the literary world. He was long understood to be a stated contributor to the "Quarterly Review;" and though it is not generally known, he edited the three or four numbers, the publication of which intervened between the resignation of Mr. Gifford and the appointment of Mr. Lockhart. The numbers in question were by no means among the happiest which have appeared; but so short an editorial reign could hardly be said to give a man a fair trial. Mr. Coleridge is understood to have continued a regular contributor to the "Quarterly" up to the time of his elevation to the bench in the end of 1835. Whether he still furnishes an occasional article to it, as Lord Brougham did to the "Edinburgh Review," for years after his appointment to the office of Lord Chancellor, I have not the means of knowing.

Mr. Coleridge used to be often confounded with *the* Mr. Coleridge, or the late Mr. S. T. Coleridge. This was chiefly owing to the circumstance of its being known that *a* Mr. Coleridge was a contributor to the "Quarterly Review." People naturally leaped to the conclusion, that this was Mr. S. T. Coleridge. But though the Mr. Coleridge, who wrote for the "Quarterly," and the Mr. Coleridge, so celebrated as a poet, and for his singular conversational talents, were different persons, there was a close relationship between the two. Mr. Coleridge was nephew of the late Mr. S. T. Coleridge, and some time since published a work in two volumes relative, to the life and writings of his uncle.

Mr. Justice Coleridge is an excellent judge. Perhaps he is not inferior to any of his brethren on the bench. He makes himself thoroughly master of the details of the cases which come before him; and distinguishes, as if by a sort of intuition, between a sound argument and a mere sophism, however refined the latter may be. His knowledge of law is at once accurate and extensive; he can always lay his fingers on the precedents which more particularly apply to the case under the consideration of the court. No appointment to the bench has, for many years past, given greater satisfaction either to the bar or the public, though there was some grumbling on the subject before he had an opportunity of showing his merits as a judge. In his political opinions he has always identified himself with the Tories; but he has never, so far as I am aware, betrayed anything like the violence of a partisan. It can hardly be necessary to say, that in his judicial capacity, he knows nothing either of Tory, Whig, or Radical.

Mr. Justice Coleridge is a young man to occupy a seat on the bench. I should take him to be under forty-five. He is rather above the middle height, and of a well proportioned figure. His features are not very regular; but his countenance is not deficient in intellectual expression.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S SNARLEY YOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

It is not our intention to give an extended review of this work, our readers having already had in our pages ample means of forming their own opinion of its varied merits. We shall therefore content ourselves with a few remarks, in announcing its publication, and giving a brief outline of the termination of the story from our last number.

We left the cutter on her passage to the Texel. Vanslyperken employed himself in the day time in treacherously opening and copying the despatches confided to him; but at night he felt very uneasy, and, to drown all thoughts of the murder of Smallbones, he swallowed many glasses of schedam. Even then his dreams frightened him: but the crew, who had completed their plan, determined not to let him off so easily.

"Corporal Vanspitter came into the cabin on the third morning with a very anxious face.—'Mein Gott! Mynheer Vanslyperken, de whole crew be in de mutinys.'

"'Mutiny!' exclaimed Vanslyperken, 'what's the matter?'

"'They say, sir, dat dey see de ghost of Smallbones, last night, on de bowsprit, with one great cut on his head, and de blood all over de face.'

"'Saw what? who saw him?'

"'Mein Gott, mynheer! it all true, I really think I see it myself at de taffrail; he sit there and have great wound from here down to here," said the corporal, pointing to his own head, and describing the wound exactly. 'The people say that he must have been murdered, and dey kick up de mutiny.'

"'I did not do it, corporal, at all events,' replied Vanslyperken, pale and trembling.

"'So Smallbones tell Dick Short, when he speak to him on bowsprit.'

"'Did it speak to Short?' inquired Vanslyperken, catching the corporal's arm.

"'Yes, mynheer; Mynheer Short speak first, and den de ghost say dat you not do it, but dat you give gold to old woman to do it, and she knock him brain out vid de hammer.'

"To portray Vanslyperken's dismay at this intelligence would be impossible. He could not but be certain that there had been a supernatural communication. His knees knocked and trembled, and he turned sick and faint.

"'O Lord, O Lord! corporal, I am a great sinner,' cried he at last, quite unaware of what he was saying. 'Some water, corporal.' Corporal Vanspitter handed some water, and Vanslyperken waved his hand to be left alone; and Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to pray, but it ended in blaspheming.

"'It's a lie, all a lie!' exclaimed he, at last, pouring out a tumbler of schedam. 'They have frightened the corporal. But—no—he must have seen him, or how could they know how he was murdered. He must have told them; and him I saw dead and stiff, with these own eyes. Well, I did not do the deed,' continued Vanslyperken, attempting to palliate his crime to himself; but it would not do, and Mr. Vanslyperken paced the little cabin racked by fear and guilt.

* An Historical Novel. By the Author of "Peter Simple," "Frank Mildmay," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

“ Remorse he felt none, for there was before his eyes the unhealed stump of Snarleyyow. In the evening Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck ; the weather was now very warm, for it was the beginning of July ; and Mr. Vanslyperken, followed by Snarleyyow, was in a deep reverie, and he turned and turned again.

“ The sun had set, and Mr. Vanslyperken still continued his walk, but his steps were agitated and uneven, and his face was haggard. It was rather the rapid and angry pacing of a tiger in his den, who has just been captured, than that of a person in deep contemplation. Still Mr. Vanslyperken continued to tread the deck, and it was quite light with a bright and pale moon.

“ The men were standing here and there about the fore-castle and near the booms in silence or speaking in low whispers, and Vanslyperken’s eye was often directed towards them, for he had not forgotten the report of the corporal, that they were in a state of mutiny.

“ Of a sudden, Mr. Vanslyperken was roused by a loud cry from forward, and a rush of all the men aft. He thought that the crew had risen, and that they were about to seize him ; but, on the contrary, they passed him and hastened to the taffrail with exclamations of horror.

“ ‘ What ! what is it ? ’ exclaimed Vanslyperken, fully prepared for the reply by his own fears.

“ ‘ O Lord ! have mercy upon us,’ cried Bill Spurey.

“ ‘ Good God deliver us ! ’ exclaimed another.

“ ‘ Ah, mein Gott ! ’ screamed Jansen, rushing against Vanslyperken, and knocking him down upon deck.

“ ‘ Well, well, murder will out !—that’s sartain,’ said Coble, who stood by Vanslyperken when he had recovered his legs.

“ ‘ What, what ! ’ exclaimed Vanslyperken, breathless.

“ ‘ There, sir,—look there’—said Coble, breathless, pointing to the figure of Smallbones, who now appeared from the shade in the broad moonshine.

“ His head was not bound up, and his face appeared pale and streaked with blood. He was in the same clothes in which he had gone on shore, and in his hand he held the hammer which had done the deed.

“ The figure slowly advanced to the quarter-deck ; Vanslyperken attempted to retreat, but his legs failed him : he dropped down on his knees, uttered a loud yell of despair, and then threw himself flat on the deck, face downwards.

“ Certainly, the pantomime was inimitably got up, but it had all been arranged by Moggy, the corporal, and others. There was not one man of the crew who had not been sworn to secrecy, and whose life would not have been endangered if, by undeceiving Vanslyperken, they had been deprived of such just and legitimate revenge.

“ Smallbones disappeared as soon as Vanslyperken had fallen down.

“ He was allowed to remain there for some time to ascertain if he would say anything, but as he still continued silent, they raised him up, and found that he was insensible. He was consequently taken down into the cabin and put into his bed.

“ The effect produced by this trial of Mr. Vanslyperken’s nerves, was most serious. Already too much heated with the use of ardent spirits, it brought on convulsions, in which he continued during the major part of the night. Towards the morning, he sank into a perturbed slumber.

“ It was not till eleven o’clock in the forenoon that he awoke and perceived his *faithful* corporal standing by the side of the bed.

“ ‘ Have I not been ill, corporal ? ’ said Mr. Vanslyperken, whose memory was impaired for the time.

“ ‘ Mein Gott ! yes, mynheer.’

“ ‘ There was something happened, was not there ? ’

“ ‘Mein Gott ! yes, mynheer.’

“ ‘I’ve had a fit ; have I not?’

“ ‘Mein Gott ! yes, mynheer.’

“ ‘My head swims now ; what was it, corporal?’

“ ‘It was de ghost of de poy,’ replied the corporal.

“ ‘Yes, yes,’ replied Vanslyperken, falling back on his pillow.

“ It had been intended by the conspirators, that Smallbones should make his appearance in the cabin, as the bell struck one o’clock ; but the effect had already been so serious that it was thought advisable to defer any further attempts.”

The fright had such an effect on Mr. Vanslyperken that when he landed at Amsterdam he was weak and emaciated. The widow Vandersloosh set Babette to track him, and fully ascertained the fact of his being in close intimacy with the “thorough king’s man,” Mynheer Van Krause. At this very juncture, King William himself landed, and Vanslyperken, deep in a double plot, on being obliged to present himself to his Majesty, showed great signs of trepidation. As he retreated, with a cold sweat on his forehead, Albemarle observed to the king, “That worthy lieutenant would show a little more courage, I doubt not, your Majesty, if he were in the presence of your enemies.”

“It is to be hoped so,” replied the king, with a smile. But they did not know Mr. Vanslyperken.

Another person made very uneasy, in a very different way, by the king’s arrival, was the worthy Syndic Mynheer Van Krause, upon whom his Majesty looked with a stern air. Ramsay skilfully availed himself of the ill-humour thus created, and in a conversation of some length, set forth such cogent reasons as almost converted the loyal Syndic into a downright Jacobite. The current of “true love” was made to run smooth, for once, by these artifices ; and Ramsay saw that not only the hand of Wilhelmina, but her fortune too, which he was too wise a man to despise, would soon reward his perseverance and ingenuity.

When only two days had passed, the Yungfrau again received sailing orders for England. At parting, the widow Vandersloosh, who had nearly matured *her* plans, wept tenderly over the stump of Snarleyyow, and asked Vanslyperken when he intended “to give up the nasty cutter and live quietly on shore.”

During the passage Smallbones was to play the ghost again ; but by some incautious by-words, pronounced in too loud a tone by the sailors, Vanslyperken learned that that urchin was alive and leaping, and hid in the vessel. The very night he made this discovery the devil threw an opportunity in his way which it was not in his nature to resist. Stealing upon deck at “two bells,” he caught Smallbones napping in the small boat, which was hoisted a-stern as usual, and by merely casting loose the gripe of a rope, he turned the boat keel uppermost, and plunged his persecutor into the sea. He had sent the man at the helm below for a glass of grog, and as the fellows “forwards” were napping too, the dexterous manœuvre passed unnoticed, as did also the cry of Smallbones. The wind was fresh, and the cutter, in a minute or two, left Smally far astern. Vanslyperken then turned in a happier man than he had been for some time. “We shall

have got rid of him, at last, my poor dog," said he, patting Snarley-yow's head. "Your enemy is gone for ever!" And Mr. Vanslyperken slept soundly, because, although he had committed a murder, there was no chance of his being found out.

But Smallbones had as many lives as a cat. The following is in Captain Marryat's happiest manner.

"The weather was warm, even sultry, as we said before ; but notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding he was a very tolerable swimmer, considering that he was so thin, Smallbones did not like it. To be awoke out of a profound sleep, and all of a sudden to find yourself floundering out of your depth about half a mile from the nearest land, is anything but agreeable ; the transition is too rapid. Smallbones descended a few feet before he could divest himself of the folds of the Flustering coat which he had wrapped himself up in. It belonged to Coble ; he had purchased it at a sale-shop on the Point for seventeen shillings and sixpence, and, moreover, it was as good as new. In consequence of this delay below water-mark, Smallbones had very little breath left in his body when he rose to the surface, and he could not inflate his lungs so as to call loud until the cutter had walked away from him at least one hundred yards, for she was slipping fast through the water, and another minute plainly proved to Smallbones that he was left to his own resources.

"At first, the lad had imagined that it was an accident, and that the rope had given way with his weight, but when he found that no attention was paid to his cries, he then was convinced that it was the work of Mr. Vanslyperken.

" 'By gum, he's done for me at last. Well, I don't care, I can die but once, that's sartin sure ; and he'll go to the devil, that's sartin sure.'

"And Smallbones, with this comfortable assurance, continued to strike out for the land, which, indeed, he had but little prospect of ever making.

" 'A shame for to come for to go to murder a poor lad three or four times over,' sputtered Smallbones, after a time, feeling his strength fail him. He then turned on his back, to ease his arms.

" 'I can't do it no how, I sees that,' said Smallbones, 'so I may just as well go down like a dipsey lead.'

"But, as he muttered this, and was making up his mind to discontinue further exertions,—not a very easy thing to do, when you are about to go into another world,—still floating on his back, with his eyes fixed on the starry heavens, thinking, as Smallbones afterwards narrated himself, that there wa'n't much to live for in this here world, and considering what there could be in that 'ere, his head struck against something hard. Smallbones immediately turned round in the water to see what it was, and found that it was one of the large corks which supported a heavy net laid out across the tide for the taking of shoal-fish. The cork was barely sufficient to support his weight, but it gave him a certain relief, and time to look about him, as the saying is. The lad ran under the net and cork with his hands until he arrived at the nearest shoal, for it was three or four hundred yards long. When he arrived there, he contrived to bring some of the corks together, until he had quite sufficient for his support, and then Smallbones voted himself pretty comfortable after all, for the water was very warm, and now quite smooth.

"While Smallbones hung on to the corks, he was calculating his chances of being saved — 'If so be as how they comes to take up their nets in the morning, why then I think I may hold on ; but if so be they waits, why they'll then find me dead as a fish,' said Smallbones, who seldom ventured above a monosyllable, and whose language, if not considered as pure English, was certainly amazingly Saxon ; and then Smallbones be-

gan to reflect, whether it was not necessary that he should forgive Mr. Vanslyperken before he died, and his pros and cons ended with his thinking he could, for it was his duty ; however, he would not be in a hurry about it ; he thought that was the last thing he need do ; but as for the dog, he wa'n't obliged to forgive him, that was certain—as certain as that his tail was off ; and Smallbones, up to his chin in the water, grinned so at the remembrance, that he took in more salt water than was pleasant.

“ He spit it out again, and then looked up to the stars, which were twinkling above him.

“ I wonder what o'clock it is, thought Smallbones, when he thought he heard a distant sound. Smallbones pricked up his ears and listened ;—yes, it was in regular cadence, and became louder and louder. It was a boat pulling.

“ ‘ Well, I am sure,’ thought Smallbones, ‘ they'll think they have caught a queer fish, any how ;’ and he waited very patiently for the fishermen to come up. At last he perceived the boat, which was very long and pulled many oars. ‘ They be smugglers,’ thought Smallbones. ‘ I wonder whether they'll pick up a poor lad ? Boat ahoy !’

“ The boat continued to pass towards the coast, impelled at the speed of seven or eight miles an hour, and was now nearly abreast of Smallbones, and not fifty yards from him.

“ ‘ I say, boat ahoy !’ screamed Smallbones, to the extent of his voice.

“ He was heard this time, and there was a pause in the pulling, the boat still driving through the water with the impulse which had been given her, as if she required no propelling power.

“ ‘ I say, you arn't a going for to come for to leave a poor lad here to be drowned, are you ?’

“ ‘ That's Smallbones, I'll swear,’ cried Jemmy Ducks, who was steering the boat, and who immediately shifted the helm.

“ But Sir Robert Barclay paused : there was too much at stake to run any risk, even to save the life of a fellow-creature.

“ ‘ You takes time for to think of it any how,’ cried Smallbones ; ‘ you are going for to leave a fellow-christian stuck like a herring in a fishing-net, are you ? you would not like it yourself, any how.’

“ ‘ It is Smallbones, sir,’ repeated Jemmy Ducks, ‘ and I'll vouch for him as a lad that's good and true.’

“ Sir Barclay no longer hesitated ; ‘ Give way, my lads, and pick him up.’

“ In a few minutes, Smallbones was hauled in over the gunnel, and was seated on the stern sheets, opposite to Sir Robert.

“ ‘ It's a great deal colder out of the water than in, that's sartain,’ observed Smallbones, shivering.

“ ‘ Give way, my lads, we've no time to stay,’ cried Sir Robert.

“ ‘ Take this, Smallbones,’ said Jemmy.

“ ‘ Why, so it is, Jemmy Ducks !’ replied Smallbones, with astonishment. ‘ Why, how did you come here ?’

“ ‘ Sarcumstances,’ replied Jemmy ; ‘ how did you come there ?’

“ ‘ Sarcumstances too, Jemmy,’ replied Smallbones.

“ ‘ Keep silence,’ said Sir Robert, and nothing more was said until the lugger dashed into the cave.

Smallbones was *inducted* in the society of the smugglers and Jacobites at the Isle of Wight, and being assured of his trust-worthiness, Sir Robert left him with the women, and pursued his voyage with the crew across the English channel, for the young Duke of Gloucester, the only son of William and Mary, was dead—the king was on the continent, and all seemed propitious for an invasion, which the baronet went to press. Here we have an exemplary instance of the

modesty which is one of the brightest attributes of Smallbones' character. He was but badly off for clothes, and not liking to shock the ladies in the cave with the exhibition of that part of the human frame which in Humphrey Clinker won the heart of the susceptible Winifred Jenkins, he stood shilly shally, with his back stuck against a rock, "like a limpet."

"Nancy, who had not forgotten that he was with them, came up to him.—'Why do you stay there, Smallbones? you must be hungry and cold; come in with me, and I will find you something to eat.'

"'I can't, Mistress Nancy; I want your advice first. Has any of the men left any of their duds in this here cavern?'

"'Duds, man! No, they keep them all on the other side. We have nothing but petticoats here and shimmeys.'

"'Then what must I do?' exclaimed Smallbones.

"'O, I see; your shirt is torn off your back. Well, never mind; I'll lend you a shimmy.'

"'Yes, Mistress Nancy, but it be much worse than that; I an't got no behind to my trousers; they pulled it out when they pulled me into the boat. I sticks to this here rock for decency's sake. What must I do?'

"'Nancy burst into a laugh. 'Do, why if you can't have men's clothes, you must put on the women's, and then you'll be in the regular uniform of the cave.'

Smallbones accordingly was rigged out as a woman, and contrived to pass his time very agreeably with the nymphs of the grot.

Reaching Portsmouth in great glee, Vanslyperken went as soon as he could to visit his mother. He found her not only dead, but almost *decomposed*—a circumstance which did not prevent his rifling her person to get her keys and money. He had thus, he thought, got rid of Smallbones and of his mother, and both in a way perfectly satisfactory to himself. Leaving his mother's death to be accounted for as it might be, when discovered, and her body to be buried by the parish, he returned on board with all her gold; and making sail soon after for Holland, he took his usual freedom during the run, with the correspondence of Ramsay's friends. He felt he had the plot in his grasp—so he counted his gold, patted Snarleygow, and made sure of the widow. All dreams, Mr. Vanslyperken. For, paying a visit, soon after his arrival at Amsterdam, at an hour when he was not expected, he found widow Vandersloosh in the arms of his corporal—yes! in the very arms of his *faithful* Van Spitter.

"Mr. Vanslyperken was transfixed—the parties were too busy with their amorous interchange to perceive his presence; at last the corporal thought that his lips required moistening with a little of the beer of the widow's own brewing, for the honey of her lips had rather glued them together—he turned towards the table to take up his tumbler, and he beheld Mr. Vanslyperken.

"The corporal, for a moment, was equally transfixed, but on these occasions people act mechanically, because they don't know what to do. The corporal had been well drilled; he rose from the sofa, held himself perfectly upright, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead there he stood, like a statue, saluting at the presence of his superior officer.

"The widow had also perceived the presence of Vanslyperken almost as soon as the corporal; but a woman's wits are more at her command

on these occasions than a man's. She felt that all concealment was now useless, and she prepared for action. At the same time, although ready to discharge a volley of abuse upon Vanslyperken, she paused, to ascertain how she should proceed. Assuming an indifferent air, she said—
'Well, Mr. Vanslyperken?'

" 'Well!' exclaimed Vanslyperken, but he could not speak for passion.

" 'Eaves-dropping, as usual, Mr. Vanslyperken?'

" 'May the roof of this house drop on you, you infernal ——.'

" 'No indelicate language, if you please, sir,' interrupted the widow; 'I won't put up with it in my house, I can tell you—ho, ho, Mr. Vanslyperken,' continued the widow, working herself into a rage; 'that won't do here, Mr. Vanslyperken.'

" 'Why, you audacious—you double-faced——'

" 'Double-faced! it's a pity you wer'n't double-faced, as you call it, with that snivelling nose and crooked chin of yours. Double-faced, heh!—oh! oh! Mr. Vanslyperken—we shall see—wait a little—we shall see who's double-faced. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—that for you, Mr. Vanslyperken—I can hang you when I please, Mr. Vanslyperken. Corporal, how many guineas did you see counted out to him at the house opposite?'

" During all this the corporal remained fixed and immovable with his hand up to the salute: but on being questioned by his mistress, he replied, remaining in the same respectful attitude, 'Fifty golden guineas, Mistress Vandersloosh.'

" 'A lie! an infamous lie!' cried Vanslyperken, drawing his sword.—'Traitor, that you are,' continued he to the corporal, 'take your reward.' This was a very critical moment. The corporal did not attempt the defensive, but remained in the same attitude, and Vanslyperken's rage at the falsehood of the widow and the discovery of his treason was so great, that he had lost all command of himself. Had not a third party come in just as Vanslyperken drew his sword, it might have gone hard with the corporal; but fortunately Babette came in from the yard, and perceiving the sword fly out of the scabbard, she put her hand behind the door, and snatched two long-handled brooms, one of which she put into the hands of her mistress, and retained the other herself.

" 'Take your reward!' cried Vanslyperken, running furiously to cut down the corporal. But his career was stopped by the two brooms, one of which took him in the face, and the other in the chest. The widow and Babette now ranged side by side, holding their brooms as soldiers do their arms in a charge of bayonets.

" How did the corporal act? He retained his former respectful position, leaving the defensive or offensive in the hands of the widow and Babette.

" The check, on the part of Vanslyperken, only added to his rage. Again he flew with his sword at the corporal, and again he was met with the besoms in his face. He caught one with his hand, and he was knocked back with the other. He attempted to cut them in two with his sword, but in vain.

" 'Out of my house, you villain!—you traitor—out of my house,' cried the widow, pushing at him with such force as to drive him against the wall, and pinning him there while Babette charged him in his face, which was now streaming with blood. The attack was now followed up with such vigour, that Vanslyperken was first obliged to retreat to the door, then out of the door into the street; followed into the street, he took to his heels, and the widow and Babette returned victorious into the parlour to the corporal. Mr. Vanslyperken could not accuse him of want of respect to his superior officer; he had saluted him on entering, and he was still saluting him when he made his exit.

"The widow threw herself on the sofa—Corporal Van Spitter then took his seat beside her. The widow, overcome by her rage and exertion, burst into tears and sobbed in his arms.

"The corporal poured out a glass of beer, and persuaded her to drink it.

" 'I'll have him hanged to-morrow, at all events. I'll go to the Hague myself,' cried the widow. 'Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see who will gain the day,' continued the widow, sobbing.

" 'You can prove it, corporal?'

" 'Mein Gott, yes,' replied the corporal.

" 'As soon as he's hung, corporal, we'll marry.'

" 'Mein Gott, yes.'

" 'Traitorous villain!—sell his king and his country for gold!'

" 'Mein Gott, yes.'

" 'You're sure it was fifty guineas, corporal?'

" 'Mein Gott, yes.'

" 'Ah, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see,' said the widow, drying her eyes. 'Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, you shall be hanged, and your cur with you, or my name's not Vandersloosh.'

" 'Mein Gott, yes,' replied the corporal."

As there was no doubting the widow's power over him, Vanslyperken resolved to be beforehand with her, and hiring a calash he set off for the Hague, where he betrayed all he knew of the Jacobite conspiracy, gave the copies he had made of the letters, and accounted for his own conduct with "such diplomatic talents as showed he would have made a great prime minister." He did not, however, escape suspicion, and Lord Albemarle hit the nail on the head, by deciding that Vanslyperken must be a traitor to both parties, an opinion in which he and King William were speedily confirmed by the arrival of the widow, who told all she knew in her own way.

"She immediately informed one of the domestics that she wished to speak with his majesty upon important business.

" 'I cannot take your name in to his majesty, but if you will give it me, I will speak to Lord Albemarle.'

"The widow wrote her name down upon a slip of paper; with which the servant went away, and then the widow sat down upon a bench in the hall, and cooled herself with her fan.

" 'Frau Vandersloosh,' said Lord Albemarle, on reading the name. 'Let her come up,—why this,' continued he, turning to the Duke of Portland, who was sitting by him, 'is the woman who is ordered to be arrested this night, upon the evidence of Lieutenant Vanslyperken: we shall learn something now, depend upon it.'

"The Frau Vandersloosh made her appearance, sailing into the room like a Dutch man-of-war of that period, under full sail, high pooped and broad sterned. Never having stood in the presence of great men, she was not a little confused, so she fanned herself most furiously.

" 'You wish to speak with me?' said Lord Albemarle.

" 'Yes, your honour's honour, I've come to expose a snivelling traitor to his majesty's crown. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see now,' continued the widow, talking to herself, and fanning away.

" 'We are all attention, madam.'

"Mistress Vanslyperken then began, out of breath, and continued out of breath till she had told the whole of her story, which, as the reader must be aware, only corroborated all Vanslyperken had already stated,

with the exception that he had denounced the widow. Lord Albemarle allowed her to proceed without interruption ; he had a great insight into character, and the story of the widow confirmed him in his opinion of Vanslyperken.

“ ‘ But, my good woman,’ said Lord Albemarle, ‘ are you aware that Mr. Vanslyperken has already been here?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, your honour, I met him going back, and he turned his nose up at me, and I then said, ‘ Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see ; wait a little, Mr. Vanslyperken.’ ”

“ ‘ And,’ continued Lord Albemarle, ‘ that he has denounced you as being a party to all these treasonable practices?’ ”

“ ‘ Me—denounced me—he—O Lord, O Lord, only let me meet him face to face—let him say it then if he dares, the snivelling—cowardly—murdering wretch.’ ”

“ Thereupon Mrs. Vandersloosh commenced the history of Vanslyperken’s wooing, of his cur Snarleyyow, of her fancy for the corporal, of his finding her with the corporal the day before, of her beating him off with the brooms, and of her threats to expose his treason. ‘ And so, now, when he finds that he was to be exposed, he comes up first himself ; that’s now the truth of it, or my name’s not Vandersloosh, your honour ;’ and the widow walked up and down with the march of an elephant, fanning herself violently, her bosom heaving with agitation, and her face as red as a boiled lobster.

“ ‘ Mistress Vandersloosh,’ said Lord Albemarle, ‘ let the affair rest as it is for the present, but I shall not forget what you have told me. I think now that you had better go home.’ ”

“ At this dismissal the widow turned round.

“ ‘ Thank your worship kindly,’ said she, ‘ I’m ready to come whenever I’m wanted. ‘ Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken,’ resumed the widow, as she walked to the door, quite forgetting the respect due to the two noblemen. ‘ We shall see ; yes, yes, we shall see.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, my lord, what think you of this?’ said Lord Albemarle to the duke, as the widow closed the door.

“ ‘ Upon my soul I think she is honest ; she is too fat for a traitor.’ ”

“ ‘ I am of your opinion. The episode of the corporal was delightful, and has thrown much light upon the lieutenant’s conduct, who is a traitor in my opinion, if ever there was one ; but he must be allowed to fulfil his task, and then we will soon find out the traitor ; but if I mistake not, that man was born to be hung.’ ”

After some very rare “bustle and confusion, plot and counterplot,” Ramsay, the hero, being timely warned, provides for the acquittal and safety of the syndic, upon whom suspicions have been cast, and then flies with Wilhelmina, who, like a true heroine, submits to wear men’s clothes for the nonce. Accompanied by a small but bold band, Ramsay and his love get on board the Yungfrau.

“ The despatches from the Hague came down about nine o’clock, and Vanslyperken received them on board. About ten, he weighed and made sail, and hove to about a mile outside, with a light shown as agreed. About the time arranged, a large boat appeared pulling up to the cutter. ‘ Boat, a-hoy!’ ‘ King’s messenger with despatches,’ was the reply. ‘ All’s right,’ said Vanslyperken, ‘ get a rope there from forward.’ ”

“ The boat darted alongside of the cutter. She pulled ten oars, but, as soon as she was alongside, a number of armed men sprang from her on the decks, and beat the crew below, while Ramsay, with pistols in his belt, and his sword in his hand, went aft to Vanslyperken.

" 'What is all this ?' exclaimed the terrified lieutenant.

" 'Nothing sir, but common prudence on my part,' replied Ramsay. 'I have an account to settle with you.'

" Vanslyperken perceived that his treachery was discovered, and he fell upon his knees. Ramsay turned away to give orders, and Vanslyperken darted down the hatchway, and gained the lower deck.

" 'Never mind,' said Ramsay, 'he'll not escape me. Come, my lads, hand up the boxes as fast as you can.'

" Ramsay then went to the boat, and brought up Wilhelmina, who had remained there, and conducted her down into the cabin. The boxes were also handed down, the boat made fast, and the conspirators remained in possession of the deck. The helm was taken by one of them ; sail was again made on the cutter, and the boat with a boat-keeper towed astern.

" Mr. Vanslyperken's retreat was not known to the crew ; they thought him still on deck, and he hastened forward to secrete himself, even from his own crew, who were not a little astonished at this unexpected attack, which they could not account for. The major part of the arms on board were always kept in Mr. Vanslyperken's cabin, and that was not only in possession of the assailants, but there was a strong guard in the passage outside which led to the lower deck.

" 'Well, this beats my comprehension entirely,' said Bill Spurey.

" 'Yes,' replied Short.

" 'And mine too,' added Obadiah Coble, 'being as we are, as you know, at peace with all nations, to be hoarded and carried in this way.'

" 'Why, what, and who can they be ?'

" 'I've a notion that Vanslyperken's at the bottom of it,' replied Spurey.

" 'Yes,' said Short.

" 'But it's a bottom that I can't fathom,' continued Spurey.

" 'My dipsey line arn't long enough either,' replied Coble.

" 'Gott for dam, what it can be !' exclaimed Jansen. 'It must be the treason.'

" 'Mein Gott ! yes,' replied Corporal Van Spitter. 'It is all treason, and the traitor be Vanslyperken.' But although the corporal had some confused ideas, yet he could not yet arrange them.

" 'Well I've no notion of being boxed up here,' observed Coble ; 'they can't be so many as we are, even if they were stowed away in the boat like pilchards in a cask. Can't we get at the arms, corporal, and make a rush for it ?'

" 'Mein Gott ! de arms are all in de cabin, all but three pair pistols and de bayonets.'

" 'Well, but we've handspikes,' observed Spurey.

" 'Got for dam, gif me de handspike,' cried Jansen.

" 'We had better wait till daylight, at all events,' observed Coble, 'we shall see our work better.'

" 'Yes,' replied Short.

" 'And, in the mean time, get everything to hand that we can.'

" 'Yes,' replied Short.

" 'Well, I can't understand the manœuvre. It beats my comprehension, what they have done with Vanslyperken.'

" 'I don't know, but they've kicked the cur out of the cabin.'

" 'Then they've kicked him out too, depend upon it.'

" Thus did the crew continue to surmise during the whole night, but, as Bill Spurey said, the manœuvre beat their comprehension.

" One thing was agreed upon, that they should make an attempt to recover the vessel as soon as they could.

" In the meantime, Ramsay, with Wilhelmina, and the Jesuits, had taken possession of the cabin, and had opened all the despatches, which

acquainted them with the directions in detail, given for the taking of the conspirators at Portsmouth, and in the cave. Had it not been to save his friends, Ramsay would, at once, have taken the cutter to Cherbourg, and have there landed Wilhelmina and the treasure ; but his anxiety for his friends, determined him to run at once for the cave, and send overland to Portsmouth. The wind was fair and the water smooth, and, before morning, the cutter was on her way.

"In the meantime, the crew of the cutter had not been idle ; the ladders had been taken up and hatches closed. The only chance of success was an attack upon the guard, who was stationed outside of the cabin.

"They had six pistols, about two hundred pounds of ammunition, but with the exception of half-a-dozen bayonets, no other weapons. But they were resolute men, and as soon as they had made their arrangements, which consisted of piling up their hammocks, so as to make a barricade to fire over, they then commenced operations, the first signal of which, was a pistol-shot discharged at the men who were on guard in the passage, and which wounded one of them. Ramsay darted out of the cabin at the report of the pistol ; another and another was discharged, and Ramsay then gave the order to fire in return. This was done, but without injury to the seamen of the cutter, who were protected by the hammocks, and Ramsay having already three of his men wounded, found that the post below was no longer tenable. A consultation took place, and it was determined that the passage on the lower deck and the cabin should be abandoned, as the upper deck it would be easy to retain.

"The cabin skylight was taken off, and the boxes of gold handed up, while the party outside the cabin door maintained the conflict with the crew of the Yungfrau. When all the boxes were up, Wilhelmina was lifted on deck, the skylight was shipped on again, and, as soon as the after hatches were ready to put on, Ramsay's men retreated to the ladder, which they drew up after them, and then put on the hatches.

"Had not the barricade of hammocks prevented them, the crew of the Yungfrau might have made a rush, and followed the others on deck ; but, before they could beat down the barricades, which they did as soon as they perceived their opponents retreat, the ladder was up, and the hatches placed over the hatchways.

"The Yungfraus had gained the whole of the lower deck, but they could do no more ; and Ramsay perceived that if he could maintain possession of the upper deck, it was as much as he could expect with such determined assailants. This warfare had been continued during the whole morning, and it was twelve o'clock before the cabin and lower deck had been abandoned by Ramsay's associates. During the whole day, the skirmishes continued, the crew of the Yungfrau climbing on the table of the cabin, and firing through the skylight, but in so doing, they exposed themselves to the fire of the other party, who sat like cats watching for their appearance, and discharging their pieces the moment that a head presented itself. In the meantime, the cutter darted on before a strong favourable breeze ; and thus passed the first day. Many attempts were made during the night by the seamen of the cutter to force their way on deck, but they were all prevented by the vigilance of Ramsay ; and the next morning, the Isle of Wight was in sight. Wilhelmina had passed the night on the forecastle, covered up with a sail ; none of his people had had anything to eat during the time that they were on board, and Ramsay was most anxious to arrive at his destination."

The cutter is brought safely abreast of Black Gang Chine, when Ramsay lowers the boat and lands.

"Their departure was soon ascertained by the crew of the Yungfrau,

who now forced the skylight, and gained the deck, but not before the boat had entered the cave.

" 'What's to be done, now?' said Coble. 'Smash my timbers, but they've played old Harry with the rigging. We must knot and splice.'

" 'Yes,' replied Short.

" 'What the devil have they done with Vanslyperken?' cried Bill Spurey.

" 'Either shoved him overboard, or taken him with them, I suppose,' cried Coble.

" 'Well, it's a nice job altogether,' observed Spurey.

" 'Mein Gott! yes,' replied the corporal; 'we will have a pretty story to tell de admiral.'

" 'Well, they've rid us of him at all events; I only hope they'll hang him.'

" 'Mein Gott!' yes.

" 'He'll have his desarts,' replied Coble.

" 'Got for tam! I like to see him swing.'

" 'Now he's gone, let's send his dog after him. Hurrah, my lads! get a rope up on the yard, and let us hang Snarleyow.'

" 'Mein Gott! I'll go fetch him,' cried the corporal.

" 'You will—will you?' roared a voice.

" The corporal turned round, so did the others, and there, with his drawn sword, stood Mr. Vanslyperken.

" 'You d—d mutinous scoundrel,' cried Vanslyperken, 'touch my dog if you dare.'

" The corporal put his hand up to the salute, and Vanslyperken shook his head with a diabolical expression of countenance.

" 'Now where the devil could he come from?' whispered Spurey.

" Coble shrugged up his shoulders, and Short gave a long whistle, expending more breath than usual.

" However, there was no more to be said; and as soon as the rigging was knotted and spliced, sail was made on the cutter; but the wind being dead in their teeth, they did not arrive until late the next evening, and the admiral did not see the despatches till the next morning, for the best of all possible reasons, that Vanslyperken did not take them on shore. He had a long story to tell, and he thought it prudent not to disturb the admiral after dinner, as great men are apt to be very choleric during the progress of digestion.

" The consequence was, that when, the next morning, Mr. Vanslyperken called upon the admiral, the intelligence had been received from the cave, and all the parties had absconded. Mr. Vanslyperken told his own tale; how he had been hailed by a boat purporting to have a messenger on board, how they had boarded him and beat down himself and his crew, how he and his crew had fought under hatches and beat them on deck, and how they had been forced to abandon the cutter. All this was very plausible, and then Vanslyperken gave the despatches opened by Ramsay.

" The admiral read them in haste, gave immediate orders for surrounding and breaking into the house of the Jew Lazarus, in which the military found nobody but an old tom-cat, and then desired Mr. Vanslyperken to hold the cutter in readiness to embark troops and sail that afternoon; but troops do not move so fast as people think, and before one hundred men had been told off by the sergeant, with their accoutrements, knapsacks, and sixty pounds of ammunition, it was too late to embark them that night, so they waited until the next morning. Moreover, Mr. Vanslyperken had orders to draw from the dock-yard three large boats for the debarkation of the said troops; but the boats were not quite ready, one repuired a new gunnel, another three planks in the bottom, and the third

having her stern out, it required all the carpenters in the yard to finish it by the next morning. Mr. Vanslyperken's orders were to proceed to the cave, and land the troops ; to march up to the cave, and to cover the advance of the troops, rendering them all the assistance in his power in co-operating with the major commanding the detachment ; but where the cave was, no one knew, except that it was thereabouts.

"The next morning, at eight o'clock, the detachment, consisting of one hundred men, were embarked on board of the cutter, but the major commandant, finding that the decks were excessively crowded, and that he could hardly breathe, ordered section first, section second, and section third, of twenty-five men each, to go into the boats and be towed. After which there was more room, and the cutter stood out for St. Helen's."

The defence of the cave by the conspirators and smugglers, and the crew of Sir Robert Barclay, who arrived at an opportune moment, is admirably described ; but it is too long for an extract, and is scarcely susceptible of analysis. The character and vigour of the matter would evaporate under any process of abbreviation. After a most stirring conflict, in which the confederates of the cave all fight disguised like women, (and so sadly put out the attacking red jackets, who have the proper tenderness for the fair sex,) and in which master Smallbones performs prodigies of valour in petticoats, King William's force is obliged to capitulate, and the Jacobites, "whose cause is triumphant by sea as well as by land," gain possession of the Yungfrau, and embarking their gold and silver, and (treasure more precious still) the fair Wilhelmina, and Lady Barclay, and Lilly, with the rest of the *real* ladies, hoist sail and escape to the continent.

The monotony of their voyage is relieved by the following incidents.

"When Mr. Vanslyperken had been brought aft, his legs tottered, and he could hardly stand. His face was livid, and his lips white with fear, and he knew too well that he had little mercy to expect.

" 'Now, sir,' said Sir Robert, with a stern air, 'hear the accusation against you, for although we may be lawless, we will still be just. You voluntarily entered into our service, and received our pay. You were one of us, with only this difference, that we have taken up the cause from principle and loyalty, and you joined us from mercenary motives. Still we kept our faith with you ; for every service performed, you were well and honourably paid. But you received our money and turned against us ; revealed our secrets, and gave information to your government, by which that gentleman (pointing to Ramsay) and many others, had not they fortunately received timely notice, would have perished by the gibbet. Now, sir, I wish to know, what you can bring forward in your defence, what you have to urge that you should not die the death which you so traitorously prepared for others.'

" 'Die !' exclaimed Vanslyperken, 'no—no—mercy, sir—mercy. I am not fit to die.'

" 'Few are—but this is certain—that a villain like you is not fit to live.'

" 'On my knees, I ask mercy,' cried the frightened wretch, dropping down. 'Mr. Ramsay, speak for me.'

" 'I will speak,' replied Ramsay, 'but not for you ; I will show you, that even if you were to escape us, you would still be hung ; for all your extracts of the despatches, I have, with full explanation, put into the hands of the English government. Do you expect mercy from them ?—they have not showed much as yet.'

" 'O God—O God !' exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing himself down on the deck in despair.

" 'Now, my lads, you have heard the charges against this man, and also that he has no defence to offer, what is your sentence ?'

" 'Death !' exclaimed the conspirators.

" 'You men, belonging to the cutter, you have heard that this man has betrayed the present government of England, in whose pay and service he was at the time—what is your opinion ?'

" Hereupon, Obadiah Coble hitched up his trousers, and said, 'Why, as a matter of opinion, I agree with you, sir, whomsoever you may be.'

" 'Mein Gott ! yes, sir,' exclaimed the corporal.

" And all the crew cried out together, 'Death—death !' which, by-the-by, was very mutinous.

" 'You perceive that you are doubly condemned as a double traitor,' said Sir Robert. 'So prepare to die ; the religion you profess I know not, but the time you will be allowed to make your peace with your God, is fifteen minutes.'

" 'Oh !' groaned Vanslyperken, with his face to the deck.

" 'Up there, my lads, and get a whip on the yard-arm,' said Ramsay.

" Some of his party went to obey the order, and they were assisted by the seamen of the Yungfrau. But while they were getting the whip ready on the starboard, Jemmy Ducks was very quietly employed getting another on the larboard yard-arm, which nobody took notice of.

" As soon as the whip, and the cord with the hangman's noose made fast to it, were all ready, it was reported to Sir Robert by Corporal Van Spitter, who stepped up to him with his usual military salute. Sir Robert took off his hat in return. His watch had been held in his hand, from the time that he had passed sentence upon Vanslyperken, who still remained prostrate on the deck.

" 'It is my duty to inform you, sir, that but five minutes are left of the time awarded to you,' said Sir Robert to Vanslyperken.

" 'Five minutes !' exclaimed Vanslyperken, jumping up from the deck, 'but five minutes—to die in five minutes,' continued he, looking up with horror at the rope at the yard-arm, and the fatal noose at the end of it, held in the hand of Corporal Van Spitter. 'Stop, I have gold—plenty of gold—I can purchase my life.'

" 'Kingdoms would not purchase it,' said Sir Robert, scornfully.

" 'Oh !' exclaimed Vanslyperken, wringing his hands, 'must I leave all my gold ?'

" 'You have but two minutes, sir,' observed Sir Robert. 'Let the rope be put round his neck.'

" This office was performed by Corporal Van Spitter. The corporal was quite an amateur.

" 'Mercy, mercy,' cried Vanslyperken, again falling on his knees, and holding up his hands.

" 'Call upon Heaven for mercy, you have but a minute left.'

" But here an interruption took place.

" A female made her appearance on the other side of the deck, dragging by a cord, the hero of our novel, Snarleyyow, who held back with all his power, jerking his head to the right and to the left ; but it was of no use, he was dragged opposite to where Vanslyperken knelt. As the reader may guess, this person was Smallbones, who had tied on a bonnet, and muffled up his face, so as not to be observed when he first went on board. Jemmy Ducks now assisted, and the whip on the larboard yard-arm was made fast to a cord with a running noose, for the hanging of the cur.

" The sight roused Vanslyperken. 'My dog !' exclaimed he, 'woman, leave that dog alone—who are you that dare touch my dog ?'

"The female turned round, threw off her bonnet and handkerchief, and exhibited to the terrified lieutenant, the face of the supposed departed Smallbones.

"'Smallbones!' exclaimed the crew of the Yungfrau in a breath.

"'God of mercy—help me, God of mercy!' cried Vanslyperken, aghast.

"'I suppose that you do come for to go to know me now, any how,' said Smallbones.

"'Hath the sea given up its dead?' replied Vanslyperken, in a hollow voice.

"'No, it arn't; 'cause why? I never was a drowned,' replied Smallbones; 'no thanks to you, though; but if so be as I supposes, you be a going to be hung—as I'm a good Christian, I'll forgive you—that is, if you be hung, you know.'

"Vanslyperken, who now perceived that Smallbones had been by some miracle preserved, recovered himself.

"'If you forgive me,' replied Vanslyperken, 'then pray do not ill-treat my dog.'

"'I se not forgiven him, any how—I owes him enough, and now I'll have his account settled, by gum. When you goes up there, he goes up here, as sure as I'm Philip Smallbones.'

"'Be merciful!' exclaimed Vanslyperken, who, strange to say, forgot his own miseries in pleading for his darling cur.

"'He be a convicted traitor, and he shall die, by gum!' cried Smallbones, smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

"During the conversation, the time allotted to Vanslyperken had long expired, but the interest occasioned by it had inclined Sir Robert to wait till it was over.

"'Enough,' cried Sir Robert, 'your time is too long expired. Commend your soul to God—let the rope be manned.'

"'Now, Jemmy, stand by to toddle forward,' cried Smallbones.

"'One moment—I ask but one moment,' cried Vanslyperken, much agitated, 'only one moment, sir.'

"'For what?'

"'To kiss my poor dog,' replied Vanslyperken, bursting into tears. Strange and almost ridiculous as was the appeal, there was a seriousness and a pathos in Vanslyperken's words and manner, which affected those who were present like a gleam of sunshine; this one feeling which was unalloyed with baser metal, shone upon the close of a worthless and wicked life. Sir Robert nodded his head, and Vanslyperken walked with his rope round his neck over to where the dog was held by Smallbones, bent over the cur, and kissed it again and again.

"'Enough,' cried Sir Robert, 'bring him back.'

"Corporal Van Spitter took hold of Vanslyperken by the arm, and dragged him to the other side of the deck. The unfortunate wretch was wholly absorbed in the fate of his cur, who had endeavoured to follow his master. His eyes were fixed upon Snarleyyow, and Snarleyyow's were fixed upon his master; thus they were permitted to remain for a few seconds, when Sir Robert gave the signal. Away went the line of men who had manned the starboard whip, and away went Jemmy Ducks on the larboard side, and, at the yard-arms of the cutter, were suspended the bodies of Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow.

"Thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels, and one of the vilest curs, which ever existed. They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

The Yungfrau came safely to anchor at Cherbourg, when the ladies and gentlemen landed. The good syndic, Mynheer Krause, had suffered considerably in body and goods in the interval, the king having

ordered his arrest, and the mob having burnt his house down. These hot proceedings completely cooled his remaining loyalty to King William ; and as soon as he obtained his liberty, he went to Cherbourg to join his daughter and Ramsay ; who had not, however, waited his arrival to grace the ceremony, but had been married the day after they landed in France. Mynheer soon afterwards settled at Hamburg, and joyfully looking forward to the birth of a little grandson, became perfectly indifferent whether England was ruled by King William or King James. “ Ramsay’s marriage made him also less ardent in the good cause ; he had gained a pretty wife and a good fortune, *and to be very loyal, a person should be very poor.* The death of King James, in the year following, released him from his engagements ; and, as he too resided at Hamburg, he was soon forgotten, and was never called upon to embark in the subsequent fruitless attempts on the part of the Jacobites.”

We are not told what effect persecution and trouble had on Frau Vandersloosh’s politics ; but she had been a fellow sufferer with the syndic, though her liberation was still more easily obtained. Her nocturnal arrest and hurried toilette are among the jewels of the book.

“ But, although there was nobody to be found, except the syndic in the syndic’s house, and not a soul at the house inhabited by the Jesuit, there was one more person included in the warrant, which was the widow Vandersloosh ; for Lord Albemarle, although convinced in his own mind of her innocence, could not take upon himself to interfere with the decisions of the council ; so, about one o’clock, there was a loud knocking at the widow’s door, which was repeated again and again before it awoke the widow, who was fatigued with her long and hot journey to the Hague. As for Babette, she made a rule never to wake at anything, but the magical No. 6, sounded by the church clock, or her mistress’s voice.

“ ‘ Babette,’ cried the widow Vandersloosh, ‘ Babette.’

“ ‘ Yes, ma’am.’

“ ‘ There’s a knock at the door, Babette.’

“ ‘ Only some drunken sailors, ma’am—they go away when they find they cannot get in.’

“ Here the peals were redoubled.

“ ‘ Babette, get up, Babette,’ and threaten them with the watch.’

“ ‘ Yes, ma’am,’ replied Babette, with a terrible yawn.

“ Knocking and thumping with strokes louder than before.

“ ‘ Babette, Babette!’

“ ‘ I must put something on, ma’am,’ replied Babette, rather crossly.

“ ‘ Speak to them out of the window, Babette.’

“ Here poor Babette came down to the first floor, and opening the window at the landing place on the stairs, put her head out, and cried, ‘ If you don’t go away, you drunken fellows, my mistress will send for the watch.’

“ ‘ If you don’t come and open the door, we shall break it open,’ replied the officer sent to the duty.

“ ‘ Tell them it’s no inn, Babette ; we won’t let people in after hours,’ cried the widow, turning in her bed, and anxious to resume her sound sleep.

“ Babette gave the message, and shut down the window.

“ ‘ Break open the door,’ cried the officer to the attendants. In a minute or two the door was burst open, and the party ascended the staircase.

" ' Mercy on me ! Babette, if they arn't come in,' cried the widow, who jumped out of her bed, and nearly shutting her door, which had been left open for ventilation, she peeped out to see who were the bold intruders ; she perceived a man in black with a white staff.

" ' What do you want ?' screamed the widow, terrified.

" ' We want Mistress Vandersloosh. Are you that person ?' said the officer.

" ' To be sure I am. But what do you want here ?'

" ' I must request you to dress and come along with me directly to the Stadthouse,' replied the officer, very civilly.

" ' Gott in himmel ! what's the matter ?'

" ' It's on a charge of treasonable practices, madam.'

" ' Oh, ho ! I see : Mr. Vanslyperken. Very well, good sir ; I'll put on my clothes directly. I'll get up any hour in the night, with pleasure, to bring that villain——. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. Babette, take the gentlemen down in the parlour, and give them some bottled beer. You'll find it very good, sirs ; it's of my own brewing. And, Babette, you must come up and help me.'

" The officer did not think it necessary to undeceive the widow, who imagined that she was to give evidence against Vanslyperken, not that she was a prisoner herself. Still, the widow Vandersloosh did not like being called up at such an unseasonable hour, and thus expressed herself to Babette as she was dressing herself.

" ' Well, we shall see the ending of this, Babette.—My under petticoat is on the chair.—I told the lords the whole truth, every word of it ; and I am convinced that they believed me, too.—Don't pull tight all at once, Babette ; how often do I tell you that ! I do believe you missed a hole.—The cunning villain goes there and says that I—yes, Babette—that I was a traitor myself ; and I said to the lords, ' Do I look like a traitor ?' —My petticoats, Babette ; how stupid you are, why, your eyes are half shut now ; you know I always wear the blue first, then the green, and the red last, and yet you will give me the first which comes.—He's a handsome lord, that Duke of Portland ; he was one of the *bon* —— before King William went over and conquered England, and he was made a lord for his valour.—My ruff, Babette.—The Dutch are a brave nation.—My bustle now.—How much beer did you give the officers ? Mind you take care of everything while I am gone. I shall be home by nine, I dare say. I suppose they are going to try him now, that he may be hanged at sunrise. I knew how it would be. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, every dog has his day ; and there's an end of you, and of your cur also, I've a notion.'

" The widow being now duly equipped, walked down stairs to them, and proceeded with the officers to the Stadthouse. She was brought into the presence of Mynheer Engelback, who held the office of provost.

" ' Here is the widow Vandersloosh, mynheer.'

" ' Very well,' replied Engelback, who was in a very bad humour at the unsuccessful search after the conspirators, ' away with her.'

" ' Away ! where ?' exclaimed the widow.

" Engelback did not condescend to make a reply. The officers were mute ; but one stout man on either side seized her arm, and led her away, notwithstanding expostulation and resistance on her part.

" ' Where am I going ? what is all this ?' exclaimed the widow, terrified ; but there was no answer.

" At last they came to a door, held open already by another man with a bunch of keys. The terrified woman perceived that it was a paved stone cell, with a brick arch over it ; in short, a dungeon. The truth flashed upon her, for the first time. It was she who had been arrested for treason. But before she could shriek she was shoved in, and the door closed and locked upon her ; and the widow sank down into a sitting

posture on the ground, overcome with astonishment and indignation. 'Was it possible? had the villain prevailed?' was the question, which she asked herself over and over again, changing alternately from sorrow to indignation: at one time wringing her hands, and at others exclaiming, 'Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see.'

The loves of Corporal Van Spitter and widow Vandersloosh, soon reached the climax of matrimony; and Coble, and Dick Short, and Jemmy Ducks, and Bill Spurey, and Philip Smallbones, Esquire, with the rest of the Yungfrau lads, danced at their weddings, and spent their *own* money freely at the Lust-haus, in honour of the occasion; for it was inconsistent with the widow's practice as a landlady to let people feast at her expense, or drink without paying for it, and

" Though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

But was there ever such a glorious wedding?

"The Lust-haus is now lighted up, the company are assembling fast; Babette is waddling and trotting like an armadillo from corner to corner: Babette here, and Babette there, it is Babette everywhere. The room is full, and the musicians have commenced tuning their instruments; the party run from the table to join the rest. A general cheer greets the widow as she is led into the room by the corporal—for she had asked many of her friends as well as the crew of the Yungfrau, and many others came who were not invited; so that the wedding day, instead of disbursement, produced one of large receipt to the happy pair.

" 'Now then, corporal, you must open the ball with your lady,' cried Bill Spurey.

" 'Mein Gott, yes.'

" 'What shall it be, Madam Van Spitter?'

" 'A waltz, if you please.'

"The musicians struck up a waltz, and Corporal Van Spitter, who had no notion of waltzing, further than having seen the dance performed by others, seized his wife by the waist, who, with an amorous glance, dropped her fat arm upon the corporal's shoulder. This was the signal for the rest—the corporal had made but one turn before a hundred couple more were turning also—the whole room seemed turning. The corporal could not waltz, but he could turn—he held on fast by the widow, and with such a firm piece of resistance he kept a centrifugal balance, and without regard to time or space, he increased his velocity at a prodigious rate. Round they went, with the prodigious force of the two iron balls suspended to the fly-wheel which regulates the power of some stupendous steam-engine.

"The corporal would not, and his better half could not, stop. The first couple they came in contact with were hurled to the other side of the room; a second and a third fell, and still the corporal wheeled on; two chairs and a table were swept away in a moment. Three young women, with baskets of cakes and nuts, were thrown down together, and the contents of all their baskets scattered on the floor; and, 'Bravo, corporal!' resounded from the crew of the Yungfrau—Babette and two bottles of ginger beer were next demolished; Jemmy Ducks received a hoist, and Smallbones was flatted to a pancake. Every one fled from the orbit of these revolving spheres, and they were left to wheel by themselves. At last, Mrs. Van Spitter, finding that nothing else would stop her husband, who, like all heavy bodies, once put in motion, retained it in proportion to his weight, dropped down, and left him to support her

whole weight. This was more than the corporal could stand, and it brought him up all standing—he stopped, dropped his wife, and reeled to a chair, for he was so giddy that he could not keep his legs, and so out of breath that he had lost his wind.

“ ‘Bravo, corporal!’ was shouted throughout the room, while his spouse hardly knew whether she should laugh, or scold him well; but, it being the wedding night, she deferred the scolding for that night, and she gained a chair, and fanned and wiped, and fanned and wiped again. The corporal, shortly afterwards, would have danced again, but Mrs. Van Spitter having had quite enough for the evening, she thanked him for the offer, was satisfied with his prowess, but declined on the score of the extreme sultriness of the weather; to which observation the corporal replied, as usual,

“ ‘Mein Gott! yes.’

The greater part of the evening was spent in drinking. The quantity of beer and spirits consumed is not mentioned, but it appears to have been prodigious.

“ The observation of Jemmy Salisbury, as he waddled out, was as correct as it was emphatic :

“ ‘Well, Bob, this *has been* a spree!’

“ ‘Yes,’ replied Bob Short.”

And so ends Snarleyow, with as much quaintness, spirit, and character, as it commenced.

THE MONK'S FAREWELL TO HIS ORANGE TREE.

BY MRS. GORE.

“ Count Demidoff, being at Rome in the year 1773, discovered in the convent garden of the *Agostini del Corso*, an Orange Tree of prodigious size. The monks declined parting with it; and the count was obliged to employ much money and influence to determine them to consent to its removal. They were finally induced to accept his overtures; and the tree, which was planted in the open air, was taken up with an immense ball of earth, placed in a case on wheels constructed for the purpose, and thus conveyed from Rome to Moscow.”—*Delenze*.

BANISHED—uptorn—sent rudely forth
To wither in an alien land,
Where in yon desolating north
The torpid deserts chill expand;
Thou veteran of centuries—
Thou TREE!—whose golden hours have thriven
Beneath these genial, sunlit skies—
This high o'erarching vault of heaven.
Go! faithful to thine Italy,
In icy exile pine and die!

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The Monk's Farewell to his Orange Tree.

Here, in this cloister's solitude,
 Safe from the jarring world's alarms,
 From mountain tempests, raging rude,
 From strife of tongues, or clang of arms ;
 Here, when in twilight, musing, slow,
 Our sandall'd feet unechoing move—
 Nought but the sepulchre below—
 Nought but Eternity above ;
 How softly o'er thy vernal head
 Have silent years their blossoms shed !

The distant chaunt—the vesper hymn—
 The organ's solemn voice of prayer,
 Sweeping thy leaves subdued and dim,
 Dispersed their sweetness to the air ;
 Henceforth, the world's unhallow'd cries,
 The ruffian's threat—the maniac's scream—
 Taunts—treasons—tortures—blasphemies
 Will rouse thee from thy gentle dream ;
 That dream of soft imaginings,
 When angels fanned thee with their wings.

This for thyself, oh ! blessed one !
 For me—for me—to whom thou wert
 The dewdrop on the desert's stone—
 The sunbeam on a blighted heart ;
 The promise of a higher sphere—
 In bliss and beauty bright as thine ;
 Something that whispered patience here,
 Something that augured joys divine :
 How shall I bear, when thou art gone,
 The earth thy shadow fell upon !

Without thy bloom, thy gold-orb'd fruit,
 To grace each season's passing prime,
 O ! how shall life its records suit
 To the cold calendar of time !—
 How—of thy gelid shade bereft,
 How—plundered of thy shedding flowers,
 Shall I endure my penance,—left
 To count my solitary hours
 By sighs in hopeless sadness sent
 Unto thy frozen banishment !

O tree of life !—O tree of love !
 What parting pledge can I bestow
 Thy memory of the past to move,
 Far in yon wilderness of snow ?
 My tears !—my blessings !—precious tree—
 Bear them like dewdrops pure and bright,—
 Bear them, like murmurs of the bee,
 A token to the Muscovite
 How dear thou art to those who dwell
 In thine own land. Farewell !—farewell !

THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

WINTER is the common and general season for making long journeys in those parts of America which are but thinly inhabited, and where the roads are scarcely passable, except at that season of the year, when their defects are rendered invisible by the intensity of the frost, and a thick covering of snow. The numerous large streams, (there called creeks,) which, perhaps, are not fordable at any other season, are then firmly bridged over, so that many of those districts, which seldom see a stranger during the summer months, are traversed during those of winter by such persons as business or curiosity may lead so far from their homes. Although curiosity is a prominent feature in the American character, yet it but seldom operates so powerfully as to interfere to much extent with either the comforts or the purses of the people. It was in the winter of 182—, that a friend of mine had business to transact in various sections of the country, from the head waters of the river Delaware, westward on both sides of the Alleghany mountains, into the state of Ohio. He had been through this whole range of country two or three years before, so that he knew pretty well what he should have to encounter in the journey. Knowing that my time was unoccupied, he proposed to me that I should accompany him; not that I should be able to see much of the various soils, &c. of the lands we should pass over, on account of their being covered with snow; but that I might become better acquainted with the habits, manners, customs, and qualities of a people, that I then had some thoughts of spending my days among. He admitted, also, that he might be a little selfish in this proposal to have me for a companion; for although I might occasionally be amused in our long journey, I should frequently have to put up with inconvenience and hardships; not that I need be in any fear for my personal safety, but that I should have to be exposed to the severities of two or three winter months, and often to partake the fare of the hardy hunters of the wilderness. I was not long in deciding; for I had a wish to become better acquainted with the manner in which new settlements are formed, the privations and hardships the settlers for awhile have to contend with, and the prospects they afterwards have of living comfortably and respectably, for I had friends in England who *might* settle in the Backwoods.

It was on the tenth of December that we set off on our long premeditated journey. Winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly; yet we expected to find the larger streams unfrozen, and the snow of not a sufficient depth—or rather, not sufficiently tracked—for our setting out in a *sleigh*. We therefore packed up whatever we expected to stand the most in need of, and such other little matters as might be necessary and not procurable by the way. We each of us crammed—as long as cramming was practicable—a pair of capa-

cious saddle-bags, of the good old-fashioned sort, until I had considerable difficulty, when mounting my pony, in passing my dexter leg over the huge projection suspended on each side of my saddle. I found my friend, however, infinitely more puzzled than myself how to perform the same operation; for being both short and stout, and encumbered with an additional pair of pantaloons, and an immense pair of "overalls," I know not how many waistcoats, a couple of great coats, and a pair of buckskin mocassins over his boots with the hair inside, he was truly, to make use of an Americanism, "considerably unwieldy."

On the morning of the day before named, we succeeded in mounting our pair of ponies, and set out on our long and uncertain journey. While the unmade roads through the woods are but partially frozen, which at present was the case, they are nearly impassable. We therefore had to proceed very slowly, although our stopping place for the night was distant about thirty-five miles. We had arranged our mode of travelling, when there were stopping places to admit of our carrying our plan into execution; and our plan was this—to set out very early, and travel from ten to twenty miles, as we might find "houses of entertainment;" remain there a couple of hours to refresh ourselves and our horses, and then pursue our journey, and get as far as circumstances permitted, and there again refresh ourselves, and take up our lodgings for the night. Our first halting place was at a distance of seventeen miles; and long before we reached it, I found my pony had pulled off a shoe among the roots of the trees that it had continually to scramble through. For fear of injuring its hoof to a degree that would prevent me from continuing my journey, I dismounted wherever the road was not smooth and soft; and at something past eleven o'clock we reached "'Squire Bostick's," which we were aware was not a "tavern," but a "house of entertainment." The difference is this—a "tavern" pays a small license to retail spirits, while the other pays none.

We inquired "if we could be accommodated," the general expression used on such occasions; and were answered with an "I guess we'll try," by the 'squire's "old woman,"—as the Yankees call their wives. Presently I heard a great uproar amongst two or three score of fowls; and stepping to the back window of the apartment we occupied, (the kitchen,) I saw our landlady and one of her girls in pursuit of the whole flock, when presently a handsome young bird was captured; and before I could have called out "to the rescue," Mrs. B. had seized upon an axe which happened to be conveniently at hand among the surrounding logs of wood, and the poor thing was fluttering headless in the last agonies of death! Before I had entered the house, my first inquiries had been for a blacksmith to supply my horse's foot with a shoe, and I was delighted to hear that there was one about a quarter of a mile hence. I desired the 'squire, in the course of half an hour, to have it taken to the smithy and shod. I soon returned to my companion in the house, whom I found enjoying the fumes of the savoury viands that were in preparation over the fire before him. 'Squire B.'s "old woman" had the reputation of keeping a good table; and there was one reason for her being able

to do so—the abundance of every kind of farm produce they themselves possessed. The doomed chicken was broiling on a gridiron at one corner of the fire-place—a few nice sausages were over the fire in a frying-pan—while some pieces of pork were stewing over hot embers in the other corner. But these did not occupy nearly all the fire; for there were two other pans, one containing potatoes, and the other biscuits, (as their small round buns were called,) besides a tea-kettle and coffee-pot. In addition to these, there were on the table dried venison ham cut into thin scraps; with preserved peaches, apples, and pumpkins; pickled cucumbers, dough nuts, (dough boiled in lard,) and stacks of bread as white as snow. I am sure I have omitted many things which the table groaned under; but as the articles enumerated are the generally forthcoming dishes at a good Yankee backwoods tavern during the winter, this enumeration may spare me in future similar details. To be sure, so many good things required some time in preparation; however, in tolerable season, we sat down to table, and I do not remember that I ever made a heartier breakfast. But when I again inquired after my horse, and its expected new shoe, I had the mortification to find that it had not been shod—the blacksmith having no coal wherewith to make a shoe. I felt exceedingly annoyed at the circumstance, since my continuing my journey that day entirely depended upon a shoe. I therefore instantly repaired in person to the shop of Vulcan, and declared to him, that in spite of every impediment my horse *must be* shod. I therefore, without allowing him time to remonstrate, set about a regular search among a parcel of pieces of old iron—the odds and ends of his business for several years. Among this rubbish I was so fortunate as to discover two or three old horse-shoes, one of which I was convinced was about the proper size. When I had been so fortunate as to find a shoe, the blacksmith, who had very unconcernedly stood by, began to assist me in the search for a few nails of the proper sort; and after a little while we succeeded in picking up as many as would probably hold the shoe on the foot until we reached our next resting-place, distant about sixteen miles. The shoe, however, when applied to the foot, did not fit, but by a little “tinkering and fixing,” he contrived to make it answer. My friend became very impatient during the latter part of this delay, for he was aware of the disagreeable situation we might be placed in, if we did not reach the ferry across the river before it became quite dark. We therefore made the best of our way when we had paid for our substantial repast at the squire’s; and had to travel over a succession of steep hills, where the wilderness has as yet been but little encroached upon by the axe of the woodman. I cannot conceive anything more dreary than having to travel slowly along an apology for a road, through a mountainous country of unpicturesque forest trees, with a continual sameness of view from the top of each successive ridge. In summer it is lonely enough, but at that season there is, perhaps, some variety in the foliage; but in mid-winter, when the whole wilderness is covered with snow, and the trees all bare and barren, with not a single living creature to enliven the scene, (for the few birds that inhabit the woods in summer leave them before winter comes on,) *then* an uninhabited

tract of country, like the one described, is, truly, a lone and melancholy waste.

It might be nearly an hour after dark, in spite of our endeavours to the contrary, before we found ourselves on the bank of the broad and rapid river. The day had been tolerably mild for the season, with a gentle fall of snow; but as night came on, the wind veered round to the north-west—the clouds passed away—and although the breeze had considerably increased, yet the degree of frost had increased in a still greater ratio. The ferryman's small cabin being on the opposite side of the river, we dismounted on the bank, and alternately shouted with all our might for the "boat." But for a long time all our efforts were in vain, and we began to cogitate on the *how* and *where* we were to seek shelter for the night. I shall never forget the bitterness of the blast as we stood exposed to it on the lofty bank of the river. Occasionally I tried to shelter myself on the leeward side of my pony, but the blast was so severe, that it was continually turning its head directly from the wind. When we had nearly abandoned all hope of crossing that night, we were rejoiced to see a faint light advancing across the meadows on the opposite side; which, in due time, approached the opposite shore and hailed us, to know who and what wished to cross. On being informed that we were two horsemen, the old man and his lantern entered a small canoe and paddled across the river towards us. This we conceived but a poor chance for getting our horses over; but he informed us that the plan to be adopted was this—one of us must return with him in his narrow bark, in order to assist him to row the horse-boat over, while the other should remain with the horses. I immediately volunteered to lend a helping hand; and after considerable pushing, and hauling, and rowing, we were all safely landed on the wished-for shore. When this was accomplished, I began to inquire of the old man the reason of his having kept us waiting so long, exposed to the pinching cold, hinting at the same time that he did not perform the duties of his station in a proper manner. "I guess," said he, "it is very well for you to talk in that way now that you are over the river; but you are not aware, perhaps, that this is one of the ferries belonging to the state; and the law under which it is established testifies that from sun-rise to sun-down, passengers are to be conveyed across; but if travellers choose to be out so late, they may think themselves fortunate if they get over at all, though they should have to wait on the opposite bank an hour or so."

On hearing of this wise regulation, I complimented old Charon for his kindness in fetching us over at all; and I learned from him that the small cabin near the river was only his sheltering place during the day, and that our shouting had been heard by some one in the distant village where he lodged, who had called in to tell him there were travellers on the opposite side; but he had just sat down to his supper, which having finished, he lighted his lantern, and set out for the ferry, as we had seen. This giving up the duties of ferryman at sunset I have since found very common; and I have myself frequently been detained for the night, or else had double or threefold ferriage extorted from me. The old man also informed us, that when the wind had chopped round to the north-west, a little before "sun-

down," that he had hauled his "craft" out of the way as much as he was able, for he knew for a positive fact, that his occupation was ending for the season; that the river would, in the morning, where the water was still and deep, be covered with ice of sufficient strength to afford a perfectly safe passage to both man and beast. We afterwards were assured, that had it not been for the probability of the river being closed in the morning, the old harpy of a ferryman would not have stirred a step that night, to relieve us from our forlorn condition; for he would have known that we should be under the necessity of crossing at *his* ferry in the morning, there not being another within a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. So much for backwoods ferrymen!

* * * * *

My friend was detained until somewhat late in the afternoon of a cold and frosty day; but as it was necessary for us to reach a particular part of our journey on a particular day, we were determined to travel, if possible, to the next place where we could be "accommodated," the distance being about twelve miles. The snow lay pretty deep on the ground; and after getting fairly out of the little settlement where we had been staying a day or two, we found the dim path through the woods entirely unbroken. My friend, who knew something of the road, took the lead accordingly; and notwithstanding his various coverings, the ponderosity of himself and well-crammed saddle-bags, and the depth of snow on the untracked road, he contrived to keep himself and his small charger in rapid motion. No horses unaccustomed to such roads could possibly travel over them in the manner which those bred in the backwoods are able to do. But just before nightfall—and after I had admonished him, whenever I came within speaking distance, to slacken his pace a little, but to no effect—as I was pursuing him along the path on the side of a hill, out shot the four feet of his pony from under it, and down they both came. The quadruped was soon up, and shaking the snow from its sides; but my companion lay, with the saddle between his knees, (for *the* girth had given way,) until I had come up and alighted to render him any assistance he might require. On my wishing to know if he had escaped uninjured, he replied he could not positively tell; he felt no pain, and if I would remove the saddle and lend my hand, he would attempt to rise. When he had gained an erect position, and, like his pony, shaken off the snow, he declared himself safe and sound; and that if we could manage to saddle his horse, he would again lead the way. I do not exactly remember how we managed with the broken girth; but somehow or other, we contrived to get him on his saddle once more. This custom of riding with but one girth is very general in most parts of America; in fact, I have many a time seen the settlers in the new districts riding without any girth to their saddles whatever. I found, however, when we again got under way, that my friend's ardour was somewhat abated; for I now felt no difficulty in keeping within hailing distance.

We had not proceeded far after this, before we came to a large creek which it was necessary for us to cross. We found it in that worst of all states—the ice just strong enough to bear the weight of our per-

sons, but too weak to support our horses. After urging them in vain for some time to enter the ford, we found it impossible to coax them to do so. I therefore cut a couple of good long beech saplings, in order to compel them to the measure; and there we were, just as the shades of night were falling, giving battle to our two honest ponies. We, however, utterly failed; for in defiance of our long weapons they faced about and pushed past us. If they had been bent on leaving us to our thoughts, they had nothing to hinder them from so doing; but when they conceived themselves safely out of the reach of our poles, they showed no wish to part company. I then bethought myself of another plan. I led my pony to a pretty high bank, as near the side of the creek as possible; there I halted it, and placing my shoulder against its shoulder, and a hand and foot against a tree that grew opposite to where my pony stood, I gave it a sudden and violent push, and in spite of all its endeavours to avoid it, it slid down the bank into the frozen water. The bank being so high that it was impossible for it to get out on that side—and the opposite shore being low and affording good landing—after some little cogitating on its situation, it very wisely considered it the best plan to get to the other side, which it effected by considerable plunging among the yielding ice. We then again took the other to the ford; and now that its companion was on the farther side, it essayed to join it, and succeeded. There the two poor creatures stood trembling and freezing, until we, having sought out a place where the ice appeared sound, crossed with our respective saddle-bags, and mounted to pursue our journey. But our fording was not over; for in the valley down which we were travelling, the course of the creek was so circuitous, and the hills so abrupt and rocky, that in the space of two miles we were compelled to cross the creek six times! However, our ponies had profited by experience; for they now, after a little coaxing, undertook to cross. The manner in which they managed it showed some discretion in the brutes: it was done in this way—both fore-feet were placed together gently upon the ice, the weight of the body being gradually brought forward, until the ice in contact gave way. When that had taken place they moved forward a little, raised themselves on their hind legs, and again placed their fore-feet on the unbroken ice until it gave way; and in this manner they proceeded slowly to the opposite shore. The second had little to do but to follow the track the first had broken. I never remember a more disagreeable journey than ours was that night, according to its length; for long before we had forded the creek for the last time, the last faint glimmering of twilight had faded away. As night came on we were serenaded by the continued short and harsh barking of numerous foxes; and ever and anon with the longer, but not very melodious howl, of some famished wolf. The creek in question is named “Bear-creek;” but as master Bruin had gone into winter-quarters before the season we journeyed into his territories, we neither saw nor heard anything of his bear-ship. I recollect being right glad when my friend announced our being in the main road, and at the extremity of the valley of Bear-creek. We, however, had emerged on the wrong side of our old acquaintance the “creek;” but now that we had intersected a better road, I was gra-

tified at finding a bridge across it. But we were not yet at our journey's end; for after jogging on for three or four miles, we came alongside a very respectable sized river, which my companion informed me we had to cross. We at last espied a light from a window, though at some distance, on the opposite side; when we commenced hallooing at the highest pitch of our voices. By-and-bye we were answered from the opposite bank, and a voice inquired what we wanted. We soon informed the querist that we wanted to cross, if practicable, either on the ice or in the ferry-boat; but we were told that in the present state of the river neither of the methods was so. My heart almost sank within me, for I understood there was no dwelling on *our* side of the river within many miles. After some pause my friend asked our invisible ferryman (for a ferryman he was when the river admitted of it) if *he* were in *our* situation what he would do. "I guess," replied he, "that I would ford the river a little below, where there is no ice, on account of the swift current, and there the water runs considerably shallow."

My friend told him that if he could procure a horse, and ride over to our side, as we did not exactly know where the shallow part of the river was, he should have half a dollar for piloting us across in safety. "Well, I guess I will," was his welcome reply; and now that our safety was ensured for half a dollar, I felt satisfied that there was little or no danger. After patiently waiting for about a quarter of an hour, we espied our friend coming mounted along the opposite side of the river, for he had brought a lantern along with him. Without much apparent difficulty, he reached our shore, although I observed his course across was far from a direct one. He then turned his horse's head to the stream, and commanded us to follow in the same track; remarking, that if we got too much to the left, we should get into deep water, and if too much to the right we should get among sunken rocks. Although the water was deeper, and the current swifter than I had expected, yet our sure-footed ponies contrived to keep upon their legs. I cannot say that in case of our horses falling I anticipated much real danger on my own account; but I could not help feeling exceedingly anxious on account of my bulky and bundled-up companion. Safely landed on the north bank of the river, our pilot received his promised reward, and we continued our journey towards our place of stopping, which I understood was but little more than a mile distant. The night was still and beautifully clear—the stars shining and sparkling most brilliantly, but the intensity of the frost was very great. My friend again taking the lead, seemed to have forgotten his afternoon's disaster, for he put his pony to the top of its speed, while I followed in his wake as fast as I could. It did not, therefore, take us many minutes to arrive at our quarters for the night; but when we rode up to the door I could not help surmising that we should find but indifferent accommodations. After calling two or three times, in no gentle voice, at last the door opened, when my friend inquired if we could be permitted to remain for the night. The female who had opened the door, without making any reply whatever, returned into the house—and after a lapse of a few minutes again appeared with the candle in her hand, and drawled out,

"I calculate you can stay." My friend, with his usual difficulty, dismounted, but when I made the attempt to do so, I could not liberate my feet from the stirrups; and on casting my eyes downwards, I found an immense casing of ice on each foot, which rendered all attempts of the kind out of the question, until I could come in contact with a good fire. Although my hands were benumbed, I at last contrived to undo my saddle-girths (for I had two) and then slide off, saddle and all; and after waiting sometime longer, an uncouth lad made his appearance—took hold of the bridles of our ponies—and without deigning to look at us or even open his lips, led them towards an out-building which stood at some distance. With very considerable difficulty I contrived to hobble into the house—with my feet and stirrups encased in masses of ice, and bearing the saddle in front of me. I never shall forget the stare that an old woman, who was sitting in the corner of the fire-place, gave me, when I very composedly took a chair near her; for her surprise was so great, that it was not until she had scrutinised me from head to foot that she found the use of her tongue. However, she at last ejaculated, in a tone that I thought partook more of exultation than of commiseration, "I guess, Mr., we shall have you staying here some considerable time." I inquired what made her think so, when she pointed to my feet, and grinned a ghastly smile. The fact was, that the old hag, seeing the outward appearance of my feet, imagined that they could not escape being frozen into icicles—whereas in reality they were as warm as if they had been all day on her hearth-stone. Before we set out upon our journey I had provided myself with a pair of very rough woollen moccasins, which I wore over my boots. During the afternoon in question I had been in the snow, and on the ice, and perhaps in the edge of the stream occasionally, when struggling with my pony to get it to ford that abominable creek; for I then remembered having had great difficulty in getting my feet into the stirrups when I last mounted. The snow about my feet was then, however, in a soft state; but it had afterwards frozen and fastened my feet in the stirrups. Then again, when we forded the river, my feet had come in contact with the water, the splashing and accumulation of which had increased the quantity of ice to the dimensions the old woman witnessed. She was therefore quite out in her calculation when she had set me down in her own mind as likely to remain with them some weeks—nay, probably months, and then leave them a foot or two; or, at the very least, half a dozen of my toes; for she imagined my lower extremities could not have escaped being frost-bitten. After some little time I was freed from the stirrups, and my boots being large, I soon managed to draw out my feet, which I exultingly exhibited to the ancient dame perfectly warm and dry. As I had anticipated before I set foot in the house, that we should find but indifferent accommodations, so it turned out; but having only to remain that night, we determined to bear our discomforts philosophically.

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Two or three days after our adventure with the old Yankee woman and my frozen stirrups, we had to remain a few days at a small and

indifferent village, where the county courts were then being held. There were two taverns in the place; but the one that had the reputation of being the best, was, we were informed, but a very indifferent one. To this, however, we repaired; and if forced to stay there, were determined to make the best of it. My friend had an acquaintance in the place, a countryman of my own; with whom he had business to transact, and who owned one of the only two comfortable-looking houses in the place. He took an early opportunity to call upon Mr. Norris, (the Englishman,) who, taking compassion upon our comfortless situation at the tavern, returned with my companion, was introduced to me, and in less than two hours from our arrival in the place, we were installed in Mr. Norris's comfortable cottage.

The following day I attended the court-room, to hear what might be going on in the "hall of justice,"—and certainly never had I then seen so "homely-looking" an affair in my life. The court-room, which was over a *store*, was but temporarily fitted up, and was therefore of the simplest order. The judges (for there are three in those county courts) sat with their backs against the wall on something like a large common table—and had a plank fixed in front on which to *lean* or *write*. Immediately in front of their "honours" was placed an oblong deal table, around which were placed some half-score of common wooden-bottomed chairs, and this was understood to constitute the "bar." Behind the "bar," on the right and left, were two moderate-sized benches for the juries—the grand jury to the right hand, and the petit jury to the left; there was no particular stand or dock for prisoners to be placed in—and the remainder of the room, was devoted to the public. When I entered this court of justice I found it occupied with the trial of a villanous-looking fellow, who had been indicted for stealing a rifle from a dwelling-house. He had very composedly taken his seat in one of the chairs already mentioned as constituting the "bar," and was in frequent consultation with his lawyer, who sat beside him. The states' or district attorney, whose place it is to appear in behalf of the state, was at this time opening the case to the court and jury. When he had finished his harangue, the felon's lawyer got upon his legs, and continued to hold forth for something more than half an hour. I was exceedingly amused at the cool manner of the burglar, who occasionally twitched his man of law's coat-skirt, whenever he thought he was not saying all he ought to say in his behalf; and then to see his lawyer bend down his ear, (for the rogue would not take the trouble to rise,) to listen to his client's suggestion. This, thought I, may do in these republican backwoods; but how strange such doings would appear in our old-fashioned courts of justice! But I was then almost a stranger in the land; and I have long since ceased to wonder at such scenes. When the parties had respectively addressed the court and jury, "his honour," the district judge, commenced summing up the whole business. As this was likely to occupy considerable time, and as the prisoner had been in court many hours, he very composedly got up, and pushing his way through the crowd behind the bar, descended into the street. The only individual that attempted to detain him

was his own lawyer ; who, when the prisoner had informed him that he intended to go down to the tavern, which was somewhat distant, to refresh himself with some "victuals and drinks," remonstrated against such a step, on the plea of its not showing a proper respect to the "honourable court." However, as this was simply a matter of opinion, the fellow saw fit to favour his own feelings—and away he went to enjoy himself. At length the summing up was over—the law attaching and applying to the particular case was communicated, clearly and intelligibly to the jury—who, after consulting a few minutes, gave in a verdict of "guilty." The only remaining part of the business was for the court to pass sentence upon the prisoner—but he was not forthcoming. After some little delay, and consultation in high quarters, a couple of constables went off for the prisoner, to the house where he had been making the most of his time in picking the bones of a roasted goose. After the trio had each of them swallowed a "drink" of whiskey, they told him he had better lick his fingers and go along with them, as the judge had got something "very particular" to tell him. Being too well bred to keep "his honour" waiting, now that he had dined and had his allowance of whiskey, off he set to hear what they had to say. He therefore once more edged in by the side of his lawyer—who now, I observed, received him rather coolly—and when silence had been duly enforced, the fellow was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

The following day, on expressing my surprise at the loose and imperfect manner in which the law was administered in the backwoods, I was informed by my new acquaintance, Mr. Norris, that the fellow I had seen tried and found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, was better pleased with his condition than if he had been acquitted. Previous to his trial he had been *in gaol* for a couple of months—if living in the same house with a person called the gaoler could be considered such. During that period he had occasionally chopped the gaoler's fire-wood, laid on the fires, and, when he was in the humour, made himself generally useful. Of course he did not do these things gratis—but probably for a smaller "consideration" than another person would have performed them. With the proceeds of his labour he used to repair to the tavern to enjoy himself—and the only restriction his *keeper* placed him under, was, to return home by eleven o'clock at night. To be sure, he spent all his earnings in whiskey and tobacco, so that his small stock of wearing apparel became every day the worse for wear. On the evening previous to his being called upon to take his trial, he borrowed, as a particular favour, of his friend and master the gaoler, a pair of shoes in which to go and see "Punch and Judy" performed at the tavern. Of course so reasonable a request was complied with—but his friend admonished him at the same time not to stay *late*, as he knew that he would be wanted in the court in the morning. Although this fact was related to me by the gaoler himself, I do not remember whether he made any *promise* to comply with the gaoler's request ; but whether or not, he was not forthcoming at his usual hour of returning. The gaoler and his wife retired to bed, trusting that their *prisoner* would be found in his usual berth in the morning—as he could enter the house whenever

he chose to return—for whoever thinks of locking or bolting a door in the backwoods of America? In the morning the gaoler rose, rather earlier than usual—as it was going to be a day of business—and feeling some little anxiety about his shoes—if not for his prisoner—visited his sleeping apartment, which he found still unoccupied. Shortly afterwards he repaired to the tavern, and there he found the fellow busily employed in cooking buck-wheat cakes for the breakfasts of the country people, who were beginning to arrive in considerable numbers. He was too well bred to insist upon the prisoner's immediately returning with him—but he “guessed he might as well as not come over to his house as soon he could be conveniently spared.” This request seemed so reasonable, that in the course of an hour or so it was complied with—just in time to return the gaoler his shoes, and to resume his old ones, before the business of the court commenced. The result of the trial I have already related. The twelve months' imprisonment would be nothing more nor less than the treatment the fellow had already experienced—the chopping of the gaoler's fire-wood, and other little occupations, with occasional visits to his old haunt at the tavern, to spend in whiskey the proceeds of his voluntary labour. Although the fellow had engaged a lawyer to defend his cause, had he known that he should be sentenced to imprisonment in his present quarters, he would have instructed him to make no great effort in his favour; for with his present situation he was perfectly contented. As for the gaoler, he was delighted with the verdict, since he found his present inmate a useful sort of a person;—and the landlord of the tavern, patronised by the prisoner, rejoiced in the prospect of his having a customer for whiskey whenever the rifle-stealer was able to raise the needful—and his family might occasionally find in him a helping hand, whenever they had more buck-wheat cakes to make than they could well manage themselves.

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(*To be continued.*)

HELIODORA'S EPITAPH.

BY R. S. FISHER.

“*Δάκρυά σοι καὶ νερθε δια χθονος,*” κ. τ. λ.

TEARS, Heliodora! tears to thee, though underground, I shed
 All that remains of yearning love an offering to the dead;
 Tears o'er thy loud lamented tomb which falling, fondly prove,
 Memorials of affection strong, and longings of my love!
 But vain are all thy husband's woes—in vain he thee deplores,
 His tears unhallowed offerings fall on Acheron's dark shores:
 Alas! where art thou, much-loved flower? Thy bloom has Ades spoiled,
 And all thy beauteous primy hues in baneful dust defiled:
 But thee I supplicate, O Earth! to thy all-fostering breast
 Clasp gently my lamented one in ever-peaceful rest!

Meleager ex Anthol. Steph. 228.

COUNTRY LODGINGS.*

BY MISS MITFORD.

BETWEEN two and three years ago, the following pithy advertisement appeared in several of the London papers:—

“Country Lodgings.—Apartments to let in a large farm-house, situate in a cheap and pleasant village, about forty miles from London. Apply (if by letter, post-paid) to A. B., No. 7, Salisbury-street, Strand.”

Little did I think, whilst admiring in the broad page of the “Morning Chronicle” the compendious brevity of this announcement, that the pleasant village referred to was our own dear Aberleigh; and that the first tenant of those apartments should be a lady whose family I had long known, and in whose fortunes and destiny I took a more than common interest!

Upton Court was a manor-house of considerable extent, which had in former times been the residence of a distinguished Catholic family, but which, in the changes of property incident to our fluctuating neighbourhood, was “fallen from its high estate,” and degraded into the homestead of a farm so small, that the tenant, a yeoman of the poorest class, was fain to eke out his rent by entering into an agreement with a speculating Belford upholsterer, and letting off a part of the fine old mansion in the shape of furnished lodgings.

Nothing could be finer than the situation of Upton, placed on the summit of a steep acclivity, looking over a rich and fertile valley to a range of woody hills; nothing more beautiful than the approach from Belford, the road leading across a common between a double row of noble oaks, the ground on one side sinking with the abruptness of a north-country burn, whilst a clear spring, bursting from the hill side, made its way to the bottom between patches of shaggy underwood and a grove of smaller trees; a vine-covered cottage just peeping between the foliage, and the picturesque outline of the Court, with its old-fashioned porch, its long windows, and its tall, clustered chimneys towering in the distance. It was the prettiest prospect in all Aberleigh.

The house itself retained strong marks of former stateliness, especially in one projecting wing, too remote from the yard to be devoted to the domestic purposes of the farmer’s family. The fine proportions of the lofty and spacious apartments, the rich mouldings of the ceilings, the carved chimney-pieces, and the panelled walls, all attested the former grandeur of the mansion, whilst the fragments of stained glass in the windows of the great gallery, the half-effaced coat of arms over the door-way, the faded family portraits, grim black-visaged knights, and pale shadowy ladies, or the reliques of mouldering tapestry that fluttered against the walls, and, above all,

* We give the following from a delightful work of Miss Mitford’s, which is on the eve of appearing.

the secret chamber constructed for the priest's hiding-place in days of Protestant persecution, for in darker ages neither of the dominant churches was free from that foul stain,—each of these vestiges of the manners and the history of times long gone by appealed to the imagination, and conspired to give a Mrs. Radcliffe-like, Castle-of-Udolpho-sort of romance to the manor-house. Really, when the wind swept through the overgrown espaliers of that neglected but luxuriant wilderness, the terraced garden ; when the screech-owl shrieked from the ivy which clustered up one side of the walls, “and rats and mice, and such small deer,” were playing their pranks behind the wainscot, it would have formed as pretty a locality for a supernatural adventure, as ever decayed hunting-lodge in the recesses of the Hartz, or ruined fortress on the castled Rhine. Nothing was wanting but the ghost, and a ghost of any taste would have been proud of such a habitation.

Less like a ghost than the inhabitant who did arrive, no human being well could be.

Mrs. Cameron was a young widow. Her father, a Scotch officer, well-born, sickly, and poor, had been but too happy to bestow the hand of his only child upon an old friend and fellow-countryman, the principal clerk in a government office, whose respectable station, easy fortune, excellent sense, and super-excellent character, were, as he thought, and as fathers, right or wrong, are apt to think, advantages more than sufficient to counterbalance a disparity of years and appearance, which some daughters might have thought startling,—the bride being a beautiful girl of seventeen, the bridegroom a plain man of seven-and-fifty. In this case, at least, the father was right. He lived long enough to see that the young wife was unusually attached to her kind and indulgent husband, and died, about a twelvemonth after the marriage, with the fullest confidence in her respectability and happiness. Mr. Cameron did not long survive him. Before she was nineteen the fair Helen Cameron was a widow and an orphan, with one beautiful boy, to whom she was left sole guardian, an income being secured to her ample for her rank in life, but clogged with the one condition of her not marrying again.

Such was the tenant, who, wearied of her dull suburban home, a red brick house in the middle of a row of red brick houses ; tired of the loneliness which never presses so much upon the spirits as when left solitary in the environs of a great city ; pining for country liberty, for green trees, and fresh air ; much caught by the picturesqueness of Upton, and its mixture of old-fashioned stateliness and village rusticity ; and, perhaps, a little swayed by a desire to be near an old friend and correspondent of the mother, to whose memory she was so strongly attached, came in the budding spring time, the showery, flowery month of April, to spend the ensuing summer at the Court.

We, on our part, regarded her arrival with no common interest. To me it seemed but yesterday since I had received an epistle of thanks for a present of one of dear Mary Howitt's charming children's books,—an epistle undoubtedly not indited by the writer,—in huge round text, between double pencil lines, with certain small errors of orthography corrected in a smaller hand above ; followed in due time

by postscripts to her mother's letters, upon one single line, and the spelling much amended; then by a short, very short note, in French; and at last, by a despatch of unquestionable authenticity, all about doves and rabbits,—a holiday scrawl, rambling, scrambling, and uneven, and free from restraint as heart could desire. It appeared but yesterday since Helen Graham was herself a child; and here she was, within two miles of us, a widow and a mother!

Our correspondence had been broken off by the death of Mrs. Graham when she was about ten years old, and although I had twice called upon her in my casual visits to town during the lifetime of Mr. Cameron, and although these visits had been most punctually returned, it had happened, as those things do happen in dear, provoking London, where one is sure to miss the people one wishes most to see, that neither party had ever been at home; so that we had never met, and I was at full liberty to indulge in my foolish propensity of sketching in my mind's eye a fancy portrait of my unknown friend.

Il Penseroso is not more different from L'Allegro than was my anticipation from the charming reality. Remembering well her mother's delicate and fragile grace of figure and countenance, and coupling with that recollection her own unprotected and solitary state, and somewhat melancholy story, I had pictured to myself (as if contrast were not in this world of ours much more frequent than congruity) a mild, pensive, interesting, fair-haired beauty, tall, pale, and slender; I found a Hebe, an Euphrosine,—a round, rosy, joyous creature, the very impersonation of youth, health, sweetness, and gaiety, laughter flashing from her hazel eyes, smiles dimpling round her coral lips, and the rich curls of her chestnut hair,—for having been fourteen months a widow, she had, of course, laid aside the peculiar dress,—the glossy ringlets of her “bonny brown hair” literally bursting from the comb that attempted to confine them.

We soon found that her mind was as charming as her person. Indeed, her face, lovely as it was, derived the best part of its loveliness from her sunny temper, her frank and ardent spirit, her affectionate and generous heart. It was the ever-varying expression, an expression which could not deceive, that lent such matchless charms to her glowing and animated countenance, and to the round and musical voice, sweet as the spoken voice of Malibran, or the still fuller and more exquisite tones of Mrs. Jordan, which, true to the feeling of the moment, vibrated alike to the wildest gaiety and the deepest pathos. In a word, the chief beauty of Helen Cameron was her sensibility. It was the perfume to the rose.

Her little boy, born just before his father's death, and upon whom she doated, was a magnificent piece of still life. Calm, placid, dignified, an infant Hercules for strength and fair proportions, grave as a judge, quiet as a flower, he was, in point of age, exactly at that most delightful period when children are very pleasant to look upon, and require no other sort of notice whatsoever. Of course this state of perfection could not be expected to continue. The young gentleman would soon aspire to the accomplishments of walking and talking—and then!—but as that hour of turmoil and commotion to which his mamma looked forward with ecstasy was yet at some months distance,

I contented myself with saying of master Archy, with considerably less than the usual falsehood, that which everybody does say of only children, that he was the finest baby that ever was seen.

We met almost every day. Mrs. Cameron was never weary of driving about our beautiful lanes in her little pony-carriage, and usually called upon us in her way home, we being not merely her oldest, but almost her only friends; for, lively and social as was her temper, there was a little touch of shyness about her, which induced her rather to shun than to covet the company of strangers. And indeed the cheerfulness of temper, and activity of mind, which made her so charming an acquisition to a small circle, rendered her independent of general society. Busy as a bee, sportive as a butterfly, she passed the greater part of her time in the open air, and having caught from me that very contagious and engrossing passion, a love of floriculture, had actually undertaken the operation of restoring the old garden at the Court—a coppice of brambles, thistles, and weeds of every description, mixed with flowering shrubs, and overgrown fruit-trees—to something like its original order. The farmer, to be sure, had abandoned the job in despair, contenting himself with growing his cabbages and potatoes in a field hard by. But she was certain that she and her maid Martha, and the boy Bill, who looked after her pony, would weed the paths, and fill the flower-borders in no time. We should see; I had need take good care of my reputation, for she meant her garden to beat mine.

What progress Helen and her forces, a shatter-brain boy who did not know a violet from a nettle, and a London-bred girl who had hardly seen a rose-bush in her life, would have made in clearing this forest of underwood, might easily be foretold. Accident, however, that frequent favourer of bold projects, came to her aid in the shape of a more efficient coadjutor.

Late one evening the fair Helen arrived at our cottage with a face of unwonted gravity. Mrs. Davies (her landlady) had used her very ill. She had taken the west wing in total ignorance of there being other apartments to let at the Court, or she would have secured them. And now a new lodger had arrived, had actually taken possession of two rooms in the centre of the house; and Martha, who had seen him, said he was a young man, and a handsome man—and she herself a young woman unprotected and alone!—It was awkward, very awkward! Was it not very awkward? What was she to do?

Nothing could be done that night; so far was clear; but we praised her prudence, promised to call at Upton the next day, and if necessary, to speak to this new lodger, who might, after all, be no very formidable person; and quite relieved by the vent which she had given to her scruples, she departed in her usual good spirits.

Early the next morning she re-appeared. “She would not have the new lodger disturbed for the world! He was a Pole. One doubtless of those unfortunate exiles. He had told Mrs. Davies that he was a Polish gentleman, desirous chiefly of good air, cheapness, and retirement. Beyond a doubt he was one of those unhappy fugitives. He looked grave, and pale, and thoughtful, quite like a hero of romance. Besides, he was the very person who, a week before, had

caught hold of the reins when that little restive pony had taken fright at the baker's cart, and nearly backed Bill and herself into the great gravel-pit on Lanton Common. Bill had entirely lost all command over the pony, and but for the stranger's presence of mind, she did not know what would have become of them. Surely I must remember her telling me the circumstance? Besides, he was unfortunate! He was poor! He was an exile! She would not be the means of driving him from the asylum which he had chosen, for all the world!—No! not for all my geraniums!"—an expression which is by no means the anti-climax that it seems—for in the eyes of a florist, and that florist an enthusiast and a woman, what is this rusty fusty dusty musty bit of earth, called the world, compared to a stand of bright flowers?

And finding, upon inquiry, that M. Choynowski (so he called himself) had brought a letter of recommendation from a respectable London tradesman, and that there was every appearance of his being, as our fair young friend had conjectured, a foreigner in distress, my father not only agreed that it would be a cruel attempt to drive him from his new home, (a piece of tyranny which, even in this land of freedom, might, I suspect, have been managed in the form of an offer of double rent, by that grand despot, money,) but resolved to offer the few attentions in our poor power, to one whom every look and word proclaimed to be, in the largest sense of the word, a gentleman.

My father had seen him, not on his visit of inquiry, but on a few days after, bill-hook in hand, hacking away manfully at the briars and brambles of the garden. My first view of him was in a position even less romantic, assisting a Belford tradesman to put up a stove in the nursery.

One of Mrs. Cameron's few causes of complaint in her country lodgings had been the tendency to smoke in that important apartment. We all know that when those two subtle essences, smoke and wind, once come to do battle in a wide, open chimney, the invisible agent is pretty sure to have the best of the day, and to drive his vapoury enemy at full speed before him. M. Choynowski, who by this time had established a gardening acquaintance, not merely with Bill and Martha, but with their fair mistress, happening to see her, one windy evening, in a paroxysm of smoky distress, not merely recommended a stove, after the fashion of the northern nations' notions, but immediately walked into Belford to give his own orders to a respectable ironmonger; and they were in the very act of erecting this admirable accessory to warmth and comfort (really these words are synonymous) when I happened to call.

I could hardly have seen him under circumstances better calculated to display his intelligence, his delicacy, or his good-breeding. The patience, gentleness, and kind feeling, with which he contrived at once to excuse and to remedy certain blunders made by the workmen in the execution of his orders, and the clearness with which, in perfectly correct and idiomatic English, slightly tinged with a foreign accent, he explained the mechanical and scientific reasons for the construction he had suggested, gave evidence at once of no common

talent, and of a considerateness and good-nature in its exercise more valuable than all the talent in the world. If trifling and every-day occurrences afford, as I believe they do, the surest and safest indications of character, we could have no hesitation in pronouncing upon the amiable qualities of M. Choynowski.

In person he was tall and graceful, and very noble-looking. His head was particularly intellectual, and there was a calm sweetness about the mouth that was singularly prepossessing. Helen had likened him to a hero of romance. In my eyes he bore much more plainly the stamp of a man of fashion—of that very highest fashion which is too refined for finery, too full of self-respect for affectation. Simple, natural, mild, and gracious, the gentle reserve of his manner added, under the circumstances, to the interest which he inspired. Somewhat of that reserve continued even after our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy. He never spoke of his own past history, or future prospects, shunned all political discourse, and was with difficulty drawn into conversation upon the scenery and manners of the North of Europe. He seemed afraid of the subject.

Upon general topics, whether of literature or art, he was remarkably open and candid. He possessed in an eminent degree the talent of acquiring languages for which his countrymen are distinguished, and had made the best use of those keys of knowledge. I have never met with any person whose mind was more richly cultivated, or who was more calculated to adorn the highest station. And here he was wasting life in a secluded village in a foreign country! What would become of him after his present apparently slender resources should be exhausted, was painful to imagine. The more painful, that the accidental discovery of the direction of a letter had disclosed his former rank. It was part of an envelope addressed, "A Monsieur Monsieur le Comte Choynowski," and left as a mark in a book, all except the name being torn off. But the fact needed no confirmation. All his habits and ways of thinking bore marks of high station. What would become of him?

It was but too evident that another calamity was impending over the unfortunate exile. Although most discreet in word and guarded in manner, every action bespoke his devotion to his lovely fellow-inmate. Her wishes were his law. His attentions to her little boy were such as young men rarely show to infants except for love of the mother; and the garden, that garden abandoned since the memory of man, (for the Court, previous to the arrival of the present tenant, had been for years uninhabited,) was, under his exertions and superintendence, rapidly assuming an aspect of luxuriance and order. It was not impossible but Helen might realise her playful vaunt, and beat me in my own art after all.

John (our gardening lad) was as near being jealous as possible, and, considering the estimation in which John is known to hold our doings in the flower way, such jealousy must be accepted as the most flattering testimony to his rival's success. To go beyond our garden was, in John's opinion, to be great indeed!

Every thought of the Count Choynowski was engrossed by the fair Helen; and we saw with some anxiety that she in her turn was but

too sensible of his attentions, and that everything belonging to his country assumed in her eyes an absorbing importance. She sent to London for all the books that could be obtained respecting Poland; ordered all the journals that interested themselves in that interesting though apparently hopeless cause; turned liberal,—she who had been reared in the lap of conservatism, and whom my father used laughingly to call the little Tory;—turned Radical, turned Republican,—for she far out-soared the moderate doctrines of whiggism in her political flights; denounced the Emperor Nicholas as a tyrant; spoke of the Russians as a nation of savages; and in spite of the evident uneasiness with which the Polish exile listened to any allusion to the wrongs of his country, for he never mingled in such discussions, omitted no opportunity of proving her sympathy by declaiming with an animation and vehemence, as becoming as anything so like scolding well could be, against the cruelty and wickedness of the oppressors of that most unfortunate of nations.

It was clear that the peace of both was endangered, perhaps gone; and that it had become the painful duty of friendship to awaken them from their too bewitching dream.

We had made an excursion, on one sunny summer's day, as far as the Everley Hills. Helen, always impassioned, had been wrought into a passionate recollection of her own native country, by the sight of the heather just bursting into its purple bloom; and M. Choynowski, usually so self-possessed, had been betrayed into the expression of a kindred feeling by the delicious odour of the fir plantations, which served to transport him in imagination to the balm-breathing forests of the North. This sympathy was a new, and a strong bond of union between two spirits but too congenial; and I determined no longer to defer informing the gentleman, in whose honour I placed the most implicit reliance, of the peculiar position of our fair friend.

Detaining him, therefore, to coffee, (we had taken an early dinner in the fir grove,) and suffering Helen to go home to her little boy, I contrived, by leading the conversation to capricious wills, to communicate to him, as if accidentally, the fact of her forfeiting her whole income in the event of a second marriage. He listened with grave attention.

“Is she also deprived,” inquired he, “of the guardianship of her child?”

“No. But as the sum allowed for his maintenance is also to cease from the day of her nuptials, and the money to accumulate until he is of age, she would, by marrying a poor man, do irreparable injury to her son, by cramping his education. It is a grievous restraint.”

He made no answer. After two or three attempts at conversation, which his mind was too completely pre-occupied to sustain, he bade us good-night, and returned to the Court.

The next morning we heard that he had left Upton, and gone, they said, to Oxford. And I could not help hoping that he had seen his danger, and would not return until the peril was past.

I was mistaken. In two or three days he returned, exhibiting less self-command than I had been led to anticipate. The fair lady, too,

I took occasion to remind of this terrible will, in hopes, since he would not go, that she would have had the wisdom to have taken her departure. No such thing; neither party would move a jot. I might as well have bestowed my counsel upon the two stone figures on the great gateway. And heartily sorry, and a little angry, I resolved to let matters take their own course.

Several weeks passed on, when one morning she came to me in the sweetest confusion, the loveliest mixture of bashfulness and joy.

"He loves me!" she said; "he has told me that he loves me!"

"Well?"

"And I have referred him to you. That clause——"

"He already knows it." And then I told her, word for word, what had passed.

"He knows of that clause, and he still wishes to marry me! He loves me for myself! Loves me, knowing me to be a beggar! It is true, pure, disinterested affection!"

"Beyond all doubt it is. And if you could live upon true love——"

"Oh, but where *that* exists, and youth, and health, and strength, and education, may we not be well content to try to earn a living *together*?—think of the happiness comprised in that word! I could give lessons;—I am sure that I could. I would teach music, and drawing, and dancing—anything for him! or we could keep a school here at Upton—anywhere with him!"

"And I am to tell him this?"

"Not the words!" replied she, blushing like a rose at her own earnestness; "not those words!"

Of course, it was not very long before M. le Comte made his appearance.

"God bless her, noble, generous creature!" cried he, when I had fulfilled my commission. "God for ever bless her!"

"And you intend, then, to take her at her word, and set up school together?" exclaimed I, a little provoked at his unscrupulous acceptance of her proffered sacrifice. "You really intend to keep a lady's boarding-school here at the Court?"

"I intend to take her at her word, most certainly," replied he, very composedly; "but I should like to know, my good friend, what has put it into her head, and into yours, that if Helen marries me she must needs earn her own living? Suppose I should tell you," continued he, smiling, "that my father, one of the richest of the Polish nobility, was a favourite friend of the Emperor Alexander; that the Emperor Nicholas continued to me the kindness which his brother had shown to my father, and that I thought, as he had done, (gratitude and personal attachment apart,) that I could better serve my country, and more effectually ameliorate the condition of my tenants and vassals, by submitting to the Russian government, than by a hopeless struggle for national independence? Suppose that I were to confess, that chancing in the course of a three-years' travel to walk through this pretty village of yours, I saw Helen, and could not rest until I had seen more of her;—supposing all this, would you pardon the deception, or rather the allowing you to deceive yourselves? Oh, if you could but imagine how delightful it is to a man, upon whom

the humbling conviction has been forced, that his society is courted and his alliance sought for the accidents of rank and fortune, to feel that he is, for once in his life, honestly liked, fervently loved for himself, such as he is, his own very self,—if you could but fancy how proud he is of such friendship, how happy in such love, you would pardon him, I am sure you would; you would never have the heart to be angry. And now that the Imperial consent to a foreign union—the gracious consent for which I so anxiously waited to authorise my proposals—has at length arrived, do you think,” added the count, with some seriousness, “that there is any chance of reconciling this dear Helen to my august master? or will she continue a rebel?”

At this question, so gravely put, I laughed outright. “Why really, my dear count, I cannot pretend to answer decidedly for the turn that the affair might take; but my impression—to speak in that idiomatic English, more racy than elegant, which you pique yourself upon understanding—my full impression is, that Helen having for no reason upon earth but her interest in you, *rat*ted from Conservatism to Radicalism, she will, for the same cause, lose no time in *rat*ting back again. A woman’s politics, especially if she be a young woman, are generally the result of feeling rather than of opinion, and our fair friend strikes me as a most unlikely subject to form an exception to the rule. However, if you doubt my authority in this matter, you have nothing to do but to inquire at the fountain-head. There she sits, in the harbour. Go and ask.”

And before the words were well spoken, the lover, radiant with happiness, was at the side of his beloved.

SEPARATION.

THE sweetest flowers, alas! how soon,
 With all their hues of brightness wither,
 The loveliest just bud, and bloom,
 Then, drooping, fade away for ever!

Yet if, as each sweet rose-bud dies,
 Its leaves are gathered, they will shed
 A perfume that shall still arise,
 Though all its beauteous tints are fled.

And thus while kindred bosoms heave,
 And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell,
 How soon, alas! those hearts must breathe,
 The parting sigh!—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers,
 Shall friendship with delight distil,
 A fragrance that shall hold past hours
 Embalm’d in Memory’s odour still.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Stolen Interview.

Happy they were and innocent, till love,
Like a sweet poison, tainted their young lives.

"A FEW more hours," said the prisoner, "and his revenge will be complete! By this time to-morrow night, and I shall have been tried—condemned—and broken! Merciful accuser! could he have his will, to the utmost, no doubt that breaking would be upon the wheel. But relentless as he is, he must be content with the spirit of his victim. It is a question, however, who suffers most; the wretch whose limbs are slowly mangled by rotation and so left, till in a few days the worn-out frame expires; or he who with ambition nipped in its strong budding, his prospects annihilated, and his name degraded, must either pass years in the bitter struggle to regain a lost position, or sinking slowly day by day, resign all hope and fortune, quiet of mind, and health of body, to become perhaps a tippler, and so feel the flame of life *go out*. He does not die. This to the fiery soul is *not* dying. It is a decay which antedates the corruption of the grave. This was not the death I pictured to myself on entering the navy. The swell of victory—the roar of battle—the cheers of conquest—the warm grasp of comrades—the choking sob—the irrepressible tear of my rude seamen—the glory and the glow of a victor's dying heart—these were in *my* fancy—nay, more, these were in my prayers—when I gave up everything for the service of my country. What an intense feeling of madness overpowers me when I reflect that these high aspirations have come to this! A lieutenant's cabin with an armed sentry at its door—a long arrest—the disgrace of a narrow prison for a few more hours—and then—a trial—if such that mockery of justice can be called, where the only object sought is the condemnation of the accused.

"A few months since, and whose advancement seemed more certain than mine? whose name stood higher? who more favoured—more applauded—more entrusted—and for what have I made these sacrifices? A fair face! I may well start at this summing up of all that has wrought the change—and that—even that is still as far from being mine perhaps as ever—perhaps even more so. But I do not fall alone. Thousands of better hearts than mine have perilled all for nothing more, and found shipwreck on the same coast. And even I, were it to come again, would do the same this very hour. We cannot control the heart, even if we would. I have staked boldly, and

I will win her yet, or pay the forfeit fearlessly. Yes, she is worth it!" said the prisoner, after a brief pause in his sad musings.

Drawing from his breast a miniature, he laid it upon his narrow bed, and stedfastly regarded it with the devotion of one whose heart was absorbed by an intense and overpowering passion.

The dim light that struggled through the railing of his cabin door, came from a rude lantern on the gun-room table of a frigate, and was every now and then intercepted by the passing shadow of the marine sentinel who slowly paced to and fro.

As the arrested officer gazed on the likeness of his mistress, the contemplation of her expressive features appeared to diffuse fresh firmness through a bosom naturally none of the most pusillanimous or hesitating.

"Could I for a moment despond?" said he, resuming his mental philosophy, "possessed as I am of the affection of so dear a being? No, I *must* triumph in the end, if I but remain true to myself. Haughty fools! I will live to put my foot on their necks yet. The days of feudal power are, it is true, gone by, but—thank the stars, I come of a stock never yet rendered *familiar* with defeat; and who made foes of us, and prospered? Though I go through fire and water—or what is infinitely worse—shame and disgrace—I *will* live through it, if only for the pleasure of paying them back their own base coin—their own with usury!"

The sound of the sentry on the main-deck going forward to strike the ship's bell was now heard. The prisoner listened with the air of one glad to catch any sound that diverted the monotony of his own sad thoughts.

"Corporal of the watch," called the sentry down the main-hatchway, "twelve o'clock! turn out the relief."

Eight strokes were now heard to vibrate like a solemn warning through the ship's decks, thence undulating over the calm waters of the harbour in which she was lying. The shrill whistle of the boatswain's mate followed with the slightest perceptible intermission, and then the hoarse dull cry of "Larboard watch!"

The corporal of marines descended, lantern in hand, to the hammocks of his sleeping party, and turned out the necessary relief guard. Rousing up from under the quarter of the launch, the midshipman of the past watch rubbed his eyes, and came stumbling into the gun-room to call the lieutenant of the next; while the quartermaster was heard creeping down the steerage ladder to rouse its midshipmen, and the boatwain's mate to call its petty officers.

They all agreed it was a disagreeable kindness to render a man, and all were still more "agreeable," as Jack says, in—the bestowing of a most hearty blessing on the captain; who, lying comfortably undisturbed in his own cabin, had yet such a sensitive perception of the services due to his country, as to make every one beneath him turn out to keep night watch, though his ship was lying moored in a secure haven.

Gradually the various discordant sounds of grumbling, swearing, and what not, sank into a profound lull—one bell sounded. Only an hour had elapsed since midnight, and not a sound was heard save the

deep snore of the first lieutenant of marines, and the intermittent bickering of two sleepy middies, one of whom could not be induced to quit his blankets, nor the other be allowed to seek them.

"Wilton," said he, whose duties were now so nearly over, "do you intend to turn out and relieve me, or must I cut you down?"

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, in an instant—wait but one instant!"

"O yes, wait! I dare say—and it's now striking one bell!"

"Well, then, a *second* only."

The poor tired fellow muttered something in reply, he knew not what, and sinking on the hard deck, was asleep in a second.

Wilton had turned upon the other side, and he slept also.

Presently the late watcher gave a start. "What, not out yet, Wilton? Then here goes."

His back is placed under the hammock of his "relief." He gives a sudden lift—a slight struggle is heard, and then a heavy fall—Wilton and his bed clothes are hurled upon the deck. Like Antæus, from his mother earth, he now springs up with fresh vigour. "Take that!" is heard—a scuffle—a fight—some heavy blows, another fall. The corporal runs to the spot.

"Come, gentlemen! come, gentlemen!" says the soldier.

"All right, corporal," says the late watcher, stanching the blood from his nose with a handkerchief, "just calling my relief here, that's all."

"The devil have you," says Wilton, sulkily arising, "you've given me a black eye. What are the first lieutenant's orders? Is there any wind?" His clothes are hurried on.

In a few minutes he is sleepily pacing the quarter-deck, breaking his shins over every other gun carriage. His late antagonist is fast asleep. The corporal of the watch is smoking his pipe in the galley. Suddenly two bells are struck, "Thank Heaven, there's one hour gone!" drowsily mutters Mr. Midshipman Wilton.

"All's well!" cry the sentries on the gangways.

"All's well!" is repeated from ship to ship along the harbour, as the same hour of the night is sounded, and everything becomes as sadly silent as before.

"He is a faithful fellow," said the prisoner to himself, "and would, I doubt not, serve me; but should anything unfortunate occur, perhaps their malice would not stop short of taking his life for his kindness! It *does* seem selfish to risk it; but I would do the same for him were our stations changed. A few months since and I saved his life at the danger of my own. Poor fellow! 'tis a hard request to make of him. But the fortunes of war spare no one. If I take not this opportunity, when, alas! shall I ever gain another? Come what will, it must be ventured!"

The prisoner, as he came to this conclusion, arose from the cot on which he had been lying, and slipping on his jacket, the only part of his dress that he had laid aside, stepped from his cabin.

In an instant the walk of the sentinel placed over him was stopped. The marine was armed with a bayonet. He did not seem to oppose the egress of his prisoner, nor even to doubt its propriety. The halt in his walk was rather of respectful inquiry. The lieutenant

saw this ; and, with the air of one who replies to a demand, said, " I am going on the main deck, Macpherson."

The sentry replied by saluting his cap, and then extended his hand to take the lantern from the table. At a sign from his officer, however, he abandoned this intention, and though his looks expressed some surprise, he did not hesitate at following him. In silence they passed into the steerage, creeping in the dark beneath the sleepers, who crowded its space, and arrived at the after hatchway.

" Macpherson," said the officer, speaking in the lowest tones, " you once expressed gratitude for some little service I was enabled to show you."

" I did, sir."

" Do you still feel it ?"

The soldier bowed his head in the affirmative.

" To what extent do you dare go in proof of it ?"

" Any, sir."

" Then remain here till I return to you. I am going to see a friend—should any mischance happen to me, and you be brought into a scrape, you had better——"

" Bear it, sir ; and well I can do so," said the true fellow. " I understand what friend ye seek, sir—the only one on earth that the unhappy have.—I'm thinking, may be, I would do the same myself. You had better put one or two of these in your pocket," pointing to the twenty-four pound shot—" God bless ye, sir—'tis a sair leap at the best—though I'll not be long, perhaps, or I take it too."

The old Scotchman, as he said this, grasped the hand of his countryman and superior, and folding his arms upon his breast, sat down on the hatchway ladder, with the air of one whom no further misfortune could afflict. For a few seconds the lieutenant regarded him, totally at a loss to comprehend his meaning.

" You mistake, my good fellow," whispered he, involuntarily smiling as he did so ; " a Ramsay destroys his enemy before he lays hand on himself."

" You would not murder the old man ?" quickly replied Macpherson, turning his head round ; " no, no—that ye canna do."

" Nor do I think of it—my errand is a peaceful one enough—wait here—I will return as quickly as——"

" Na, na, sir ; take your time, take your time—you need not fash for me—at the worst, its only——" A slight motion with the finger behind the ear spoke more for the conclusion of the old fellow's sentence and the firmness of his heart than would the most persuasive oratory have done ; and, hoping that such a misfortune was not in store for him as to entail death on one so faithful, the lieutenant turned away.

Watching his opportunity, as the back of the cabin-door sentry was turned towards him, he stepped up the hatchway-ladder, and gliding noiselessly across the frigate's main-deck, with his shoeless feet, crouched down in the shadow of the nearest gun-carriage. Fortune, it is said, favours the brave. It is at least a consolatory, if not a stimulating, creed, and I, for one, shall always be a devout believer in it. In the lieutenant's case the fact was evident. To him time

was indeed as the most precious sands of life, and scarcely had he gained his concealment, when the lapse of another half hour rendered it necessary for the sentinel to go once more into the bows of the frigate to strike three bells. The first one had not yet sounded when the lieutenant, with all the agility of an expert seaman, slipped through one of the gun-ports beneath the main-chains, and passing along the channel-plates, laid hold of the spare main-topsail yard. Trusting the weight of his body to the strength of his sinewy arms, he might now have been seen thus suspended over the calm waters, in whose treacherous bosom innumerable sharks were lurking around for whatever prey they could secure.

As our hero for a moment glanced beneath him, and beheld the dark fin of one of these ferocious monsters protruding from the surface, where the hated creature slowly cruised round the frigate, his muscles seemed involuntarily to relax—the treble rows of serrated teeth to fasten on him, tearing limb from limb—the bubble of the waters, purpled with his own blood, to hiss in his ears—the large and increasing girth of the topsail yard to grow too unwieldy for his grasp, as he advanced suspended beneath it—and all the difficulties of his rash undertaking to come upon him with exaggerated force. The third bell struck. It sounded like a knell through the ship, and was repeated over the water. The bitter mockery of the cry, “All’s well,” sank with an icy chill upon his heart. The mizen chains were yet at some feet distant from him, and if not gained by the time the sentry returned to his post, he would be seen; and then the choice was his own—the jaws of the rapacious creature that seemed to watch him from below, or the persecution of those who thirsted for his blood on board.

“It is for her I risk it!” muttered the officer to himself. Springing onward with the thought, his foot gained the muzzle of one of the protruding guns—the girth of the topsail-yard again lessened—another second, and his hand grasped the mizen chains.—He was once more in comparative safety. As he paused in his present not very secure position, to take breath, he heard the marine come back to the bulk-head of the captain’s quarters, shake his hour-glass to see that the sand ran free, and resume his weary beat.—“If you but knew how near your master is his hated prisoner!” thought the lieutenant; “but pleasure is the bride of peril and the marriage has its charms.”

As Ramsay said this, he tapped gently on the glass of the half port, which opened out from the captain’s cabin under the mizen chains, where he was now sitting. Twice the signal was repeated, and then our hero, putting his ear to the glass, fancied he could detect the whispering of female voices from within; for, parted off from the larger apartment by a slight bulk-head, was a little berth, just sufficient to hold two cots—to gain a few moment’s interview with the tenant of one of which, had the venturous prisoner dared the imminent risks that still impended over him.

“I must take care,” said he, to himself, “not to alarm them; for should their cries bring Emily’s father to the port, all is lost.”

Again he listened, and again heard, as he thought, their voices in consultation.—“Surely they will come to the port window now?—

No!" A fourth signal was given; again the voices were heard, but no face appeared. "Perhaps they doubt who the applicant may be—but if awake they will know my voice—but so will her father. But it must be risked—Emily," said he, putting his lips to a crevice in the port-sill, and speaking in so low a tone that, to one not listening for the sound, it might have passed for the melancholy murmur of some sudden flaw of wind.

Still no one came. What should he do?—every second that flew by bore, as on the slenderest thread, the lives of himself and the poor devoted fellow who waited for him on board. "Emily!" repeated he, in a louder key.

The face of a young girl, closely muffled in a shawl, now presented itself inside the port, and beckoning him to silence, with the finger on the lip, quickly disappeared. In a few seconds she returned, and silently unfastened the half port.

"Gracious Heaven! Mr. Ramsay, can this be *you*? What do you dream of coming *here*?—what do you want?"

"Speak low, my dear girl—remember the captain sleeps only a few yards distant," replied Ramsay. "Where's your mistress?—give her my love, and tell her I come to bid her a last 'good-bye,' before the trial, for Heaven knows whither I may have to wander after it."

"My mistress knows you're here, sir, and is dressing, as well as she is able for fright. Here, sir, hold this window, that it ain't blown down, while I go and assist her.

In a few minutes the soubrette returned, and leaning on her arm was one who, though pallid with fear, and her beautiful figure disguised in the loose robes that her haste had flung around her, certainly appeared sufficiently lovely to form a very fair excuse for the ruin of any one.

As the officer beheld the approach of his mistress, for whom so costly a price was to be paid, he seemed to forget the host of surrounding dangers, and leaning over the port-sill, on the gun beside it, pressed her to his bosom with a joy too great for utterance.

Anne, in the meanwhile, like a prudent and experienced abigail, had gone and seated herself down by the fragile door of their little berth, where, placing her ear at the key-hole, she listened to the heavy breathing of her mistress's father.

The captain, soundly sleeping on the opposite side of the ship, little dreamed that his only daughter was clasped to the heart of the man he most detested upon earth, and that, too, in his own cabin.

Vain, weak being! His own harshness had contributed in no slight degree to the defeating of his views; and not even the discipline of a man-of-war, which conquers all things, and is circumvented by so few, could successfully bid defiance to the daring and ingenuity of love.

From the sound evidence afforded by the nose of Captain Livingstone, touching the slumber in which the said officer was wrapped, Anne, who felt much more at her ease while keeping guard over him, than if he were keeping guard over her, had time every now and then to turn round and observe the movements of the lovers.

"It must be very delightful!" thought she, as indeed many a poor

maiden has thought before her, "to have one you may tell all your sorrows to—to say nothing of putting your arms round his neck! Well, I'm sure, that Mr. Ramsay takes kisses enough for fifty sweet-hearts. I don't think I should give mine so many by half; but if he does not take a little more care he'll be tumbling overboard, and then I shall be flayed alive by the captain I suppose. Please, Miss Emily," whispered she, approaching to within earshot, "Mr. Ramsay had better go now, before he's found out, for I'm afraid every moment he'll fall overboard."

To this Miss Emily's most pertinent reply was to clasp him more closely to herself. "Never fear for me," said the lieutenant, "I'm as firm as a rock. But if you're fearful of my falling over, I'll just step inside the port—as to going away, I hav'n't told your mistress the fiftieth part yet of what I have to say."

"O no! I dare say not—and never will, I suppose," said the girl.

"Do you think we may venture to let him come in, Anne?" inquired her mistress, laying her trembling hand on the girl's arm.

"Why, ma'am," slyly replied the girl, "I don't think we can help ourselves." And indeed in this supposition Anne had but exercised her usual judgment, since ere she had time to answer her mistress's query, Ramsay was already inside the berth, and sitting on the gun-tackle.

A quarter of an hour flew briefly away to the young pair, whose joys were thus snatched from grief and danger; nor did either of them believe that more than a few minutes had elapsed. While yet, however, they were in the midst of whispering their mutual plans for the future—a loud cough from the adjoining cabin startled the lady almost to fainting, and did not greatly add to the comfort or happiness of the gentleman.

Anne, however, who had faithfully returned to her post, held up her finger to her fellow conspirators behind, giving notice that Captain Livingstone had awoken; and while Emily, in excess of terror, pressed her cold lips to Ramsay's, the latter heard his superior seize the bell-pull that hung by the head of his cot, and ring for the sentry.

Conscious of that which, if not transgression in his eyes, would be greatly so in Captain Livingstone's, the lieutenant began to imagine that he had been discovered. Could their whisperings have been less guarded than he imagined? Perhaps the old officer might have been lying awake for some time? What would be the result? what had he better do? For the present, however, it required all his energies to prevent the timid girl that rested in his arms from going into hysterics; and if not found out already, he knew that escape would then be utterly impossible.

In the midst, however, of these torturing apprehensions, the sentry entered the cabin. For a minute or two Ramsay's heart seemed to still its pulse—give two or three successive throbs, and cease again.

"Did you ring for me, sir?" inquired the marine.

"Yes," replied Captain Livingstone. "Is my son come on board yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why, you scoundrel, was I not called?"

"I can't say, sir, Lieutenant Livingstone had been on board nearly half an hour when I relieved guard. I had no orders to ——"

"Right, right, I left none. How many bells is it?"

"Wants about ten minutes to four bells in the middle watch, sir."

"That's my son's watch on deck, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to come here."

"Yes, sir."

The marine here shut the cabin-door, ran upon deck, and having delivered his message to the officer of the watch, followed the latter down to the cabin of his father.

"James, at what hour did you come off from the shore?" demanded Captain Livingstone?

"Twenty minutes to twelve, sir."

"Why did not you come in and tell me the success of your arrangements? I suppose everything is right?"

"O yes! everything is right, sir; and therefore as I could not find that you had left orders to be called, I did not like to awake you."

"Oh! And how have you settled it, then?"

"Why, sir, directly he lands from the court-martial, after being broken and dismissed the service, I learn that we have power to impress him before the mast. The admiral had at first some scruples as to permitting the press-gang to be used, till I stated to him what you told me, and he then exacted a promise that we were not to attempt to take him till he had fairly landed."

"Ah, the old fool! he's always for marring any scheme that isn't as womanish as himself. However, since you've promised, let it be so—and let me once get hold of him before the mast, where a cat-o'-nine tails can reach him, and if I don't cut his liver out, may I be d—d! I suppose the prisoner's all safe below?"

"O yes, sir!"

"Ah, very well; good night, Boy, and to-morrow we'll do for that scoundrel at last."

"Good night, sir," replied the son, withdrawing from the cabin; and the worthy captain having indulged in the amiable feelings displayed by the above dialogue, turned round and addressed himself to sleep.

His mind had been too long deadened by the possession of power, to be able to perceive that the greatest scoundrel in the case was himself; while having purposely carried on the conversation with his son in a low tone, that would not have disturbed his daughter had she been, as he imagined, asleep, he had now little conception that the very vigilance of his malice, which in the dead of night had roused him to plan premeditated revenge, had been the means of putting on his guard the victim he wished to entrap and destroy.

Ramsay knew how fully he was abhorred. In defiance of both father and son, he had paid his addresses to Emily, who had come out in the ship from England for a passage—he had bearded them both—had braved all their anger and persecution, and successfully, till in a quarrel with the son he had lifted his hand to strike one whom a few months' difference in seniority had made his superior.

Luckily the blow was arrested by the surgeon, who stood by, and loved him; nor did the offence take place upon the quarter-deck. But he knew, the moment, the whirlwind of his passion had subsided that he was a ruined man; the opportunity so long sought was gained, and he prognosticated but too surely the court-martial that was now about to take place; still he had believed, that there his persecution must end.

Of an open, noble, and confiding spirit himself, he had not calculated to what extent the dastardly spite of the mean, the base, the cowardly can go—and when he heard, for he could not avoid hearing, the conversation of Captain Livingstone and his son, he was equally convinced that it could relate only to him, and thunderstricken at the brutal and perfidious cruelty that it displayed.

As to the poor girl who hung upon his neck, it seemed to have deprived her alike of sense and motion. She neither moved nor spoke, and it was only from the wild beating of her heart, and the burning tears that trickled from her face on his, that he could tell she lived.

Anne had not only heard every word that had been uttered, but saw everything that passed around her, and was terrified lest the further stay of the lieutenant should lead to his discovery. With all the persuasion therefore in her power, she urged him to depart. Nor indeed could he differ from her as to the expediency of his doing so. Gently disengaging Emily's arms, therefore, from around him, he placed the weeping girl on her cot, and whispering consolation that he did not feel, and promising a return that he knew not how to bring about, he imprinted a last kiss upon her lips, and in a state of agitation that made light of all corporeal danger, he re-passed into the main-chains, and thence gained the main deck, in the same manner that he had before quitted it.

Faithful to his post, he found Macpherson waiting, and having been absent for nearly an hour, he stole back to his cabin more dejected than he left it, to reflect on the beauty and sorrows of his mistress, as well as to devise some plan of defeating the machinations of his enemies, and warding off the evils of the morrow.

(To be continued.)

BALLOONING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "GAMBLER'S DREAM."

EVERYONE knows what a "*non sequitur*" is, from the wrangler in scholastic disputation to the costermonger's donkey, scrambling up a hill with an overloaded cart behind him. Poor Mathews used to give us a favourite specimen of this article, in the reply of the waterman on a coach-stand to the question of a novice, who was guilty of bestowing a sixpence upon him.

"Waterman! why are you called waterman?"

"'Coss, your honour, I hopens the doors of the acheknee cooches."

Here is another, scarcely inferior to the old one. "Why," said I, one day, to an acquaintance in Hyde Park, "does your friend come here in top-boots to-day?"

"Because he is going up in a balloon," replied my friend.

Here was a "*non sequitur*" with a vengeance! But after taking a hearty laugh at this indifferent logic, the "*non sequitur*," on my part, was a determination to see the great Nassau balloon ascend from Vauxhall Gardens, and to witness the lofty flight of the man in top-boots.

And a beautiful sight it was! My blood, when it was the blood of a cornet of dragoons, has boiled up with enthusiasm at the sound of my regimental band, before twelve years of barrack-yard duty, which have since elapsed, had cooled my military ardour; and in later days, the triumphant notes of a few drunken provincial musicians, celebrating the success of an electioneering candidate, in whose return I took a deep interest, have made my internal spirit cut a caper; but none of these excitements will bear a comparison with my sublime sensations, when I beheld a goodly company of my fellow-mortals—him of the top-boots and half a dozen others—soar into the heavens under the command of Mr. Green, guns exploding, drums beating, and trumpets braying, to proclaim, as it were, to the spirits of air, that their realms were invaded by the children of men.

"O imitatores! servum pecus!"

says the poet. But the poet never saw a balloon in his life, or a man in top-boots ascend in one, or a man in top-boots under any circumstances whatever. His censure, therefore, cannot apply to me, although I was seized with a desire of imitation, which I have since gratified to my own personal enjoyment, and I only hope that my meagre account of the expedition may impart to my friends any portion of my own gratification.

It is always desirable, upon whatever enterprise a man is determined, that he should have the society of his own intimate companions. I foresaw that the pleasure of ballooning would be much heightened by the mutual interchange of observations and ideas, and that to ascend with a party of strangers would deprive me in some degree of freedom of speech, and of the discussion in days to come with a fellow-traveller, concerning our remembered sights, sensations,

and converse, in the clouds. Besides, there is no situation under the sun where Englishmen, not previously acquainted, meet one another with any cordiality ; and however absurd the ceremony of cautiously breaking the ice in the car of a balloon might have appeared, I felt convinced that it would have been as indispensable there as anywhere else.

I was fortunate in finding two friends anxious to go aloft. One of them is a man devoted to politics, but eager to investigate everything worthy of notice—an esteemed companion of my own in streets, fields, and fire-sides ; the other is one of the gayest and best-dressed men in London, ever ready to join in a little fun or to oblige a friend. I shall distinguish them as the Beau and the Statesman, for this scrap of mine is unworthy of the names they bear.

On Friday, the 10th of June, the day for which the next ascent was announced, the Statesman and I called upon Mr. Gye, at Vauxhall, secured our places in the car, paid down our fare, and all that sort of thing. I made some inquiries about costume, and was answered, with a smile, that top-boots were unnecessary. “Bring,” said Mr. Gye, “nothing but a Mackintosh cloak ; anything else will be in your way in the car. You will find it very hot in the upper air, and may want something to wrap round you after the descent, to prevent you from taking cold. It is only at a great altitude, such as will not be attempted to day, that there is any frigidity in the atmosphere.”

Profit by this, dear reader, if you are one of those singularly-happy men, who find it possible to profit by any experience, save their own castigated presumption. One of our party wore a bear-skin cap, a pea-jacket, and leathern trowsers—the consequence was a constant perspiration.

Fortified by a hot luncheon, and a few glasses of sherry, at the house of my friend the Statesman, we returned to Vauxhall, and entered the enclosure at the appointed time. We found the Beau there before us, gay and smart as ever, but a little more sombre than usual in the colours of his costume—not wishing, I presume, from sheer modesty, to be taken for a rainbow in the heavens. The Statesman met his brother among the spectators, and was congratulated by him on his aspiring intentions. The sentiment *was* disinterested, for my friend and companion is the younger.

“Are you going up in the balloon, C——?” inquired a brother officer, staring vacantly in my face.

“Yes ; and it is a glorious day for it. What a splendid view of London we shall have !”

“You might have as fine a view from the top of St. Paul’s, without the risk of breaking your neck.”

“How sorry you will be if I do !” was my answer. The man was never known to care about anything except his moustaches, and has no object in life since King William shaved the Lancer regiments.

“It is throwing away your twenty guineas,” said a countryman of mine, just arrived from Edinburgh ; “I am sure you might employ your money better.”

“C—— won as much last night,” observed an acquaintance ; “so that if it should be so, he will be no loser.”

"There is Mr. Green, in the brown cap," murmured every spectator who had seen the veteran before.

"Who is the other, a-getting in now?" inquired a cockney, pointing to Mr. Spencer, the able assistant of Mr. Green.

"That there is Mr. Smith, don't you know him?" This was esteemed a good joke, and everybody laughed.

"Did you ever have a gentleman faint *up there* with you, Mr. Green?" asked a by-stander.

"No," replied our Palinurus, "never; nor I don't suppose I shall till I take you *up there* with me."

"Jump in, gentlemen," said Mr. Gye.

The Beau, the Statesman, and I, obeyed, as soon as we could elbow our way through the crowd. We found three seats already occupied by a gentleman of some celebrity in the sporting world and two of his friends, who were bound on the same excursion, and as happy in their anticipations as ourselves. A young gentleman, a friend of the proprietors, was standing up in the car, and had great hopes of being permitted to ascend with us, for ballooning has literally become a passion with him, and he remarked sorrowfully that his only chance now was in stormy weather, when passengers could not be found to pay for their seats. We were eight in all, and he was too much for the gas supplied that day, I believe, for the balloon has taken up twelve persons. He stepped out at the request of Mr. Green, looking wistfully at us with an envious twinkle in his eye, like the glance of a jealous lover upon a happier man, while his politeness obliged him to wish us a "*bon voyage*."

A small pilot balloon was sent up to indicate our future course. The little toy could not weather the trees of Vauxhall, and was soon hopelessly entangled in the branches. But before we had time to consider how far a similarity of destination might affect ourselves, a puff of gas from the balloon nearly choked us all; and while the car rolled about at its moorings, and a parcel of last words were interchanged between Mr. Gye and Mr. Green, and between ourselves and our acquaintances, the suspense became rather disagreeable. And here I must observe, that this stage of the affair is the only part besides the descent that can in any way influence the nerves or inflict any feeling of apprehension, for the instant that the last attachment to the earth is dissolved, the most timid person, I am certain, could find room for no other sensation in his breast than the most intense delight in the contemplation of the wonderful panorama that bursts upon his view in every direction, and in the delicious repose and stillness of the balloon after the jerks and checks which preceded its liberation.

It is necessary, however, to make haste, in your admiration, to look round on every side, that nothing may escape you, for the rapidity with which the objects below become "fine by degrees and beautifully less," bears to the eye of the aeronaut the same proportion which the diminution of the balloon in the distance presents to the spectator in the Gardens; while the prospect increases in extent and variety, making ample atonement for the indistinctness of familiar scenes.

I have a very bad head for battlements and precipices, unless there

is a comfortable fence between me and the abyss, and before ascending I felt rather uneasy about my own capability of enjoyment. But for the comfort of others similarly affected, I can say that the apparent firmness of the car under my feet, the majestic steadiness of the balloon over my head, the strength of the rope which was in my grasp, and the evident conclusion, that if I did fall, I could only tumble into the bottom of the wicker work among the ballast bags, inspired the feeling of ease, confidence, and security, which the rails and netting round the poop of a steam vessel afford to the passengers.

We hovered over the Millbank Penitentiary. All London with its suburban wildernesses lay around us, and we could see at least forty miles of the river Thames.

"By God," exclaimed the Statesman, "this is sublime. It is worth a hundred guineas, instead of twenty!" I trust that the accusing spirit and recording angel of Sterne will be as indulgent to my friend as to uncle Toby, in consideration of the excitement of the moment, and the abbreviation of the flight of the accusing spirit to the amount (according to Mr. Green and his barometer) of five thousand feet from the earth below, to which, for aught I know, his "surveillance" may be confined.

We were wafted gently over Hyde Park, and could still distinguish the movements of the many, and hear the humming of innumerable voices, as well as the rumbling of countless wheels, like a prolonged screaming, occasionally drowned by the roar of the sea. The perfect stillness of our noble balloon, the side ropes hanging perpendicularly on the right and left, and the sultry heat, for there is no breeze to those who go *with* the breeze, contrasted strangely with the bustle of mankind.

"There," exclaimed the Beau, looking attentively towards Apsley House, "there is D'Orsay! I should know him at the distance of a hundred miles! Damn him, how conspicuous he is from the balloon!"

"How conspicuous he would have been in the balloon!" said I.

"That is not D'Orsay, it is *only* the Achilles," remarked the Sportsman.

"I see what you mean," said another of the party. "It looks like a cock maggot on the sunny side of a dunghill."

"There," said the Statesman, "is the new National Gallery, and St. Martin's Church."

"To me it is more like a cigar-box, with a taper beside it," replied the Sportsman.

There is a very serious operation necessary, when the first bustle of ascending has passed away. This consists in letting down carefully, hand under hand, by Mr. Green and Mr. Spencer, seventy yards of rope, with the huge grapple iron thereto attached. The dependent weight of the whole stretches the rope to an additional length of thirty feet, so that when this business is happily accomplished, and its progress sways the car about disagreeably, the balloon floats through the air with a tail longer than that of a Highland chieftain, or even an Irish legislator—a tail unfolded to an extent of eighty yards. I was requested by Mr. Green to look at its curious appearance be-

low, so I thrust my head out manfully between the ropes, and beheld the cable dangling in the air, like the long tenuous thread of the little spider, called the money-spinner, whose form, in the distance, the curved grapple very much resembled. But this trial of my poor head, I allow, was somewhat rash. I experienced a momentary swimming of the brain, as if I had been peeping into a draw-well. I withdrew my head in an instant, and getting bold again, pulled out my watch, and exclaimed to my companions, "Ten minutes to six. Where are we now?"

"Over the Colosseum," said the Sportsman.

"Over the Regent's Park barracks," said one of his friends. Both answers were strictly correct, for such a trifling distance is accomplished with the speed of thought in the balloon.

"Sit still, gentlemen," said Mr. Green, "while I look at the barometer." We obeyed, and the car was again motionless. *Soit dit en passant*, that a fidgetty man in a balloon is the devil, for the whole concern is delightfully tranquil, if the passengers are quiescent; but it is very tempting to stand up and turn round to see the prospect on every side.

"Write down," said Mr. Green, to me, "twenty-seven, fifty." In a few seconds we passed over the new Birmingham railway, and a current of air took us swiftly in the direction of Barnet.

"Write down," said Mr. Green, to me, "twenty-seven, twenty-six, and two-tenths."

"One-fifth, according to Cocker," said the Sportsman.

Again, "Twenty-seven, twenty-six, and one half."

At the risk, or rather with the certainty of being pronounced by my reader an ignoramus, I will confess that all this was Hebrew to me, and I determined to study the calculation of heights by the barometer on my return to terra firma, and admired the certainty of the inference drawn by Mr. Green from the change of degrees, as regarded the rising or sinking of the balloon, like a child who takes delight in a mechanical toy, without comprehending the mighty laws to which it owes temporary motion.

"If we are going towards Barnet," said the Sportsman, "where the deuce are Hampstead and Highgate, and Harrow on the Hill?"

"A question to be asked, but not easily answered," replied the Statesman.

"We are none of us in a funk, are we?" said the Beau.

"A question not to be asked," I answered, laughing.

"I am not sure that we are not going back towards London," said Mr. Green, "and I hope not, for an open country will suit us better."

"I think, said I, looking wise and talking nonsense, "that we are going towards Uxbridge, or we must have seen Highgate and Hampstead."

"You can never distinguish the hilly places from the rest of the country," said Mr. Green. "All the world looks flat from the balloon. By long experience I can tell the difference partially, when descending, and can make an effort to avoid the side of a hill, but that is all."

"It is six o'clock," said one of the sportsman's friends, who had kindly provided some bottles of champagne for our refreshment. "Let us drink the king's health in a bumper all round."

We did so. The Beau served out the mantling wine to each of us with a steady hand. Alas! alas! The good wishes of a few loyal subjects in the upper air, have proved as unavailing as the unanimous prayer of an affectionate nation, to prolong the life of the most popular, and most truly English king, that ever reigned in Britain.

Revenons a nos moutons. We entered a cloud. To those who have sat on a mountain-top enveloped by mist, the circumstance presented nothing new or peculiar. I tore a leaf out of my note-book, and sent it overboard. It disappeared in the mysterious depth below.

"We are rising rapidly," said Mr. Green.

"Let us go above the cloud, and catch the sun again," exclaimed the Sportsman.

"Bad policy," replied Mr. Green. "The sun would expand the gas, we should rise a mile or two in no time, and I should be obliged to let so much escape, that our resources would be seriously diminished. A large balance of disposable gas, and disposable ballast, is the great strength of practical aerostation. Do not be alarmed, gentlemen, I am going to break a string."

There was great judgment in this communication, for we were all freshmen in the balloon, every man (the assistant, Mr. Spencer, excepted) was green, save Mr. Green himself, therefore a snap might have alarmed a nervous passenger exceedingly. One tug, and the string came away; it was merely the end of the cord that should come to hand belonging to the valve, which had been tied up to prevent it from floating out of reach. Here I may observe, once for all, that the quiet self-possession of Mr. Green, his ready attention to every remark and inquiry, albeit none of the wisest, that I and others indulged in, combined to give us the most perfect confidence in our safety under his guidance and protection.

A little gas was expended, and the fringe of the car was slightly agitated, the consequence of our gradual sinking below the cloud. We recovered the view of our native planet, and never lost sight of it again.

"There is Barnet," said the Sportsman.

"What are the odds it is not Uxbridge?" asked his friend.

"What are the odds it is not Hounslow?" said Mr. Spencer.

"Certainly not Hounslow," I replied, "for I should recognize the barracks, and the clumps of trees on the heath."

"Let us try the glass," said the Sportsman. He tried it, his friends tried it, and Green tried it, but could make nothing out, till the Beau took it in hand. He had served as a midshipman in early life, and his education on board ship was of service to him in the balloon. He could tell us the name of every knot in the tackle, the bite, the double clove, and the slippery hitch. He quickly arranged the focus of the glass, and discovered the Green Man, the great posting-house at Barnet, to his own infinite satisfaction. We had scarcely agreed

that the receding Barnet was Barnet, when the more decisive landmarks of Hatfield and St. Alban's presented themselves beneath our track. We passed on with the velocity of a skimming swallow. Our altitude was not more than two thousand feet, and we continued our course horizontally for many miles, admiring the rapidly shifting scene. We could perceive that our vehicle was an object of attention in Hatfield and the vicinity; crowds of people were running and riding in the direction of our course, but we passed over their heads as if they were standing still. We could distinctly hear them hailing us, and the Sportsman gave them a view halloo in return, which sounded strangely in the stillness of our region.

"I can fancy nothing more delightful than this," said the Statesman to me; "I should like to sit here always."

"It makes me contemplative," remarked the Beau. "I prefer that mood to the noisy expression of high spirits."

"Give me another glass of champagne," said the Sportsman's friend.

Mr. Green pledged him, and then began to speak of our descent.

"I remain up," he observed, "a longer or a shorter time, according to the wishes of my party; but the ascent this day was late, it was nearly half-past five, and it is now drawing on to seven. My object is to have daylight to secure and pack up the balloon, which is more liable to accident in the dusk of the evening, from the concourse of people that will assemble where we go down."

"We are at your orders, of course," was the unanimous reply.

"But keep us up," added the Sportsman, "as long as you can, and pray make the descent in some gentleman's grounds: who knows what pretty adventures, and pretty acquaintances, we may pick up?"

The balloon floated over some fine country residences; but the waving woods, that so beautifully adorn the surface of England, are by no means propitious to descending aeronauts.

"There is no fun in bush-fighting," said Mr. Green.

I remembered the pilot balloon in the gardens, and with the moral courage of Rousseau I will confess a physical weakness,—I gave a slight shudder at the recollection. But again I forgot every apprehension, in my admiration of the beautiful residence of Mr. Delme Ratcliffe, stretched out on the plain below. We ascertained the name of the owner after our descent.

"Cannot you keep us up an hour longer?" exclaimed the Statesman.

"Do, Mr. Green," added the Sportsman; "what are the odds so long as you are happy?"

"I do not know the odds," answered Mr. Green.

"Seventeen to eleven," said the Sportsman, as he turned again to lean over the side, and enjoy the scene.

Truly, the car of a balloon is a fine place in fine weather; it wants nothing but the prayers of the church of England "for all those who travel by *air* as well as by land and water," to purify it from the sin of reckless presumption, which my grandmother has withdrawn from steam conveyance, to fix it on aerostation.

We were now entering upon a country unspotted by woods, but intersected with hedgerows. "This will do," said Mr. Green. "Take down your seats, gentlemen—you will find them movable. Put your backs to the car, stoop down in it, and hold hard by the ropes." The seats were removed, but we still looked out on the objects below, which every instant made more distinct and palpable, for the valve was open, and we were descending like a flake of snow. "Keep silence, if you please, gentlemen," said Mr. Green, "that my voice may be heard by Mr. Spencer, till I tell you to shout for assistance; because, when the grapple catches, we must wait, and make up our minds to be shaken a little, till the peasantry come, and take a pull at us. Now, gentlemen, hold hard! the grapple will catch in a few seconds."

We crouched in silence. I looked at the Beau, and again perceived the advantage of a nautical education. He had a better grasp of the ropes than any of us. All was silence and repose, except an occasional flap of the fringe of the car, buoyed up by our rapid declension. Suddenly a jerk, like the bringing up short of the wild horse by the lasso, shook us together in no very gentle contact. We looked gravely at one another, but not a sound was uttered. The balloon and car plunged and ducked like the kite of an unskilful schoolboy, and we were for the first time made sensible that there was a strong wind, which tossed us about and strained the rope that held us. The car came to the ground with a bump, rebounded, and soared aloft to the end of the cable. Another jerk, and all was smooth again—no wind, no struggle, nothing but silence.

"She has broken away," said Mr. Green, composedly, "but will soon catch again, the gas is escaping very fast."

Again a jerk, again a tossing about, and another bump on the ground. "Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Green, "we are fast." Call out for assistance; there is only one man in sight at present." Our pent-up breath found way. A more horrible yelling was never heard from eight mouths under any circumstances whatever, and the "*sos-tento*" of this infernal chorus, (infernal, though it came from the realms above,) was absolutely marvellous. "Silence!" said Mr. Green, holding up his hand. We ventured, notwithstanding the commotion of the balloon, to take a peep over the side at our situation. My own impression is, that we were about thirty yards from the ground at this moment, and I distinctly saw one man pulling at the rope; but it appeared to me, and to all of us, that his object was to extricate the grapple from a hedge, and send us aloft again on our course, with much gratitude to himself for our release. This was aggravating, we forgot ourselves a little, and shouted,

"Leave that alone! leave that alone!"

"Silence!" said Mr. Green once more. And to enforce his authority, he bestowed a smart pat on the back of my friend the Statesman, who happened to be the only one of the party whose self-command had prevented him from opening his lips. Another bump, but a very gentle one, and before the rebound had taken us a dozen yards, five or six labourers had got hold of the rope in proper fashion, pulled the now feebly resisting car gently to the ground in a field of green

corn, and held it there while we stood up in it and exchanged congratulations.

Profiting by a knowledge of the mistake made by the Duke of Brunswick, we had agreed, long before any preparations were made for the descent, that no one should stir from the car till he was individually invited by Mr. Green to do so.

"Now, sir," said our great commander, addressing the Sportsman, "you can alight, but pray keep hold of the car when you are out, and let every gentleman in succession do the same."

We obeyed, with as much mutual civility, as many ludicrous "*after you, sirs*," as ever followed the arrangements of the M. C. of Bath or Cheltenham. I looked at my watch, the time was ten minutes before seven; we had been in the air one hour and twenty-five minutes.

"Where are we?" inquired the Sportsman.

A very civil young man stepped forward. "You are," he said, "on the farm of Offleyholes, in Hertfordshire, two miles from Hitchin, thirty-seven miles from London."

From this it appeared that we had come in one hour from the Colosseum to Offleyholes.

The crowd of astonished countrymen increased from dozens to fifties, and showed symptoms of increasing, in due time, from fifties to hundreds. Mr. Green expressed his regret at the damage the field might sustain from the intruders.

"It is of no consequence," said the young man; "the field belongs to me." He followed up this kindness, by inviting us to partake of refreshments in his house, and sent a man to procure two post-chaises for us from Hitchin. Nothing could exceed his attention and hospitality. I am sorry to add, from Mr. Green's authority, that the Nassau balloon does not always inspire the same consideration.

We walked the length of our cable to look at the grapple iron, and found it firmly twisted up in the branches of a young maple tree. We could trace its course through the long grass which it had raked after escaping from its first adhesion, but we could not see any mark of its inefficient grasp.

I must not omit a simile perpetrated by the Beau, while we were standing in the corn-field, looking at the prostrate balloon, which bulged and heaved under the network that enclosed its puffy sides, during the escape of the gas which yet partially inflated it.

"C——," said the Beau to me, "did you ever see a whale?"

"No," replied I; "did you?"

"Yes; and the balloon in the corn-field is very like a whale."

"Very like a whale, indeed."

The Statesman, the Beau, and I, returned to London together, delighted beyond measure with our *ballooning*, (I prefer this term to the *aerostation* of the pedant,) and fully convinced that the only "*amari aliquid*," the descent, is scarcely a peril under the able direction of our great admiral. "*Semper vireat!*"

THE SUMMER IS COMING AT LAST.

Come, cheer up your doubts and distresses,
Ye deplores of winter that's past,
Ye damsels come sport your new dresses,
The Summer is coming at last.

Though with dull L-and-nd-rry delaying,
The spring has in Russia been past ;
If there's truth in a very old saying,
The Summer is coming at last.

Though April did borrow from March
Its sleet storms, its hailstones and blast ;
Even Andrew the saintly and starch,
Thinks Summer is coming at last.

Though in May we had April's quick showers,
New potatoes are coming in fast ;
The strawberry blossoms and flowers
Show Summer is coming at last.

Though the Houses have nothing been doing,
Though the Lords each good bill have outcast,
We learn by the circuit ensuing
The Summer is coming at last.

Though our merchants are breaking by dozens,
And America's going too fast,
I'm assured by my dear country cousins
The Summer is coming at last.

Since Sir Francis is still the unchanged,
And the play of "The Hypocrite" 's cast,
For *the Market's* new actors arranged,
Sure Summer is coming at last.

Mr. Green and the Nassau balloon,
With Monk Mason, who's equally vast,
Are again setting off for the moon,
So Summer is coming at last.

Mrs. Skinner a fête is preparing,
Brighthelmstone ere long will fill fast,
Fat aldermen sigh for an airing,
Crying, "Summer is coming at last."

But to these solemn proofs added quickly,
Is one, sir that strikes me aghast ;
I feel by my bills falling thickly,
That Summer is coming at last.

I've ordered my old yellow char'ot,
The postboys are fee'd to drive fast ;
Then welcome, ye duns ! my new parrot,
Sings, "Summer is coming at last !"

IN CAVENDO TUTUS.

CLEVELAND.¹

The men to whom this swinish title was applied, were quite as human-looking bipeds as one usually meets between Brompton and Temple Bar. Their appearance had nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary run of the dwellers in Cockneydom, a fact which we should not so particularly mention, only that we benevolently desire to make novelists and actors aware that police officers are by no means well described by the former, and are still worse *dressed* by the latter, who seem to have about as good a notion of them, as a certain fair authoress has of retired tradesmen and Fitzroy Square; the said fair authoress thinking fit to show her wit and taste by making a retired tradesman and his wife deliver themselves in language of that peculiar cacophony of Cockaigne which one sometimes hears from a passing costermonger, but from none else; and by locating the brutally ill-spoken pair in Fitzroy Square, where, be their other faults what they may, they speak quite as good English as is to be heard in the immediate vicinity of ——— Place.

If the reader object to this brief digression, let him be good enough to be duly grateful for the omission of the numerous descriptions I might have tired him with, yet have not. Size and stature; cut of coat and colour of eyes, interesting attitudes and sentimental countenances; have I not resolutely shunned them? Perhaps my reward may be that I shall be blamed on this very account; and that the critics will say that the characters of my tale are indistinctly apprehended for this very lack of minute description. Let them say it! And heaven help all those readers of my next work, not professionally engaged in the manufacture of garments or the painting of portraits!

Nodding familiarly to some of the worshipful company, and glancing rapidly at the countenances of them all, the officers quickly selected as the especial object of their visit the sleeping and recumbent six feet of mortality known to our readers by the name of Jack the Lagger. Raising him between them from the floor, having first very carefully and securely hand-cuffed him, they endeavoured to arouse him to so much self-command as would enable him to keep his feet. But for any such steady performance Jack was utterly unfit; though he made many and elaborate attempts to accomplish it; and muttering "*Dumby*, damme! Izzy—what's your name—hiccup!" Jack, still perfectly insensible, was carried from the Magpie and Stump, and very carefully deposited on the stone floor of the strong room of ——— Street Police Office.

Leaving our convivial and respectable acquaintance in this much more secure than desirable apartment, we must once again, for a time, lose sight of him, and return to the widowed and fatherless Marianne.

Without intending the slightest depreciation of those of our readers who are of a spare habit—as why should we? being ourselves in no wise remarkable for corpulence—we confess that we think stout gen-

¹ Continued from p. 224.

tllemen, if less desirable than lean ones as post-chaise companions, are usually the better-tempered of the two. They are seldom passionate or sulky—either of which is bad, but the latter especially hateful, and deserving of many stripes—and for the most part they joke and cachinnate with much emphasis and unction. I have also observed that they take misfortune very coolly, and rarely patronise the same grief in two several years.

Mr. George Elford was neither selfish nor unfeeling. He very sincerely loved his brother, and he very sincerely lamented his death. But he did not neglect any legitimate means of softening the character of his grief, nor feel the least compunction when it became softened to remembrance of the deceased—always a kind and regretful remembrance, but less frequent and less thrilling with every waning moon.

Thus acting, on his own part, he endeavoured, and successfully too, to bring the light again to the dimmed eyes of his niece, and the roses to her pale and wasted cheeks.

Never did Marianne wholly forget the buried one—the dearly beloved—the utterly lost; but she did not forswear the world or rail against it; she was seen to smile, though rarely, and she mingled with those who had been her neighbours from her youth upward, as though it were quite possible to find pleasure in the company of the living without the least ingratitude or disrespect to the dead.

To all the admirers, if any, of Charlotte and Werterism, this admission will doubtless make Marianne a very detestable person. For my part, I think she was perfectly right.

She mixed, as I have said, with her neighbours—and among those neighbours, soon after the decease of her father, was her early suitor, Cleveland.

Returning, as she was informed, from abroad, he was making a short stay at his house near Springton, having taken that place in his way to the estate in another part of England, at which he intended chiefly to reside. She heard this from the lady of her father's successor in the living of Springton; and that lady, acquainted with both Cleveland and Marianne from the childhood of all three, made this communication, lest the unexpected sight of Marianne's former lover should have any ill effect upon spirits which were, as yet, very far from equal to sudden shocks of surprise.

Feeling towards Cleveland as she had, Marianne saw nothing wrong in meeting him in the company they mutually frequented. From the manner in which her projected marriage with him had been broken off, she had indeed but too much reason to believe that he had gamed, and given in to the excesses of young men with very discreditable eagerness and constancy; or her kindly father would not so promptly and so utterly have repudiated him as a connexion.

But travel and time might have worked his reformation; also, the loss of her hand might have greatly sobered him; also, she could meet him as a perfect stranger, or at best, as but an acquaintance of her childhood; also, she chose to meet him, and that, in the case of a lady, is quite as cogent an argument as could be done into syllogism by all the dialecticians from Aristotle to Dr. Whately.

They met; and if Cleveland sometimes caught himself thinking

that Marianne the widow was even more beautiful than Marianne the maiden of an earlier day; Marianne, on her part, was of opinion that Cleveland was infinitely wittier as well as milder, and less *odd*, than when he was addressing her, and doing the very particularly abrupt and disagreeable to every one but her.

Of love, whether in the past or the present tense, Cleveland never spoke to the young widow. And yet there was something infinitely touching and devoted in his manner towards her; and his always rich and mellow voice became doubly musical when he spoke to her, or in her presence.

Springton was a very pretty place, very; but people there, as elsewhere, had a trick of canvassing the affairs of their neighbours. The good-natured among Marianne's neighbours noticed Cleveland's manner towards her, and smiled; the ill-natured noticed it, too, and sneered. Which took the preferable part, let the reader decide according to his or her moral idiosyncrasy. For my own part, I prefer those who smiled.

But there was one person who, though he neither smiled nor sneered, was a very close and far from approving observer of Cleveland's apparently still smouldering attachment to Marianne; and that person was no other than her hilarious uncle.

If the truth must be told, Mr. George Elford had his faults; and among them was that of being very much given to prejudice. He loved and hated at first sight—and for ever. Now he hated Cleveland from what he somewhat uncivilly called the young man's puppyhood; was never so well pleased as when Mr. Elford refused him for a son-in-law; and never so devoutly wished any man in a certain latitude, which shall be nameless, as he did Cleveland, when he saw him making the amiable to the widow of Charles Smith.

As for the faults, or the follies, or both, of Cleveland's youth, Mr. George was both too generous not to admit that they *were* faults of youth, and too just not to admit that a very faulty youth may sober down into a very unexceptionable man. In wealth, Cleveland was infinitely superior to Marianne; in age, no one could be a better match for her. But Mr. George Elford, who admitted all this, was still very resolute in wishing Mr. Cleveland might never win the hand of Marianne; though even to himself he was obliged to admit, that he had no other cause to wish so, than the little fact, that he had hated Cleveland "from his very puppyhood!"

Smile not at the prejudice of Mr. Elford—nations have been desolated upon grounds not a whit more remarkable for justice or reason!

The smiles of some of Marianne's acquaintance, and the sneers of others of them, were, in the first instance, very erroneously bestowed, so far as she was concerned. In the attentions of Cleveland, she saw nothing more than the ordinary homage of a well-bred man to a young and beautiful woman; and that homage did not seem to acquire any repulsive quality from the fact that it was paid by one who had first taught her young heart to say, "I love," and who had so very nearly been bound to her by the closest of all possible ties. And not only was she unconscious that her first and strangely-interrupted love was

fast reviving in her bosom—not only was she thus unconscious of the real state of her heart, but, probably, if the case had been otherwise, she would even have summoned sternness enough to dismiss the living lover for ever from her presence—though not, perhaps, from her heart—as a necessary sacrifice to the memory of Charles and to her own character for constancy.

Whether Cleveland saw this probability, and acted upon it with profound policy, or whether his conduct was the result partly of intuitive tact, and partly of that blundering good fortune which makes quite as many fortunes and reputations as the sagacious judgment for which the world is extremely prone to mistake it,—thus much is quite certain, that in confining himself for some time to the performance of the character of the devoted and admiring *friend*, he took the only course by which he could possibly have paved the way for successfully declaring himself in that of the *lover*, without startling the lady's delicacy and thereby hazarding the shipwreck of his dearest hopes.

Whether skilfully or in mere accident, Cleveland *did* re-awaken the love of Marianne; and when she awoke from her imaginary Platonics, she not only discovered that she loved, but discovered, too, at the same time, that this discovery, so new to her, had been long previously made by her lover himself. And when the propitious moment arrived for him to avow his love, and to entreat hers, I fear there was more of respect to the conventional regulations of the world than any very real consciousness of what was due equally to herself and to her lost Charles, in the positiveness with which she prohibited any open avowal of the love which she at the same time confessed to be mutual, until all the days appropriated to the external mourning of widowhood should be accomplished.

With a readiness which still farther exalted him in her opinion, Cleveland complied with the wish of his fair mistress, well content to know that he was loved, though the world knew it not.

In fact, the world, as we have seen, was far more gnostic upon the subject than either of the plighted lovers supposed; and no one was more entirely so than Mr. George Elford, who was half inclined to try his hand at breaking off the connexion; and was only prevented from doing so by reflecting, firstly, that he had neither right nor power to do more than advise his niece; and secondly, that in cases such as hers, people usually disregard all advice which does not square with their own determination, and detest the advisers into the bargain. And, in accordance with this very just view of the case, Mr. George Elford confined his hostility to Cleveland to a perpetual light skirmishing of small annoyance, calculated at once to disturb his enjoyment of Marianne's company, and to exhibit his still vehement and fiery temper before her; and thus to give Cleveland the fairest possible opportunity to inspire his timid mistress with too much awe to admit of her giving him a life-long power over her fate.

Whenever it was practicable, Mr. George contrived to place himself between the lovers; his huge person thus interposing a very effectual obstacle to their exchanging a word, or even a look, while the enemy maintained his position. Sometimes, indeed, Cleveland out-manceu-

vered Mr. George, and rendered it impossible for that worthy gentleman to sit between him and Marianne. But even upon these occasions—and, to the honour of Mr. George's progress in the art of "teazing made easy," be it said, these occasions were both few and far between—the enemy was "scotched, not killed." Seated *vis-à-vis* the lovers took care that not a syllable more sentimental than the ordinary language in which ordinary persons do the civil to each other should pass between them. Was there a person especially hateful or ridiculous in the eyes of Cleveland? Of that person Mr. George failed not to make the *éloge* in terms of the most unbounded respect and admiration. Was there a subject upon which Cleveland could by no means bear to hear the contradiction of his strong, fixed, and immovable opinion? Upon that subject Mr. George infallibly spoke; adding by his droll, dry manner, and the well-affected unconsciousness of the gaze which he kept fixed upon Cleveland, to the galling effect which he well knew the expression of his opinion was producing; and only ceasing from his labour when he had made his antagonist pale with rage, and fairly shown him up to his annoyed mistress in the light of a man quite capable of being angry when contradicted, and rude when angry.

Prejudice certainly has a wonderful effect in quickening one's wit and sharpening one's zeal. But the wit of Mr. George Elford, which was far from small, and his industry and zeal, which were immense, were in the present instance but so much wit, zeal, and industry thrown away. The lovers loved on in secret; and in the assured belief that he was loved, and that his love would ere long be not only avowed to the world, but crowned also by the possession of Marianne, Cleveland found consolation for the obvious dislike of her uncle, and for the abundant mortifications of which that dislike was the source.

"Must see me? A gipsy woman must! Devilish cool that! Well, she shall see me; then, but she must wait a bit, for all that, the baggage. Let her wait, Stephen—let her wait. I'll see her in a few minutes."

These words were spoken by a jolly, rubicund country gentleman; an active justice of the peace; a thorough detester of poachers; as good a hearted man as ever did wrong, while firmly believing himself to be doing right; a keen sportsman until corpulence and the gout commanded him to sport no more; and a staunch *bon vivant*, all the commands and warnings of gout and corpulence to the contrary notwithstanding.

As we have sufficiently described the personality and the *morale* of his worship, and as the gipsy woman has to wait, we may as well beguile the time till she shall appear, by saying, that of all the follies of a foolish race, the folly of drunkenness seems to us to be by far the least excusable. Gentle reader, or gentle critic—for there are gentle critics, whatever we obscure novelists may in our sadness be sometimes tempted to aver to the contrary—fear not that we are about to say one word in favour of the humbug of Temperance Societies; the most contemptible humbug that ever this age has produced—societies of men who associate to abstain from what no one of them needs to do if he choose not.

Think not that in our anonymous character we are about to insult the misery that seeks refuge in an indulgence at once foolish and vicious, or to retail any one of the several thousands of *niaiserie*s which have been written and printed in praise of what is not *virtue*—for *that* implies action—but only a passive abstinence from vice; and to praise a man for which is about as complimentary—if the person complimented have but a single grain of common sense—as to say to one man, “You do not murder,” and to another, “You are not a thief.” Not I, indeed! It is even more with deep pity than with disgust, that I see the miserable votaries of drunkenness brawling and cursing at the doors of the venders of poison.

But, ah! ye happy ones, who have the whole earth from which to choose your abiding place, and all that earth yields from which to choose your viands, whether of nourishment or of mere luxury, little are you qualified to sit in judgment upon the drunkenness of the ill-housed and worse-fed poor man.

It is as often madness as vice that drives him to seek temporary oblivion in the fumes of the infernal potion. The drunkenness which is not only a vice in itself, but also has its origin in depraved courses and a vicious inclination, cannot be too sternly or too unconditionally denounced to the loathing and detestation of all mankind. But there is much drunkenness which, though vicious in itself, has for its origin not the desperation of wickedness, but the desperation of cankering and carking misery. Ask the wretched father, whose hardest and most incessant toil cannot win sufficiency for his children; ask the worn mother, whose very love is turned to hate by sharp misery long endured, and who curses her bridal day, not because her husband is a bad husband or a bad father, but because he is a poor and a helpless man; ask *these*, and they will tell you that the vice you so sternly denounce, gives to them all the respite they ever know from bodily privation and from mental agony. I acknowledge that they reason most falsely and act most injuriously; I know that if drunkenness spares them some present minutes of pain or sorrow, it lays up hours of pain and sorrow for their future. I know all this—and knowing it, I wish that the poor and the miserable did *not* give way to drunkenness; but I must still persist in feeling pity rather than anger for the drunkenness which is the *consequence*, and not the *cause*, of poverty; and which is the wretched refuge of such suffering, bodily and mental, as might drive many, who sternly, and in a pharisaical spirit, denounce it, to something very like madness—which the happy and the well-fed would no doubt denounce in them, as *they* now denounce it in others.

Let it not, for a moment, be supposed that I either recommend or defend inebriety. Quite the contrary; I think it only pardonable when produced by ignorance, goaded to madness by absolute want and its thousand concomitant evils. Only I cannot persuade myself that any one is so wholly inexcusable for indulgence in the basest of the vices—and the fecund parent of all the vices and all crimes of which perverted humanity is capable—as that most enviable of created beings, an English country gentleman.

Good God! what inducements has not this man to preserve his

bodily and mental health, and prolong his life by sobriety! Oh! the thousand sights and sounds of rural life—the thousand delightful enjoyments, employments, and duties, of a rural landlord!

No want, few real sorrows; no lack of employment or amusement; no burning and pestiferous atmosphere by day, or hunger-engendered dreams of the poor-house or the jail by night; no shrieks of young children smitten with billy-rollers to tear the heart of the man with the anguish that will be felt, and the pity that can nought avail; no shame of daughters scarcely beyond childhood—but forced into premature and unnatural rankness by ill association, hard toil, and a worse than African bondage and climate during two-thirds of twenty-four hours—to bring blushes to the father's cheek, and the hoar frost of sorrow to his head ere time has power to blanch it; but instead of these, pure air, abundance of all that is needful; without a fear for himself, and with ample power to be a blessing to others. Ah! *he* is the man to whom, above all others, the impartial in virtue should address the denunciations of his favourite vice. Nay, in his case, drunkenness is not a vice only, or a folly only, but a black and an inexcusable crime.

We have been led into these, we hope not wholly useless, remarks, partly by our necessity for awaiting the entrance of the gipsy woman, who had been announced to his worship; partly by the fact that she was kept waiting only while his worship swallowed a magnum of what *might* be medicine; but what assuredly looked well qualified to pass muster for choice cogniac.

This done, Stephen was summoned, and the gipsy woman forthwith admitted to the worshipful presence.

"This is a strange story you tell, my good woman," said the plethoric magistrate, as the woman ended her rather prolix statement.

"It is a true one, an't please your worship."

"May be so—may be so—let me see. A murder *was* committed, and it was committed on the very night you name; no one has yet been apprehended, and you affirm that, by apprehending the parties named in this paper, the murderer will surely be brought to justice. So far, all's very well. But suppose this should turn out to be all a hoax on your part; got up to annoy me, or to put innocent persons in peril. Or suppose, which is quite as likely, you have in view the sharing with these parties in the swinging damages they might cast me in should I imprison them upon this charge upon no better testimony than the information of a gipsy? I'm a magistrate, no doubt, and I venerate the law which I have always enforced against evil doers; but this, upon my word, this is a very perplexing piece of business."

And his worship leaned back in his great arm-chair with all the air of a man who *was* very sorely perplexed; and with a glance towards his beaufet, which said, as plainly as glance could, that therein was a counsellor, to which he would fain apply for assistance in his perplexity, if very shame did not prevent his doing so in the presence of a stranger, and that stranger a gipsy woman, by no means too extreme in humility of speech or bearing.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No II.

BARON RICHARDS.

“ Licet omnes fremant—dicam quod sentio.”

CICERO DE ORATORE.

Our number for June contained rather a faithful portrait than a fine picture of the proudest of the few surviving veterans, who, “through storm and calm,” struggled for the nationality of Ireland; and when the battle was done, sank like George Washington into the lap of privacy and repose, at least so far as the cessation from political turmoil could secure such a consummation. If we have appeared panegyric, our language was the impulsive phraseology of truth. We have attempted to do to the living what history will not fail to render to the memorable and illustrious dead—simple justice. Robert Holmes still lives, and may he long continue to ennoble the bar, as Walpole said of Lord Somers, “one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all around is tyranny, corruption, and vice.” But as the oak of the forest must fall, and as death has no reverence, whatever futurity may, for virtues however numerous, and locks however silvered, so must Robert Holmes cease to live. Though his memory will survive while a heart beats in Ireland that can appreciate the sublimity of virtue, he will bequeath his country more than honourable recollections. Like the Hellenic sages, he has been the founder of a school in which men learned to love the unappreciable worth of honour—of stern and steadfast adherence to their country—and of an incorruptible elevation of mind that felt the truth, and bore in abundance the precious fruits of the philosophic maxim—“integrity is the portion and proper good of him who loves liberty.” In this school the disciples were indeed few; but in proportion to the paucity of their numbers, the lustre of their lives was more conspicuous, and their names shone, like irradiated lights, through the mighty fog of surrounding profligacy and corruption. With such men the assertion of truth was too sacred for the pollution of office, which, in the past, had the twofold power of the basilisk—it killed while it charmed—for its enchantment, principles were abandoned, and the victims could not realise the proud boast of Francis the First, for their honour was the first offering. In those laurelled days of partisanship, insults were sure to be accumulated on every man who had the effrontery to wear on his brow the Cain-like brand of liberality—the “anathema maranatha” of every slave to his own selfish interests. The calamitous oppressions of ministerial profligacy were received with a welcome promptitude, and the high behests were carried into vigorous execution by their miserable dependents. In this base instrumentality the bar of Ireland was prominently active. The profuse patronage of the Castle secured men of abandoned principles, ready implements of any and every minister. Toryism was then a

box of sweet smelling myrrh, whose odour recommended the most worthless and talentless to the arrect ear and beneficent smile of the court. Liberality came to their august nostrils with all the loathsomeness of *Coloquintida*. No man could venture to dispute the right of tyranny, or assert the cause of truth, before the ermined dignitaries of that inauspicious period, without a bitter rebuke, that forced him into the back ranks of his profession, unless his character had found a firm anchor in public regard. Curran could not resist bearding the ermined tiger in his own lair, and the flippant and arrogant Lord Clare chased him, able and distinguished as he was, from the splendid emoluments of chancery. O'Connell, too, was sufficiently unwise to incur the resentment of Lord Manners, and that effete hag, with a curl of his nose, drove him into the Law Courts, where, however, his great talents secured him from aggression. Such was the constitution of the Irish bar, when the subject of this memoir commenced his professional career. He was one of those men who resisted the rusting bonds of prejudice, and saw in the future regeneration of his country a long reversion of his own fame—had he been thrown back on the era of national virtue, he would have been among the foremost to defend, and the last to desert, the sinking standard of independence. With a firmness never dissociated from lofty intellect—with his prudence—his sobriety of mind—and that sound practical sense which generally accompanies these virtues, the cause of the patriots, few and faint as they were, would have been powerfully invigorated and sustained. Plunkett, young and glowing, would have found in him an able ally; and if his manly eloquence had not shivered, it would at least have shaken, the pedestal on which the monument of Irish ruin was erected. He was not destined for that unhappy epoch. Another struggle was at hand, and though other hands demolished the breastworks, and finally carried the fortress, his heart was with the combatants. Discharging the laborious duties of an equity lawyer, in which the public had a continual claim on his services, he pursued the even tenor of his honourable way without an active participation in the struggle, and proved that a systematic consistency in liberality can be maintained without sharing in the popular riot, or being buoyed up into elasticity by the acclamations of popular applause. But he never flinched, when occasion required, from the full expression of his convictions: he was no dissembler of principles at the bar or without it, and he often surpassed the frigid calculations of interested prudence in giving vent to his elevated liberality. This was not the patent mode to earn the "nods and wreathed smiles" of the presiding gods in the temple of justice; but his intellectual powers, and the massive strength of his faculties, carried him in triumph through that period of peril to free principles. An era succeeded—the first since the Union—when political virtue, which corruption could not shake or chill, obtained the rich reward of its purity; and honoured, with the splendid ease of the ermine, three such men as Michael O'Loughlin, Louis Perrin, and John Richards.

On the vast theatre of public life, professional success is obtained by modes infinitely diversified. Indolence will often start from its bondage of inactivity to sudden and energetic boldness, and by a

series of wild and irregular bounds, achieve its race of renown. Cold caution, united to silent and steady perseverance, often exhausts the frowning jealousy of fortune by patience unabated and unconquerable; while there are others who, with homely good sense and the most vigorous reason, rich in the practical qualifications which can alone render intellect available in the affairs of life, ascend the wished-for elevation step by step, making certain of the first advance before the second is attempted, and considering a retrograde motion, however trifling, like an unprofitable chasm in time, impossible to be filled up. In the mental constitution of Baron Richards, we find a representative of many qualities of the two first classes, whilst he is the peculiar model of the last. Unexpected energy often animates his character, which is generally stamped with a keen caution, together with the valuable bullion of sense the most practical, and reason the most profound. His language, sentiment, and delivery, are strongly impressed with the order of his mind. They convey to an hearer a definite and vivid apprehension of energy without clamour—of strenuousness without bustle—of intrepidity without labour—and knowledge without effort. The temper of his understanding, and conduct of his life, have given him a repertory of words striking for their unembroidered simplicity, and pregnant with power, such as had been fused into that inimitable bolt that fulminated over the exchequer, and shook that microcosm of “things ineffable” to its centre. He has been charged with a voluntary squander of malignant insinuation against a most unblemished bench, to attract the airy acclamations of popular favour. But there are two kinds of popularity—the vulgar and evanescent species—that vanity or self-interest is ever on the stretch to embrace. There is a nobler and more generous kind—that which follows, and does not precede, greatness—that which at some future period never fails to do justice to noble ends by noble means. He would not, like another great lawyer and judge, do that which conscience forbade him, for the shouting of millions; neither would he shrink from doing the right, though the “mendax infamia” of party were to heap on him all that falsehood could fabricate, or malice invent, and with the first of Roman orators and magistrates he could exclaim—“Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, haud infamiam, putarem.”

Baron Richards is descended from an ancient and honourable line of ancestors. His father was a solicitor of great eminence in Dublin—a man of strong liberal sentiments; but who, like his son, had no active participation in the struggles of the day. It has been sedulously whispered that the early opinions of Baron Richards were illiberal. Such is not the fact: he was nurtured in liberality, and his grandfather, Richard Richards of Ratherspeck, had the manliness to stand up in the exulting days of corporate glory to throw open the heavy folding doors of the corrupt corporation of Wexford for the admission of his Roman Catholic countrymen. A splendid ambition—but one of which the strong arm of abused power prevented the realisation. He entered college in 1806 as fellow commoner, where he won no peculiar distinctions. Social in his habits, and the centre of a gay and animated group of young friends, and having also availed

himself of his privilege as commoner to go on with the class of the preceding year instead of his own, he abandoned the "purple honours" of academic industry, although when run hard at the close of the term he had a never-failing call on the strength and solidity of his intellect to get off with the usual complement of "*valdes*" and "*benes*." The Historical Society was then pining in dismal atrophy. The late Bishop Ebrington, then provost, had cut out its heart; yet even then it bore promising blossoms. About that time poor North and Philipps were making the corridors of that memorable hall ring with a graceful though vitiated eloquence, which reverberated so often with the masculine and massive oratory of Plunkett, Bushe, and Emmett. Mr. Richards was a member, but we could not learn that he took an active part in the proceedings; but when political questions were introduced indirectly in the debate, he always voted with the young friends of liberty.

He entered Lincoln's Inn in 1809, and was called to the Irish bar in Easter Term 1811. His father having retired from the profession some time before, he had few or none of those adventitious connexions that expedite the ardent hopes of the young lawyer; and though often ancillary to final success, but too frequently realise the truth of Lord Bacon's metaphorical wisdom: "They go up like the rocket, fizzing and blazing, and when the little matter be burnt out, come down lumpishly like the stick." He had to struggle in the crowd, and for the two first years, the pain of deferred expectation was beginning to operate on his temper. But a change in his fortunes was at hand. A respectable solicitor, who now lives to witness the triumph of his well-founded anticipations, knew the amount of untried ore with which the young lawyer abounded, and retained him in an equity suit which was litigated with that desperate acrimony, peculiar to family quarrels, for eighteen years after, in every superior court in Ireland. The burden of this important case rested wholly on Mr. Richards, and he discharged his duty with a sense and knowledge which gave brilliant augury of his coming career. One incident connected with his advocacy is remarkable. In one of a series of trials in the King's Bench, his client had been arrested according to the inveterate practice of the Irish courts, which was never before canvassed. He gave an opinion on its decided illegality. The question was ultimately referred to the decision of the twelve judges. Mr. Richards, with whom was Lord Plunkett, (who was retained, but did not act,) argued for the discharge of his client through several days with vast ability—alone and unaided—and was opposed by some of the very ablest men at the bar—Judge Crampton, Messrs. E. Pennefather, Johnston, and Deering. The twelve unanimously decided in his favour. This triumph over distinguished lawyers and established practice soon brought him forth from the dim light of limited notoriety into the full blaze of eminence, and a corresponding increase of business.* Every obstacle to his advancement on the high road to pro-

* We are indebted to a friend for the following admirable remarks on the influence of this case on the subsequent conduct of Mr. R. "Throughout this protracted litigation, in contending against prejudices engendered in the minds of the court by long habit and practice, theretofore acquiesced in by the profession, Mr. R.

professional fame melted away—a bag of ampler folds, and a larger fee-book succeeded. He was soon firmly entrenched within the equity fortress; and though, like many of his brethren who contrive to discharge the duties of “two gentlemen at once,” he too might have taken an emolumentary sweep in the broad field of common law, from a delicate sense of honour he refused—justly considering that the extent of his occupations in equity might not enable him to give the full benefit of his advocacy to his common law clients—a course of long standing in the Irish courts, which we cannot say is abused. At least a sensitive mind might be scrupulous in the sanction of such a practice.

We pass over twenty years of his professional life; for, as our readers know, there is little interest in the pack-horse life of a chancery barrister. On he goes the same dull and untiring round; for whom would the annual receipt of five thousand pounds fatigue? But during that time he acquired the veneration of every lover of worth at the bar. Unlike Smelfungus, distinguished by his extreme blandness and courtesy to the senior, he was ever prompt to cheer and animate the struggling junior. *He* never put on the arrogant frown, of self-imposing ignorance to bring a blush into the cheek, or perhaps a tear into the eye, of confused inexperience—his fine knowledge and sympathy were never converted to such uncharitable purposes. So great has been his character for professional integrity, that the late Master of the Rolls, rather fastidious in reposing confidence in the bar, has been known to trust his word, though he exacted from others, through the agency of the Six Clerk, “the full amount of the bond.” In the administration of Lord Anglesey he received the silk gown and stand-up collar, which gave his business a vast augmentation. Some years ago he was unaccountably seized with a romantic aspiration for a judicial seat on the India bench. His soul was on the saltpetre soil of the territory of the Moguls. Infected he was with a chivalrous passion for that land of leopards and loose garments, whether from a fiery outbreak of love for foreign adventure, against which not even the solemn dignity of the judicial character is proof—witness the Chief Baron feasting his wandering eyes in the voluptuous harems of the City of the Sultan; or Judge Bailly watching the descent of avalanches in the valley of Chamouni, or tracking the march of Hannibal over the western Alps; or whether he was impelled by a noble desire to crush the persecutions and oppressions of the Indian zemindars, as he has the Irish magistrates, and let the river of “justice undefiled” flow through the plains of Hindostan, as he has in Ireland, we cannot say. He completed his arrangements to weather the Cape of Storms, and would have taken his farewell unmourned by the many—for his worth was then like the scriptural flame, hid beneath the bushel of chancery obscurity—had not a fortu-

met with many obstacles calculated to damp the ardour of a mind less gifted with mental energy and uncompromising firmness; and in the bold assertion of principle exhibited by him on many trying occasions at that early period in these causes, may be traced the living germ of that unflinching integrity and dignified manliness which has so conspicuously distinguished the more recent period of his brilliant professional career.”

nate alteration taken place. Mr. Perrin was promoted to the bench, and O'Loughlin succeeded as Attorney-general. The eye of the government naturally reposed on him for the office of Solicitor. Independently of the just policy that equally divided between members of opposite creeds the two great law offices of the Crown, could they find in the whole range of a distinguished liberal bar a man more fitted for the high office? But he had not yet abandoned his instinctive passion to heal the wounds of persecuted Riots, and see the antediluvian curiosities of Elephantina—he had rather

“ Scent Sabæan odours
Beyond Mozambique and the Cape of Hope,”

than toil to precarious distinction in Ireland; but being strongly solicited by government to accept the solicitor-generalship, he consented to abandon, *in præsentia*, his Hindostanee inclinations, and excursions to the Ghauts. He had scarcely been sworn, when a deputation from his native county, Wexford, offered him the representation. A requisition, signed by ninety electors, of whom twenty-four were scholars, offered to put him in nomination for Trinity College—a distinction extended to few. Clonmel, Kilkenny, Dungarvan, made honourable overtures of a similar kind. Ministers were anxious for his presence in parliament, where his success would have been brilliant, and his support beyond price; but he was always averse to parliamentary squabbling, and laid it down as a condition, precedent to his acceptance of office, not to enter the “Great Council;” but in the framing of Irish measures, he ably co-operated with Mr. O'Loughlin, then Attorney-general. Whilst Solicitor, his fine firmness and manly intrepidity flashed like a sudden outbreak of flame on the astonished public. They had not been prepared for such undaunted energy and daring vigour in the clenched teeth of an opposing bench—the decision of Chief Justice Denman less paralysed the sensitive Commons. In the case of Knox and Gavin, where the practical revival of an old instrument of tyranny was sought and obtained, he rose after the Attorney-general, and in a speech, every period of which was characterised by truth, wisdom, eloquence, and the most sweet and exalted humanity, he deprecated sternly, bitterly, philosophically, the resuscitation of such “harbingers of peace:” the Court listened with a fidgetty impatience, twisting on their chairs like flayed eels. Rebuke was often conveyed in the shape of sneering sarcasm and frequent interruption; but he was not to be shaken from his pedestal: proud, bold, and unflinching, his powerful reason, instinct with calm collected fire, tore into “little atomies” the subtleties and sophistical ingenuities that professional skill and the zealous research of ardent advocacy wove round that formidable terror to public liberty. The spectacle was an imposing and splendid one. The question—one of the deepest national interest—a full court—a crowded bar—an immense concourse of anxious men, divided in interests, but all equally impatient of the event. His broad and high-piled brow, smooth and unruffled, was symbolical of the dignity and serenity of his mind. The truths he told, and the tones in which he conveyed them, sent our blood in double tides from the heart to the temples and back again, in a pleasing

tumult, and gathered in our eyes a secret tear. The most callous and hard-visaged of our unsusceptible neighbours appeared to give way, and violently applauded or condemned, according as they were swayed by party emotions. The object of strife, the Writ of Rebellion, passed through the land, but not, like the dove of the ark, with the branch of peace. However, public regret was smothered in the general enthusiasm that burned round Mr. Richards. Their ears had been long unhabituated to such lofty and powerful official advocacy. A functionary of the Crown standing up for the abatement of a feudal oppression in stern opposition to the preconceived feelings and prejudices of the Court, between whom and the law-officers of past times there had been but too fatal a concord, and struggling for popular right with zeal, fervour, and eloquence, was a sight on which their eyes and hearts seldom feasted. He now blazed out in universal favour; and in proportion as he sank in the estimation of the Court, in the inverse ratio he ascended in the estimation of the people. The death of the elegant and accomplished Baron Smith removed Mr. O'Loughlin to the puisne baronship of the Exchequer, and Mr. Richards succeeded him as Attorney-general. Immediately after, a motion was made in the Exchequer, in the case of the Crown *v* the Primate, that the Crown solicitor should be ordered to pay the special jurors who tried that important case at bar the costs of their attendance. It was resisted by the government, whether justly or not we shall not say, but it elicited from Mr. Richards one of the most manly and memorable replies on record—a beautiful summary of his conscious purity and firm integrity—of his rapid and prompt perception, dignified reasoning, and a clear, close, and cutting eloquence.* With

* We subjoin a somewhat correct report of this extraordinary altercation, with the exception, that in the words of the Chief Baron that precede the last bitter reply of the Attorney-General, his lordship made use of much harsher and more provoking language than is contained in the report. Instead of saying "Your argument is idle," he distinctly used the less justifiable words, "Silly and futile." Respect for the first law officer should interpose between the Court and such gross indecency.

The Attorney-General had shortly previous come into court.

The CHIEF BARON inquired if he had any observation to offer in the case?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—Yes, my lord, I adopt the course which has been taken by my learned friend, the Solicitor-general. I do not at all dispute the sum which those gentlemen have been awarded, but I do dispute the principle on which this order has been granted. We, my lord, with great respect, want to prevent the Court making such decisions. It is not impossible that in process of time judges might be found who would make an abuse of the principle, and that the present case might be looked back to as a decision, and sums of money may be hereafter awarded to jurors without law or statute to authorise them, but merely as the Court might deem fit. Jurors ought not to be tempted on one side or coerced on the other. Honourable and high-minded men compose the juries of the present day, and the bench is pure and upright; but I think it right, my lords, to guard the principle inviolate. A possibility may, however, arise, where, if the power were left in the hands of the Court, use might be made of it of a very unconstitutional description. An order has been made in the present case contrary to the assent of the party against whom the verdict was found. In ordinary cases, as between private parties, that party getting the verdict pays the jury.

CHIEF BARON.—If it were a case between private parties, the party getting the verdict would pay the jury. It would be taxed as a part of their costs; and they could levy it as a part of the execution. The Chief Baron here quoted an authority from "Shower's Reports."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—I am not aware of any authority bearing directly on

the Barons of the Exchequer he had no previous cause of disagreement. Neither had they with him. Under similar circumstances they perhaps would undertake the same discharge of duty, but in a far different way. Ministers were the noble quarry at which the falcons of the Exchequer stooped, and, to do the Chief Baron justice, he went down the wind in brilliant style. The Attorney-general properly felt that the acid insinuations were intended to cast a slight on that government whose first law-functionary he was. He stood there also in the proud position of the champion of his profession, and deemed it his duty to sustain their right to a reciprocity of courtesy from the bench to the bar. And never was that two-fold duty discharged with more zeal, vigour, and ability. His language was not cased in the rough husk of vulgarity, but arrayed in the pure light of an independent intellect, that portrayed, with unerring and tremendous fidelity, the principles on which the Court acted, as well as his own. The whole scene was, like tragedy, a great moral lesson, read to two senses at once—the manner told forcibly on the eye, the matter on the ear. We saw things from which we feared Irish advocacy had for ever departed since the days of John Philpott Curran—truth, integrity, wisdom, and eloquence, radiating and illuminating all like a constellation.

the present case. The case mentioned by your lordship was one that was compromised, and the parties did not apprise the jury, but allowed them to come to the town where it was to have been tried, and the order made by the Court was assented to by the parties. But if the Court is to make an order of payment upon the ground of equity to the jury who try the case, I do not see why it should not make an order for payment to all the jurors who may be summoned. In conclusion, I have again, my lord, respectfully to say, that I stand here in defence of a principle; and whilst I cannot have the slightest fear that if the power existed it could ever be unworthily used while your lordships have a seat on that bench, your lordships will not at the same time deny that there have been corrupt judges, and that the like by possibility might occur again.

CHIEF BARON.—Mr. Attorney-General, I think, indeed, that your argument is an idle one altogether, and as if you sought to make it appear that the Court would bribe a jury.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL (with considerable vehemence).—I have stood up here in defence of a principle which I see no reason should be violated. Your lordships will not deny that there have been corrupt and partisan judges—that the ermine has been sullied; and that what has occurred once may occur again. Your lordship is not so little acquainted with history as not to know that the most profligate and corrupt acts have been committed by judges. Permit me to call your lordships' attention to the times when judges went the length of inflicting fines upon jurors who brought in verdicts displeasing to them, and your lordships cannot be so ill acquainted with mankind as not to know that if in former ages judges were found corrupt enough to inflict penalties upon jurors for not finding verdicts that were agreeable to them, it may happen by possibility that in future times some judge might be found profligate enough to bribe a jury for finding a verdict agreeable to him, if he had the means in his power. There were men who acted thus corruptly—we are nothing more than men now, and the best way to uphold morals and integrity, is to uphold those principles which keep men within the direct path of propriety and rectitude. I have as high a respect for the bench as any man in society, and that respect is not lessened by calling on it not to make a rule that could possibly lead to an abuse, or have an effect in the remotest degree to lessen the respect that is due to the judges of the land. I have stood up, as I stated, in defence of a principle—I give my arguments—I give my opinions, and whether they be idle or unpalatable, I shall never shrink from my duty.

During the delivery of these observations, a great sensation seemed to pervade the bar and the spectators who thronged the crowded court.

Rich as he was in active faculty, that occasion proved that he was not unpossessed of the passive virtue of endurance. A mind less sensitive would have burst into a flood of tumultuous and indignant passion, at the cold sneers, and visible, though unexpressed, sarcasms that played from the nose to the chin of one of the four, whose very blandest compliments are impregnated with a kind of subdued acerbity; so that it may be said of him, as of a certain soil in Sardinia, "that its intense bitterness was perceptible even in its honey." But he waited coolly till the insolent and insulting bolt was shot—he kept his passions, like well-trained troops, in order till their service was required, and then delivered that pithy rebuke which surpasses in cutting vehemence any passage on the records of Irish oratory, if we except Grattan's reply to Flood.

The patronage of his high office was always lavished on professional worth. He knew no friend but the man of intellect and knowledge. He was never known to solicit a favour for a private relation or friend, and if any bad appointments have taken place in the magisterial or other departments he is not liable to inculpation. In the appointment of sheriffs, without the black and bitter catalogue of the judges, he firmly co-operated with Lord Mulgrave, whose dignity and courage found support and admonition in him. It was a circumstance no less novel than trying, and the silence of the House of Lords on the subject proves the unimpeachable propriety of the course they adopted.

We sat in the Exchequer with few briefs and many thoughts, on the great and auspicious day that John Richards put on the ermine. On that day the ermine was untarnished with a stain, but not more unspotted than his exalted character; and there is no dogmatic tension in observing, that a taint will never dishonour the purity of that robe. Never did man reach that elevation with a conscience more radiant, and purged of that foul and slimy grossness which was the wonted recommendation to judicial dignity. D'Alembert, with no less beauty than truth, says, "Distinction is like the summit of a pyramid. Some men reach it in one daring flight, like the eagle, while others slowly ascend by the filthy crawling of the caterpillar." His was the fine swoop of the bird of Jove. He reached the pinnacle in purity. The most inveterate of his foes—and multitudinous are the enemies of worth—could not, through the twenty-four years of his unofficial life, charge him with an ungenerous or pusillanimous act. Grovelling attributes he had none; his vices lay all the other way; and if any of the irrational creation were to supply a comparison, we should single out the mastiff. How nobly he growled in the case of Knox and Gavin!—with what stern energy he worried the famous Writ of Rebellion!—with what sober intrepidity he protected the ministerial flock in the *King v. the Primate*!

But to recur to the day of installation. The court was crowded to excess; the Liberal bar mustered in great force to do honour to the chief of their choice, while every avenue and porch leading to the Exchequer never had their cubic inches so well covered before. All, for some time, was longing expectation. At length the rustling of the red curtain announced the much-wished-for advent. The Bar simultaneously rose. The keeper of the king's silver, who sat under the

bench, turned, and bowed most gracefully to a porter, who appeared with an inkstand! This, of course, was sufficient to relax the risible muscles of the laughing folk. Baron Richards soon after entered, and gave a dignified bow to the bar, which was universally returned, and by the keeper of his Majesty's loose silver to boot. He (the Baron, and not the keeper) looked steady and composed, seemingly unaffected by the novelty of his situation. His noble intellectual brow, which, "in the plains of Hindostan, would have passed for a Brahmin's," looked additionally broad and massive. A more imposing exterior never presided in the temple of justice, and the interior did not derogate from the dignity of the exterior. Beside him sat a very learned judge, stiff as one of Napoleon's old guard, and silent as Sleep; his quick intelligent eyes were manifestly turned inwards, for to us they were invisible; doubtless he was buried in the hollows of some profound and inscrutable abstraction, which no one had ever thought of before—perhaps his nimble spirit was with Sir John Herschell, in the Caffreland, taking the right ascension of the Southern Cross—perhaps on the banks of the Euphrates, gazing with the old Chaldeans on the young zenith—perhaps in Wyse's distillery, taking the depths of mystical wash-backs—or perhaps lost in mournful musing on the revolution of opinion and society that discovered the worth and honoured the integrity of John Richards. If we were to make choice of his luminous meditations, will-he nill-he, we should choose the last. And certainly it was an extraordinary event. The man who, only two months before, stood up in that court, and had the manliness to tell what every common observer knew, but no man dared to speak—that there were judges who drank of the waters of corruption, and abated the high tone of impartiality which should characterise their independence to do the foul deeds of party—true lions, under the throne of Solomon, who rose "from indignities to dignities," and roared furiously at every legitimate intrusion of popular right—to behold the man who had expressed such anarchical truths sitting in purple and ermine at his elbow, was sufficient to immerse him in an ocean of dim reveries, and, by Harpocrates! he was plunged brain-deep, for he spake not, neither did he stir from twelve to three.

Baron Richards immediately commenced the discharge of his duties. In the very first case he made some observations which excited the passing surprise of Tory modesty. Who but a liberal judge, forsooth, could so prematurely perform the discharge of a great public duty? Exquisite ratiocination! From the goal he started with confidence and skill, consigning to weakness or ignorance the mockery of modesty, which the practice of twenty-six years had obliterated. Baron Pennefather, that venerable judge and warm-hearted, benevolent man, occasionally conversed with him, and in the good-natured interchange of language seemed to unremember the acrimonies of the past—he felt that they were there "to do justice to all men," and that discord on the bench would be an unwholesome precedent to the public. We expected so much from his generous and accomplished mind; but not so thought the philosopher—the offence smelt rank to heaven, and he would none of it; and so it was, looking as portentous as an old Roman pontiff, and proud as a pelican, he reclined his hands on his

stomach, put on the most Socratic of countenances, and replunged a thousand fathoms deep into the caverns of congenial mystification.

On that day Baron Richards gave earnest of his future activity ; and happy was it for the philosophical Smelfungus to have had such a brother, otherwise how could his afflicted juniorship ever have gotten through a motion day ? How could he ever have withstood the plausible badgering of George Bennett—the cold-drawn ingenuities of Tom Smith—the elegant cajoleries of Litton—the rapid volubilities of Cooper—the accomplished coquetries of Keating—and the merciless inflictions of Holmes ? His lordship would be in the plight of Actæon, only with a difference of ownership in the “ bell-mouthed pack ;” his law and philosophy must have equally given way, and then—. *En passant*, a curious conceit has just struck us—would our readers guess what great prerogative browzer in the rank marshes of Normandy does our philosophic justiciary resemble ? Plowden, “ a most grave and learned apprentice in the law.” They had wonderful congeniality, not as legislators or lawyers, but as grand inquisitors of nature. Plowden was a great mineralogist, S—— a mighty chemist and astronomer ; the former looked into the depths of the earth, the latter into the profundity of the heavens. When Plowden astonished the ears of his brethren with the wonders of that land of mists, the then “ incognita terra ” of mineralogy, he always took care, by a slight deviation from courtesy, to remind the bench that the study of “ sulphur and mercury, the Adam and Eve of the mineral creation,” as he quaintly termed them, was almost as necessary to judicial qualification as the jurisprudence of the “ Code Justinianus,” or that law beyond all law, the common law of this realm ; and then dropped, with a flush of superiority, into his carved oak. Now if our scientific Baron, instead of his laudable enthusiasm to number the nebulae of Orion’s belt, or to calculate the gravity of Kentish hops, in their several states of fermentation, from wash-back No. 1 to cooler No. 4, had applied himself to the study of the “ Adam and Eve of the mineral creation,” we should say, without hesitation, that the pedantic spirit of Plowden had rambled, by order of Pythagoras, into his body—the knowledge of law being excepted—for his manner is often a no gentle inuendo to his brethren of their chemical ignorance, and a silent lamentation of mournful degeneracy in the interesting lore of spirit over-proof and unstamped wrappers : by the way, he would be invaluable at the Tower Stairs to punish the excise delinquencies of smuggling Dutchmen. This curious trait we saw exhibited to great perfection last term. Baron Richards, who spent very little time at the crucible, and paid more attention to the principles of equity than the composition of gases, or the state of worts in distillery worms, did not appear quite an adept in some profound process of that kind, in which he enjoyed the sympathy of Baron Pennefather, who also groped, blindfolded, in the scientific fog ; and a mighty mystery would have hung over that great secret of nature, had not the ermined philosopher brought up his stores of knowledge to their aid, and dissolved the wonder. And then the august solemnity with which he remounted his spectacles, and swung back in his air-cushion, conveyed to judicial ignorance one of the most dignified and severe rebukes imaginable.

For a long period after his elevation, the fierce conflict that took place between Baron Richards, when Attorney-general, and the Chief Baron kept them a full semidiameter of the earth asunder in feeling, although placed within twenty-four inches of each other. Justice, however, suffered little; the latter maintaining a cold and contemptuous reserve, while the austere and solemn spirit of the former equally shunned a communion "so devoutly to be wished;" but the "discordia inter fratres" soon became more and more evanescent, Baron Pennefather, who was the central point of communication, acting as the good-natured interpreter of the opinions of each. At length, Time, the great doctor of discords, brought them to side glances; from side glances they soon began to look each other in the face, and at length they ceased to be mutually recognised by any other appellation than the judicial endearment of "brother." In the exposition of the law they rarely differ, for both are able lawyers; but in the assertion of principle, and the general policy of Ireland, the "slack-rope of contention" is again tightened a little between them. The one is the petted produce of old times—the hoar of ages has an inviolable sanctity in his eyes; he would as soon rake up the bones of his fathers as expose the divine relics of antiquity to the crumbling finger of innovation—he is as indignant at the polluted touch of Reform on corrupt institutions as Lord Byron was at the plunder of the Elgin marbles: he is a champion of the "immoveable fixity" system—things as they are is his glory—things as they ought to be his abomination. One of the most ardent and energetic opponents of the Union—all because matters were on the move, not because Ireland was to suffer—his patriotism subsequently took a lower and less majestic range—the wind blew west, and at length he perched on the highest pinnacle of Protestant Ascendancy. He was once, 'tis said, fond of flowers; but his passion, strange to say, subsequently centred in one—the soft green of universal nature became less pleasing in his eyes than the brilliant hue of the orange lily; in his leisure from the Year-books he applied himself to the improvement of that Netherland exotic with all the devotion of an horticulturist; and in the spring exhibition at the Castle he generally was rewarded for the amplitude and brilliancy of his production. That emblem of benevolence is now gone, but the spirit of enthusiasm for its beauty and fascination still survives in him unimpaired. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici," somewhere observes, "This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of the plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recal it into its stalks and leaves again." Sir Thomas, with the simplest good nature, swallowed this foolish boast of the old quack Paracelsus; but the chief, having read this passage, is trying by an alchymy of his own "to make it good by experience," in which he has the valuable co-operation of many of the Twelve; but we fear it cannot be resuscitated from its ashes, and recalled to stalks and leaves again. So often as the judicial apparatus is applied and the vivifying process is attempted, Baron Richards comes in the shape of a discordant gas, and all is resolved to its first elements. He is unsparing in condemnation of the noxious policy that would nurture such national pestilences instead of a rich harvest of generous fruit. Here the chief

and he are sometimes a little lax of concord, but on all other occasions there is no visible mark of interruption. The continual stream of freezing irony and sardonism that flowed round the lips of the former is gone ; while the lofty and heroic sense of disdain that wrapped the latter has graduated gently to the pleasing salutation of " my learned brother."

The most memorable achievement of Baron Richards, and one which augurs of his great future utility, was his progress on the last Munster circuit. Peculating grand juries—ignave and ignorant magistrates—arrogant corporate functionaries—came alike within the stroke of his energetic condemnation : he spared no censure where criminality was palpable—he withheld no admonition where reformation was possible. For the first time since the introduction of English legislation the people beheld a judge descending from an ambitious and aristocratic mysticism, and construing the laws in favour of mercy and liberty. He understood the true spirit and policy of that noble maxim of antiquity "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*"—let the first of all laws be the safety of the people ; and accordingly, in a spirit worthy his tenderness and wisdom, he stood between many-handed Oppression and suffering Persecution. His career from Clare to Cork was a magnificent ovation of justice. Impartial right was never balanced with such judicial purity and intrepidity. The stern severity of criminal legislation was relaxed with a charity worthy of the beneficence of Sir Samuel Romilly, without in the least degree marring its utility. He was unrelenting to guilt, while innocence found in him all the ardour of an advocate. In Ennis, when the presentments of the grand jury were laid before him, he did not hesitate to express his indignant surprise at the enormous tax levied on so small a county. In Limerick, the insolence and inactivity of the mayor, who had not been used to judicial reprimands, were met with a stern authoritative rebuke. In Kerry, his sense of justice was rendered still more remarkable by opening the prison-doors to twelve rape captives ; and in this he acted on a keen and clear knowledge of human nature. By any person who has witnessed the disgusting means and pernicious ends of such prosecutions in Ireland, unmitigated censure awaits them ; they are neither more nor less than proposals extraordinary for marriage by destitute females—partners for life are wanted, and they are reckless of the mode, so they secure the object. The culprit had the melancholy choice of the patent-trap or the connubial embrace of an unrelenting prosecutrix. Marriages were so contracted—based on immorality, crime, and hatred—which are productive of the most fearful social effects—never-ending jars were sure to ensue, and the holiness of marriage was profaned by such coerced connexion. How often has innocence died the death of the unrighteous, under the unshaken testimony of false, though firm, prostitution ?—or, trembling at an association with the guilty—standing before the throne of justice and surrounded with its awful and solemn forms—a judge and jury whom he had never before known or seen—a prosecutrix with a well-digested tale which, by accident, may impose on both—the strong and fearful anxiety that " rocks the heart against the ribs " during that momentous struggle for life and death—how often have these weighed

on the guiltless, and thrown him into the arms of her he abhors rather than face the terrors of that scene, though he might come out pure from the crucible? *

* Baron Richards has not escaped censure for his humanity and shrewd knowledge of nature on this subject. Perhaps the mode of conducting Kerry rapes will be illustrated in the subsequent report, and his justification will at once be allowed. But in Cork, where genuine cases of this fearful crime came before him, he at once suspended his feelings of mercy, and handed over the guilty to the "last resort" of the law; and he was always cautious to distinguish between the atrocities of the former and such exhibitions as the following:

Jeremiah Courtney was indicted for a rape on Honoria Murrinane.

Mr. BENNETT, (one of the Crown Counsel,) had the prosecutrix called two or three times, but she did not appear, and there being no evidence against the prisoner, Baron Richards directed the jury to return a verdict of "Not Guilty," which they accordingly did, and the prisoner was discharged.

Michael Sullivan was indicted for a rape on Catherine Sullivan. This case lasted a considerable time; it was also taken up by the Crown Counsel and Solicitor. Mary Sullivan, a sister of the prosecutrix's, was one of the witnesses examined for the Crown; she could not, however, refrain from laughing whenever she looked at the prisoner, and laughed very heartily, when she was desired to put the rod on his head.

BARON RICHARDS charged for an acquittal, and the jury without difficulty found a verdict of "Not Guilty."—Prisoner discharged.

Murto Sheeban was indicted for a rape on Catherine Whooloban. The prosecutrix stated that prisoner had been courting her for several years, and had often promised "to make a married woman of her," he had, however, latterly deserted her, and taken up with some other woman. She swore that he committed the offence on last harvest (August.) She admitted that she did not go before a magistrate till after she had heard it given out, on the Saturday following, that he had married, or was to be married, to another; she then went, the Monday after, to the magistrates and told her story. She had given and lent the prisoner money, from time to time, and he had occasionally kissed her; she had, however, frequently gone to the prisoner's house to see him, he being a single man, and he had frequently gone to the house of the prosecutrix. Edward Quick, a brother-in-law of the prosecutrix, stated, that she had often told him prisoner had attempted to ravish her during their acquaintance, but that until the last time she had always been able to get the better of him. There was a great deal of other evidence in this case.

BARON RICHARDS told the jury this could not, in any view of the subject, be considered as a case of rape, and ordered the jury to acquit prisoner, which they accordingly did.

Denis Griffin was indicted for a rape on Mary Griffin.

Mr. BENNETT, (one of the counsel for the Crown,) required the prosecutrix should be sworn, but she declined to take the book.

BARON RICHARDS.—Unless you submit to be sworn and give evidence in this case, I shall be obliged to commit you to the dock.

THE PROSECUTRIX (per Interpreter).—Very well, my lord; I am content to go there. (A laugh.)

Mr. BENNETT.—I should wish this case to stand over for to-morrow, if your lordship pleases.

BARON RICHARDS.—I cannot permit that, Mr. Bennett; the prisoner is given in charge to the jury, and I shall require them to find a verdict of guilty or not guilty.

Mr. BENNETT.—Then, my lord, I must insist on the witness being sworn.

The book was here again handed to the witness, but she said, through the interpreter, that she would much rather be minding her child than prosecuting the prisoner.

BARON RICHARDS.—What child are you talking of?

PROSECUTRIX.—Through the interpreter.—A child, my lord, that I had by the prisoner about two years and a half ago.

BARON RICHARDS.—Why the rape in this case, Mr. Bennett, is laid on the 29th of September last; and surely you cannot expect a conviction against the prisoner, when the young woman had been with him so long before.

Mr. BENNETT.—My lord, I don't see why we should not have a conviction, the prisoner may have committed the offence charged in September last, notwithstanding what appears.

Such were the motives that operated on the reflecting mind of Baron Richards to put a check to those monstrous fictions that dishonoured the land and demoralised society; and this salutary preventive has been productive of consequences precious for the public character and wholesome for their morality. In Kerry, the "region of rapes," not a single committal stands for trial; so that in a few months his fine determination has produced fruits pleasing to the eye and taste of humanity. But Kerry has been rendered the memorable field of another vast reformation. Local justice has been filtered through his judgment and purified. Whether from indolence—a vice not unalien to the Irish magistracy—or a disposition to promote party interests—the more probable alternative—the most trivial offences were returned to the assize for adjudication, though summary jurisdiction or the assistant-barrister might snaffle the offender—both these they heroically disdained: the enormous theft of a twopenny loaf or an ozier twig from the manorial forests of Lord This or the Hon. Mr. That was dispatched to minimise the limestone of the county gaol, with all the accompanying pomp and circumstance of a score of green pigeons—this turbulent member of society was maintained six months at the expense of the county—the crown solicitor made up fifty folio briefs—the crown lawyers pocketed heavy fees—the criminal was arraigned

BARON RICHARDS.—Such a thing is possible, but not very probable under the circumstances; however, I must send the case to the jury—or if your prosecutrix won't give evidence, I must direct an acquittal.

MR. BENNETT.—Then, my lord, it is my duty to apply to the Court to order the prosecutrix to stand committed.

BARON RICHARDS.—Indeed, Mr. Bennett, I will do no such thing. I will never send a woman to gaol, who having had a child by a man two years and a half ago, refuses to swear a rape against him, alleged to have been committed in September last.

His lordship then told the jury there was no evidence against the prisoner, and they were bound to acquit him—which they accordingly did, and thereupon the prisoner was discharged.

The case of another man whose name we were unable to collect, was then called on, but the prosecutrix declined to prosecute: she said she was married.

BARON RICHARDS.—What am I to do, Mr. Bennett, in this case? I cannot examine a wife against her husband.

MR. BENNETT.—No, my lord; but those rapes are very serious matters, and they are very prevalent in this county; and strong measures should be resorted to to prevent their so frequent recurrence.

BARON RICHARDS.—I don't think they are rape cases at all: they are cases when girls swear informations for the purpose of getting husbands, and in my opinion should be discouraged instead of encouraged. I have often heard that Kerry cows and other cattle are less here than in other countries, and perhaps those rape cases belong to the same genus; they are Kerry rapes, but I don't think they could be considered as rapes elsewhere. The prisoner in this case was also acquitted and discharged.

MR. BENNETT.—When your lordship is a little better acquainted with those kind of cases, your lordship will, I think, see the necessity of taking them up.

BARON RICHARDS.—I am not so inexperienced, Mr. Bennett, in those kind of cases as you seem to imagine; I have directed, while Attorney-General, the whole of the sessions' prosecutions, and Circuit prosecutions for all Ireland, except the Munster circuit; the prosecutions upon that circuit I did not advise, the papers not having been laid before me, and I am now well pleased that it so happened, as I should not wish, filling the situation I now do, as Judge of Assize, to be too much behind the scenes; but I know the character of those imputed rape cases well, and do not think that such prosecutions, generally speaking, are to be encouraged.

with a solemnity worthy of the high court of Lilliput, and was either acquitted or remitted for a week or month. But a heavy calendar tells forcibly on the ear of distant and credulous England—rich packing for the red box of a coercing minister—nutritive food for cold calumnies on an oppressed people. This did not escape the sedulous inquisitiveness of Baron Richards, and he visited the odious stratagem with the most bitter and cutting animadversions. He read the local functionaries a lesson they will not soon cease to remember, and filled the hearts of the masses with joy and thanksgiving. Future calendars will be a more just criterion of national guilt. In Cork he held the scales with the same Astræan impartiality, and inoculated the magistracy with a proper sense of their duties. Thus terminated his first tour of justice, as beneficent as memorable. The popular pulse beat low, from a long and maddening series of aggressions on public and individual liberty, but his firm wisdom has restored it to a true and healthy tone. The fruits will be apparent in the lightest amount of guilt ever perhaps exhibited in that populous province.

He is not content with the old frigid notions of one-sided right which prevailed in those days never to be recalled without a blush—the days of dwarfish justice and gigantic wrong—the days of insensate hearts and selfish minds—the golden days of the bigot, the oppressor, and slave. He boldly carried the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses where the holy flame of justice rarely ever shone. He came forth as a missionary, to teach men the pure doctrines contained in the laws—he had glad tidings to announce, and he is restless till the full accomplishment of his humane mission. He has not that sinister tendency of the understanding that can only discover what is pernicious in legislation; his intellectual retina can take in its whole spirit and intendment, and in this he differs from many of his judicial brethren as much as the packed essence differs from a diluted mixture. Silly technicalities and lifeless constructions, which are the unproductive ashes of right—the mere dead bones of law without the power that informs and gives them life—he disdains. He searches for the legislative spirit by which they are animated, and metes out justice according to the true intent of the donor, acting on the correct principle that the supremacy or authority of laws does not lie in the impress of type alone, but in the sense and spirit from which they derive their real existence. His ideas of administrative right are living, life-generating, containing their own reason, infused with their own truth, and bearing unerring testimony of their own soundness. On the bench he is shrewd, cautious, and circumspect; and there it is delightful to witness his honourable anxiety for the elimination of what is just—not that the Chief Baron is not circumspect, or Baron Pennefather able and penetrating; for no man can see deeper at a glance into the heart of a case than that worthy man and good judge; but he is not so profoundly skilled in judicial practice as his more knowing brethren. But we must except another learned Baron, who appears anxious to give reality to the paradox of the elder Scaliger, “that it is impossible to become eminently distinguished without the fortitude of remaining ignorant of many things.” Now whether he has attained that “eminent dis-

inction" in law, we shall not determine; but inviolably true it is, that he has had the courage, or something else, to continue ignorant of many practical matters in that court over which he presides with such solemnity; and now that we have him "in vinculis," we shall use him for a comparison. If a man entered his court for the first time, and heard him speak, the hearer would feel inclined to clothe him with the attributes of vast professional knowledge, after the fashion, however, of Coleridge's judgment on Johnson: "he creates a powerful impression by saying common things in the most uncommon way." He will envelope a common rule in a network of proud, ambitious phraseology, but the husk is clearly discernible through the interstices. He is, however, not without his use—like a pleasant discord in music, which saves the Court from the dull monotony which would otherwise oppress it. Baron Richards, on the contrary, pursues the trite path—common words for common things—his sentiments are never habited in gaudy and insipid rhetoric—his strong conceptions are never diluted with a flood of oppressive verbosity, and he stands an example worthy of imitation to the intolerable prolixity and involved redundancy that characterise many of the leaders of the bar. His language is always simple, and free from sententious declamation, preserving a perfect distinction between the thoughts, words, and matter of observation, unambitious of more than plainness that guides and enlightens, rather than dazzles or over-awes. Whether he cannot, like Smelfungus, attain the purple elevation, or because he foolishly imagines that ornate phraseology is unfitted for a man of sense, and that true eloquence consists more in saying what ought to be said, than in striving to say what ought not to be said; it is true he has little fancy, or epigrammatic point, which, though beauties in style and an help to argument when used with moderation, are apt to overrun the entire, and usurp the place of grander and more simple excellencies; but their absence may be considered peculiarities that characterise, rather than imperfections which detract from, merit. His arguments appear to have been diligently meditated and carefully arranged rather than conceived with quickness and poured forth in conviction of their infallibility; and he shows an anxiety that nothing necessary should be omitted rather than that superfluity should be excluded. He breaks a subject into as many distinct parts as it contains, and makes each the subject of a vigorous and searching examination—casts a quick and penetrating glance over facts and data, and draws conclusions with rapidity and precision. Few have more expertness in seizing, and dexterity in pursuing, a question. Habits of composure, method, self-command, (remining one of the firm language of Cicero—"Erat in verbis gravitas—et facile dicebat—et auctoritatem naturalem quandam habebat oratio;") together with a sincerity and open-heartedness of manner, and an apparently thorough conviction of being in the right, are his distinguishing characteristics. His legal language has a clear Isocratic correctness—it is a master-piece of ratiocination, in which the sentences are generally long, but so perspicuous in consequence of their logical structure, that they are at once intelligible; and when he turns into originality of thought, your admiration will be no less excited by

its profundity than by its acuteness. Whenever the usual solemnity of his lofty and enlightened intellect is interrupted by a fine warm fervour, and he is hurried into an impassioned delivery of his sentiments, even then, when the tongue does not wait on the slow suggestions of the judgment, he never deviates from that clear correctness which is eminently characteristic of his mind in repose. He maintains a perpetual war with the sinuous gentlemen who are enamoured of special demurrers. Mr. N——, an acute lawyer, but as pregnant with tortuous shifts and distinctions, imperceptible to all but himself, as ever found a hiding place in the lurking recesses of a special pleader's breast—one of those men, happily hit off by Bacon, "who are never without a difference, and commonly by amusing men with a subtlety, endeavour to blanch the matter." He often brings his armoury of intricate argument into the Exchequer to work out a chink in a plea or other process; and it is amusing to watch the wrestle between the firmness of the Baron and the astuteness of the pleader. The latter lays down one principle, and fortifies it with a shadowy wall of authorities from Ludwich to Welsby—it is demolished in a breath: another and another—they meet with the same fatal treatment, till at length the cumbrous mass of well-contrived argument, but based on unjust principles, like the empire of the czars at no distant day, tumbles by its own weight, as well as the fire of Baron Richards. He never indulges in the refinements of abstruse speculation from that correct repugnance to subterfuges which is generally the result of a powerful understanding, as well as imbibed from a long and various experience. A sagacious and severely inflexible judge, not only of the rights of men, but of the motives and principles that influence and direct their conduct, he sternly rebukes turpitude in others, for his own purity has triumphantly withstood the strongest and severest tests of probity. The mediocrity of his means in early life, and the uncertain income of an incipient profession, never weakened his integrity, or lowered the proud dignity of his manly independence. His moral principles shared the strength of his understanding, disinterestedness, determination, and pride—not the meagre filigree work of vanity, but that solid persuasion which originates in a consciousness of superiority in some of the most valuable qualities of man. At the bar no man could say that John Richards exceeded the bounds of generous rivalry, or overstepped the limits of professional propriety, even when most provoked. The sober habits of his life, and a proud regard for his own feelings, enabled him to form too high an estimate of the feelings of others to wound them in open attack, or make them fester with wanton insinuations. Possessed of a conscience, uncontaminated beyond the ordinary measure of human allotment, his life proved what fallacious moralists are too often found to question—that purity is not phantasmal—that virtue is not visionary—and that both are within the reach of every man who has the fortitude to cultivate them. His mind is of that calm, luminous, and orderly character, which unites composed dignity with benignity of temper, and his reason is not less vigorous than his understanding is acute. His eloquence is lucid, bold, and solid, so that you would imagine (to use the beautiful illustration of Lord Mansfield's oratory

by Sir James Mackintosh) "that its office was only to interpret and adorn reason." As a magistrate, even in the first year of his high office, he is memorable, and seems likely to realise what for centuries has been as rare as national prosperity to Ireland—the perfect model of a judge. We have had judges, men of unquestionable power and capacity, who drank deep of the waters of the law; but they returned them to the public in scanty and bitter draughts—the process of the camel did not, manifestly, take place in their judicial stomachs. Instead of enlarging and liberalising the miserable narrowness and pernicious austerities of ancient legislation, which would have healed many an acid jar, and promoted the general good without impairing the utility, or infringing the emoluments, of the bar, an inclination the most natural to great minds, they preferred to leave things as they were, or rather distort them from their primary intentment; but the present generation of magistrates is more just, and we hope they will soon unanimously concur in the just opinion of Baron Richards, that the end of all legislative enactments is individual right, and public liberty unrestricted by the impure considerations of party; and that he best discharges the duty of a great magistrate who employs every resource necessary to that end, which is unprohibited by the rules of morality, or the real spirit and policy of the law. "Reform," says an illustrious lawyer and philosopher, "without bravery, or scandal of times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself to create good precedents as to follow them; reduce things to the right, and see wherein they have degenerated." Wise and just sentiments! If in England, where liberality generally characterised the path of the laws, such was necessary, how much more in Ireland! In our unfortunate country, where the voice of the turtle of peace has long ceased to sing in the land—where persecution, driven from almost all corners of Europe, found a permanent resting-place—where the lawn of the bishop, and the ermine of the judge, were spotted with blood—where law, justice, the ends of all government—the first objects of civilised society were tortured from their original high and sacred purposes to erect the gallows—to wield the scourge—to point the assassin's dagger or the yeoman's musket—tremendous sanction of all that engenders and diffuses national ruin!—an aristocracy more haughty than the Roman, without any of its pretensions, and nurtured into vice by protracted impunity from oppression—a people, the noblest material for a nation on the earth, forming the last links in the great chain of civilisation, and debased by the unbroken brutality of oppression! This is no vision—no theory—men come and witness the foul deeds. The moment of virtue in '82, (and it was one unsurpassed for its rapidity and momentous glory in the records of man,) was not the achievement of the whole nation, although for all. This state of ruin demands the attention of legislator and judge; but with the former we have now nothing to do—our task is with the latter. To effect these reforms Ireland looks at least to one righteous judge. She looks to him, with the exalted enthusiasm of hope already realised, to stand between her and injury. The arm of one man is weak; but the reason, the knowledge, the energetic eloquence of one man are strong. Opinion has rendered the human mind more plastic to

the impressions of truth. May the ermined twelve profit by the general progression! One at least has—he is firm. A kind of temporary half faith—the prevailing leaven of the doctrines of the day—finds no abode among the virtues of Baron Richards: he scorns the sinister and crooked wisdom of concealment: he deals not in the varnished and worthless wares of smooth plausibilities, neither strives to gain assent to his opinions, or slide into those of others by cajolery or concession; but no matter what may be the concords or sympathies of his learned brethren, he has his own opinions well digested, well balanced; and he utters them with the fearless intrepidity of a mind that disdains the contamination of party, and seeks only how the law may descend into the relations of man, not pointed with animosities or acerbities, but dropping from its wings the healing unguent of mercy and justice. Such is Baron John Richards, on whose grave the noble pentameter of the poet may be safely inscribed—

“ *Malis temporibus ausus es esse bonus.*”

BOYHOOD.

O, blessed boy, how full of joy,
 And buoyant life art thou!
 Not yet dependent upon hope.
 Thy world is Eden now.
 Thy thoughts are cast upon no past—
 Thou hast not to complain,
 Of being, as a barren waste,
 Of languor and of pain.

Thine eyes are bright, thy smiles are light,
 Thou drest not of care;
 Fierce passion lights not in thy breast
 The beacon of despair.
 But thou must grow, must have, and know,—
 Thy heart must be engrossed,
 With hope's warm blessings undefined,
 And memories of the lost.

I gaze on thee, and hear and see,
 And feel what I have been;
 And memories come from myriad things
 Which may no more be seen.
 With what is gained my heart is pained,
 And what has been resigned;
 For sorely pays the bleeding heart
 For treasures of the mind.

The ebbing tide swells back with pride—
 The bird, forewarned, that flies
 Before the wild and wintry blast,
 Will come with summer skies:
 But thou, my heart! canst have no part
 In this sweet scene I see;
 For never, like returning spring,
 Can boyhood come o'er thee.

RICHARD HOWITT.

NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

THE BURNING SHIP.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Ere now you have heard of the lamentable catastrophe of the old Charlotte, and the miraculous preservation of your friend. I will, as far as I can collect my ideas, give you a faint description of the horrid scene that keeps my brain in a whirl of agitation, and will ever remain while memory holds her seat. With many of the officers I was on shore at Leghorn, intending to accompany a large party to the opera, when a rumour reached me that the ship was ordered to sea, under Captain Todd. Upon this I walked to the admiral's palazzo, and received notice to join instantly, as she was then unmooring. With a few, hastily collected, we repaired on board, leaving many young midshipmen, that had strayed away, God knows where, a-shore, found the ship a stay peak, and heard the "Pipe all hands—make sail a-hoy—let fall—sheet home, and hoist away," and our beautifully-cut canvas stretched upon our square yards, decorated our taper masts, with the celerity of a well-organised ship, thick and dry for weighing. "Brace the yards for casting to starboard," said Captain Todd; "and heave and a-weigh." The drums and fifes struck up "Coil away the Hawser," and the measured tramp of the men gave life and jollity to the scene, and was an excellent accompaniment to the heart-inspiring tune. "She is a-weigh, sir," said the officer of the forecastle to the first lieutenant, as the noble ship fell gracefully off to starboard, who, returning the salute, reported the same to the captain; and he, pacing the deck, looked a noble sea-officer of large proportions. And now, to reflect, that that godlike form is reduced to ashes, the muscles that gave Herculean strength to the goodly fabric shrivelled to nothing by intense heat, the very bones calcined, and the whole shapeless mass of ashes buried in the ocean's depth—but I am anticipating. At four that morning, having kept the middle watch, I left the goodly ship under her courses and top-gallant sails "ploughing the waters like a thing of life," a breeze having just sprung up, as she had been becalmed most of the night. The lighthouse was full in view, and not far distant. At six I was awoke from a deep sleep by the firing of guns that, from their contiguity, shook my cot. Alarmed at such an unusual circumstance, and with the hurried feet of men running to and fro, I made to the ward-room door, upon opening which, a dense volume of thick black smoke drove me back, half-suffocated and bewildered. I ran to the weather-quarter gallery; and there, O God! what a sight burst on my view! The flames that rose from the quarter-deck, and gave it the appearance of the crater of a volcano, had just reached the mainsail; their glare was reflected strongly on the agitated faces of hundreds of men assembled on the forecastle. "There is Dundas," said Lieutenant Erskine to me, for he had joined

me in his shirt, in the quarter-gallery, "there is Dundas, on the fore-castle, endeavouring to let go the anchors; I will join him or perish."

"Better join the launch," said I, which, full of men, was making her best efforts, with only one oar, to increase her distance from the burning ship. Amidst the roar of artillery and the cries of despair, I heard the manly tones of Captain Todd's voice over my head; what he said I could not make out; but poor Erskine, who was immoderately fat for a lieutenant, made his ascent to the quarter-deck bulwarks, along which he was climbing. The ship lurched to leeward, the bulwarks gave way with a horrid crash, and disclosed what might have passed for the mouth of hell, into which my poor friend was hurried in an instant. I heard his agonised cry, as the flame, like the tongue of a serpent, lapped him in its folds; I saw his last despairing glance thrown upon me, and the bright glow of the furnace threw a more lurid glare as it enveloped him. O God! it was a sickening sight! The sea was covered with struggling sailors; the few boats that ventured near, under a heavy fire, which the guns, that were all shotted, sent forth, were full, to sinking. Some of our young midshipmen were in these boats, and forced the cowardly Italians into the fire at the point of their dirks. Both anchors were now cut away, and the noble ship swung head to wind in consequence. I found my post much incommoded by the smoke and flames that were now blown aft, and with the short ejaculation used by the publican and sinner, which came from my heart, I plunged into the water and struck out for the launch.

"There is no room, and we cannot take you in," said many voices from the boat. "Keep off, on your peril!" said a discordant one, as I grasped the gunnel of the well-filled boat, and a heavy blow broke two of the fingers of my right hand, and made me relinquish my hold. I then swam alongside the boat, and entreated them to save me. Though a few, with the generous quality that characterises British seamen, would have risked the safety of the boat in my favour, still the majority were against me; and the ruffian who had disabled my hand sat watching me, ready to repeat the blow. To depict my feelings in this tremendous scene!—they can be imagined, but not described. Under the stern of the burning ship, that was discharging her hundred and thirty guns, were seen hundreds of men, swimming and floating on spars; in the distance, vessels afraid of venturing near the shot and expected explosion of the magazines; here and there a few Italian boats, with a young midshipman, at the point of his dirk, urging them to save the drowning; one or two from English merchantmen, regardless of all danger, loading with the swimmers, and dashing into the mouth of danger to receive those who, unable to swim, had hung on the blazing ship to the last. The flames now shot high above the mast-head, and reminded me of an eruption I had once viewed of Etna. It was very terrible, joined to the cries of the young, the groans of the wounded, and the shouts and yelling of the burning. Finding myself much exhausted, I struck out for a man I saw on a grating. "Hillo, shipmate," said he, "keep clear, for it is too small for both of us; boat a-hoy!" hailing one of the English ones, "boat a-hoy! if you have room for a spare hand, pick up this poor devil; as

for me, I am doing well, and shall make the Isle of Gorgona in three hours." Upon which he spread his neckkerchief with his teeth and hands as a sail, and squatted on the grating apparently at his ease.

As I was giving up hope, which in general is slow to desert me, the boat with the captain of the after-guard of the starboard watch—for it was the veteran John Nailor, that had pointed me out for succour—hailed me in just in time to prevent me from sinking, for I had struggled with many a drowning wretch, who clutched me, as men in that state will, and in consequence I had imbibed a quantity of water. I was roused from my torpid state by the blowing up of the after magazine, which detached the whole of her stern-frame from the body of the now splendid luminary, that gave an idea of a world in conflagration. She now majestically raised her bow high in the air, with her tapering lofty masts and submerged stern, going down gracefully in the "deep deep sea." Every cry was hushed, and people held their breath, as this beautiful fabric of human creation buried itself in the waves, and created an immense commotion in the agitated waters. A tremendous concussion followed, and 'Stand clear' was shouted from the overloaded boats, as the mainmast descended from the immense height to which it was blown by the grand magazine exploding under water; had it taken place above, nothing could have survived the concussion. Down it came, with a horrible crash, tearing all before it, and put an end to the miseries of a hundred half-drowned wretches.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will see by the above that I am partially recovering from the extreme depression caused by the horrid calamity detailed in my last. That dreadful scene of conflagration is ever before my eyes, and my nervous system (if sailors are allowed to have nerves) will take some time to recover the shock. I still see the falling of our poor friend Lieutenant * * * * * into the blazing furnace, reflecting a strong light on his agitated countenance, as he turned it full upon me, filled with undescribable horror—the piercing and agonised shriek, to which I involuntarily responded, is for ever ringing in my ears—the darting of the forked flames, from yard to yard and mast to mast, till they soared above the clouds and illuminated the most minute object, making all as distinct as the meridian sun—the numberless sinking and struggling sailors—their despairing imprecations when beaten off from the already-overloaded boats. One of them, I am told, in a violent paroxysm of madness, before he jumped overboard, deliberately broke the thigh-bones of a boy, and threw him into the boiling waters. You will recollect our old messmate, young Smithers, the doctor's son; nearly exhausted, he caught at, and grasped, an oar pulled by a person we both know without much esteeming. This person, I am informed, cruelly shook him off to certain destruction, and flew to save a much greater man, whom he had seen lower himself from the bowsprit. He was successful, and I have no doubt promotion will be his reward. The last sight of poor Captain Todd was on the poop. He then, half clad, had pistols in his hands, preventing the quarter cutters

from being lowered, and endeavouring to drive the men, intent on escape, to their duty. Poor gentleman! he was a gallant and good man, and fell a victim to the all-devouring flames.

The cause of this calamity is, I believe, truly stated; that the ships being ordered so suddenly to sea obliged them to press the hay intended for the cabin and wardroom stock, all night. When daylight broke, our old shipmate Robinson, called by us, as you will recollect, Bonaparte, from his dashing appearance, and wearing his cocked-hat fore and aft, like a midshipman with money in both pockets, being mate of the morning watch, commenced washing the deck. Having swabbed the larboard side, he directed the loose hay to be moved over from the starboard, in order that it might go through the same process. In the hurry of moving it was crowded on the match-tub, in which was the lighted match, placed under the sentinel's charge at the admiral's cabin-door, (every night a great quantity being so placed,) without observing the match. It soon burnt into a blaze, and the quarter-deck was in flames before any check could be given. This confined the captain and wardroom officers abaft, and the only one on the forecastle was the Hon. L. Dundas, who let go the anchors, and kept the fire from spreading forward by the ship's swinging head to wind; therefore most of the men saved were on the forecastle. Had it been an English port, as we were not far from it, many more would have escaped with life. But the Italians were afraid of the shot that were dropping in all directions, as the ship swung, and looked on prudence as the better part of valour. They had likewise a well-founded horror of our magazines that could not be flooded, and which blew the lower masts high into the air, occasioning great destruction to the half-drowned and struggling swimmers. I am told, that as Lord Keith, after sending out everything from the mole that was fit for sea, stood on the outer battery, and through his glass saw the destruction of his noble ship, the finest in the British navy, the burning of his gallant captain, lieutenant * * * * *, and other officers, with hundreds of his men, his feelings quite unmanned him; and the big tears which coursed each other down his aged cheeks, with his convulsive sobs, attested the acuteness of his sufferings. He is a kind and amiable man, and has lost about six thousand pounds in plate and stock. But you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself, as the *Foudroyant* is intended to take his flag; when, my dear friend, we shall have opportunity for many a long yarn on this melancholy subject, which is always uppermost in my thoughts. Would to God I could forget the heart-breaking sights I was then a spectator of! they haunt me even in sleep.

Yours, ever truly,

* * * * *

THE GALE.

In the latter end of the month of January 1801, the day dawned with every indication of bad weather—the mass of dense and heavy clouds, piled upon each other, occupied all space to the south-west—the sun in his course looked with a fiery aspect—and the sea-fowl, with the wonderful instinct that puzzles the wise, from their fore-

knowledge of the storm, came screaming in upon the land—the wind blew fiercely, and in fearful gusts—the labouring clouds seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts, and distant thunder rolled along the horizon—the masses of clouds, as they sailed along the ocean, nearly shut out the light of day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour: they were illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they moved onwards from the south-west, they shot down vivid streams which, at times, pierced the waters like quivering blades of fire; again the electric fluid took an horizontal direction through the skies, and its dazzling streak fluttered like a radiant streamer, until it lost itself among the clouds. Comparative darkness came on with a suddenness that I never before had observed, and the gusts were terrific. During this elemental war the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, and the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, closely crammed in men-of-war, (*armés en flute*), and transports to the number of two hundred sail, were carrying a heavy press of canvas to claw off a lee shore: that shore was Caramania, in Asia Minor, a most mountainous, well-wooded, black-looking coast. We were in search of Marmorice harbour, the appointed rendezvous of the Egyptian expedition; and the Asiatic pilots, frightened at the dangerous position of the fleet in this tremendous weather, lost the little knowledge they had formerly possessed of this unfrequented and frowning coast, whose mountains towered high above the clouds, on which no vestige of human life could be seen. Every glass, in the clearance between the squalls, was eagerly turned upon the precipitous shore, upon which the heavy waves beat with most horrific grandeur. It was self-evident to the meanest capacity, that unless the harbour could be entered before night, the transports filled with British warriors would be wrecked on the lee shore, with no chance of assistance. The men-of-war, by dint of carrying sail, might claw off; but the great majority of this fine army would in a few hours become food for the monsters of the deep, or the ferocious and ravenous tenants of the vast forests that seemed interminable to our straining sight. As each withdrew his glass, with a disappointed look, the longitude of their countenances increased, and the round faced, laughing midshipman, lost his disposition for fun and frolic, and all at once became a reflecting, sedate personage.

The admiral, on whom all the responsibility rested, endeavoured to assume the calmness of tone and manner, that the honesty of his open nature would not brook; his agitation was visible in the contortions of his venerable countenance, and the sudden starts of his nervous system. “Fire a gun, and hoist a signal of attention to the fleet,” said his lordship.

“They have all answered, my lord,” said the officer of the signal department.

“Now, Mr. Stains, be particular; ask if any one is qualified to lead into Marmorice.”

As the negative flag flew at the mast-head of the men-of-war, every countenance proportionally fell. At length, with heartfelt joy, I proclaimed, that one of our sloops had hoisted her affirmative.

"Who is she, youngster? D——n it, boy, do not keep me in suspense."

"The Petrel, my lord."

I saw an ejaculation of thankfulness rise warm from the heart to the lips of Lord Keith, as he piously raised his eyes and pressed his hand on his heart. "Signal for the fleet to bear up, make more sail and follow the Petrel," said Lord Keith; "Captain Inglis may be depended on." And we shook out a reef, and set the maintop-gallant sail, which soon closed our leader in the Petrel. As we approached this mountainous and novel land, the idea (and it was an astounding one) seemed to dwell on and occupy the most unreflecting mind, that should Captain Inglis be wrong, every ship, with twenty-five thousand men, would be the sacrifice of such error. Lord Keith ordered the signal of attention with the Petrel's pendants. "Captain Inglis, your responsibility is awful," said the telegraph. "Are you perfectly certain of the entrance of Marmorice?"

"Perfectly sure," said the answer, "and right a-head."

"Signal officers on the fore-yard, with their glasses," said the admiral; and slinging our telescopes we ascended: indeed it was time, for now the roar of the waves, as they broke on the coast, throwing their spray on high, conveyed a dismal idea of our impending fate.

"A narrow entrance a-head," called the signal-lieutenant, Stains.

"Do the midshipmen make out the same?"

"We all of us discern it, my lord," shouted the whole at the very extent of our voices.

"God be praised for this great mercy!" ejaculated his lordship, uncovering and bowing his head with great devotion; and I do aver and believe that the grateful sentiment pervaded every heart in the Foudroyant.

The entrance of Marmorice now became distinctly visible to all on deck, from the contrast of the deep still water to the creamy froth on the shore; and the signal for the fleet to crowd all sail for the port in view, and the men-of-war to haul their wind, until the merchantmen had entered the channel, was flying at the Foudroyant's mast-head, as she shot into the gut of Marmorice. The tremendous mountains overshadowed us, and seemed inclined, from their great height, to come thundering down upon us like the destructive avalanches in the mountains of Switzerland. We now entered the spacious and splendid harbour, circular in its form, and more than twenty miles in circumference. It created great astonishment from its vast magnitude, being capable of containing all the ships in the world, and from its mountainous shore with immense forests. In so small a nook as to be nearly invisible, stands on a rock a fort, and a few wretched houses, surrounded by a high wall, I conjecture for the purpose of keeping out the wild beasts, which seemed here lord of the ascendant. This fortification displayed the Crescent, and was saluted with eleven guns, as we took up anchorage, closely followed by our numerous fleet. Scarcely had we moored, when the heavy masses of clouds that had rested on and capped the high land, now opened upon us in earnest, and the forked lightnings darted among the fleet with fatal effect. The gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and blew from all points

of the compass ; the flakes of ice, for they were too large to be called hail, came down with such prodigious force as to destroy man and beast ; and whoever witnessed that storm, could entertain no doubt of a special Providence in the affairs of men. We were all safe moored, and the heart expanded in thankfulness to the Eternal Power that had watched over our safety. Next morning's sun restored the usual Asiatic weather, and a venerable Turk, with a silver beard, very long, was observed pulling from their small settlement with some degree of pomp. On coming up the side, to our great astonishment, he seized the first lieutenant's hand, and in pure English, though with a strong Scottish accent, asked which was Lord Keith. This man, I heard, was of the clan of the Campbells, and had served Djezzar Pacha, the butcher of Syria, who one morning cut off his nose, and banished him from Acre, his capital. He had since risen to the rank of general in the service of the Sublime Porte, and was now sent by the sultan to concert measures with Lord Keith to expel the French from his sublime highness's territory of Egypt. His appearance fully convinced us that parting with the nose did not increase the beauty of the human face divine ; but he declared, and we fully believed him, that his old heart warmed at the sight of the tartan that covered some of the military on our deck. Preparations were now made for landing the sick, who, in the crowded state of the transports and troop ships, were numerous. The pioneers made an open space near the beach, and the sick were encamped under a strong guard, who posted sentinels thickly round the encampment.

The following night was beautifully serene, and the suns of other worlds threw their softened and pensive light on this minute speck in the boundless creation—the watch, some of whom paced the deck, castle-building, and imagining scenes of bliss that never were to be realised, while others admired the starry vault of heaven, wondering with what sort of beings yon myriads of worlds were peopled, while the talkers who could get listeners, were spinning many a long yarn of by-gone days and other scenes. Crombie, a grey-headed young gentleman, (for all midshipmen are called *young gentlemen*, and with whom the youthful lieutenant of his watch commonly created some mirth by desiring him as youngster to sheer up to the mast head and count the convoy,) now seized me by the button, by which he compelled me to listen to his yarn as follows : “ I say, youngster, that was an ugly coast we ran down upon yesterday, and reminds me of an occurrence that was particularly mournful ;” here he hemmed, and seemed to smother a sigh. “ You see, when I belonged to his Majesty's sloop—but it will be as well not to mention her name, as I cut and run one day without asking permission—well, we were cruising in the latitude, and by old Soundings, longitude, (but that by dead reckoning could not always be depended upon,) near where brother Jonathan said he had discovered a dangerous cluster of rocks, to which he had affixed the appropriate name of the ‘ Devil's Grip ;’ well, I dined in the gun-room that day, and many a hearty laugh at the Yankee notion circulated with the bottle, for the master proved, to the satisfaction of all but one at the table, that rocks cor-

not be in the open sea, so many hundred miles from any known land, and where the deep sea lead could not find bottom, and for which he had often tried in vain ; so when the caterer bowed round to signify that the mess allowance of wine, viz. a pint each person, was drunk, the first luff proposed an extra bottle while we listened to the most extraordinary youth I ever met with, as he, with fluency of speech and elegance of manner demolished the master's premises and inferences. This young gentleman was called the captain's nephew, and might, I think, have claimed nearer relationship ; he was named Paulo, after his mother, Pauline, a Neapolitan countess, who fled from a nunnery, where she had been immured without asking her consent. She must have been a beauty, for her son, though of a very fragile and delicate make, was remarkably tall and handsome, with a most expressive countenance, generally clouded with a shade of melancholy ; he was fond of gazing at the moon, and wrote a deal of poetry, comparing ladies' eyes to the bright stars that shone above him, all about love, and such other nonsense ; but our doctor, who was a learned man, pronounced it beautiful, and said he was a genius of the first order, full of susceptibility, and with nerves too finely strung for this coarse and bustling world—at all events, he was universally beloved for his gentleness and kindness of heart ; at punishment you would see him with his hands clasped and his eyes suffused with tears, looking up in his uncle's face with such an imploring look to spare the culprit, while the muscles round his well-formed mouth used to work as the sharp lash fell on the tender skin of the sufferer. The captain was a stern, unbending man, but his iron countenance softened at the visible agony of this glorious youth, who frequently gained his point, and the last dozen was remitted. He said, as far as I could understand him, that the shell of the earth was trifling compared to its interior, which was supposed to be in a state of fusion, and hence arose volcanos and earthquakes, the heaving up of lands that had been the bed of the ocean, and the submersion of others ; that the vast Atlantic itself was supposed by some philosopher to have once been habitable, and a great continent. All this was too learned, and made no impression on any one but the doctor, so we drank the captain's toast, of good afternoon, and went to our usual duty ; mine was to keep the first watch. Old Soundings, fortified by a norwester, was officer of the watch. The gale blew hard, right aft, and we were dashing through a heavy sea in merry style. 'I think, sir,' said I, addressing my officer without touching the hat, the night being too dark for him to notice the omission, (a point on which he was very particular,) 'I think, sir, that the sea seems inclined to kick up a bobbery to-night, and is rising fast.' 'I am of the same opinion, youngster ; but what is that a-head ?' At this moment the look-out man on the bowsprit sung out, 'Breakers a-head,' and was reiterated by the cat-headmen, 'Breakers on both bows,' in that indescribable tone of alarm that carries instant conviction of great danger, and causes a revulsion of the blood. This terrific announcement woke even the sleepers, for in less time than I take to tell you, every man and boy was on deck, most of them in their shirts—poor dear Paulo looking more like an aerial spright than of mortal mould, ran after the captain, who went out on the end of the bowsprit, and looked

steadily around, which required nerves of iron, for right a-head seemed a vast barrier of rocks, on which the sea was wildly breaking, throwing its white spray to the clouds, and on each side, as the mad waves receded, was seen their black tops, peeping through the creamy froth that surrounded us, the gallant ship bounding like a greyhound, at the rate of ten knots, full upon them, that would dash her to atoms, for she seemed to me to increase her speed, probably from an indraught in the reef. Then arose the wild shriek of despair from the timid, and stood still the brave; their manly brows blanched, it is true, for it was a sight of such horror, youngster, that my hair turned perfectly white, and I shut my eyes with the sinner's last ejaculation, of 'God be merciful to me,' but not before I had seen Paulo, the beautiful and good Paulo, with the scream of a maniac, jump into the boiling surf. The manly tones of the captain's voice was heard high above the roar of the breakers, 'Port the helm, port, and silence all of you—your lives depend on your steadiness and prompt obedience. Master, take the weather-wheel, and steer for an opening, two points before the starboard beam; we may find water through the reef where it does not break so heavily—brace forward the yards;' and the lee-gunnel buried itself in the agitated water, as she sprung to the wind. 'Let fly the maintop-gallant sheets,'—the sail blew to ribbons, and saved the topmast. 'Now, master, hard up with the helm, and square away the yards; send her between those high rocks where the sea does not break.' The noble ship leaped between them, while the spray from them washed some of the unnerved over the bulwarks, and their last despairing cry was drowned in the roar of the surf. She steered beautifully in the master's able hands, who had frequently declared he could turn her through the eye of a needle, and this channel between the breakers was like one, and very little wider than her main-yard. Nothing was heard from old Soundings but 'Port it is, starboard withal,' not forgetting sir, at the end of each response. As I went to assist him at the wheel, after drawing in a long breath, I heard him mutter, 'Who would have thought the Yankee notion true, but it is the Devil's Grip, and a devilish ugly one it is for sartain.' 'We are through the reef, thank Almighty God,' said the captain; and it came warm from the heart. 'Master, we will heave to till daylight.' 'Better take a larger offing,' said Soundings, 'the devil may have a young grip forming in the wake of his mother.' 'Keep a good look out for breakers,' called the captain; 'and Mr. Handsail, shorten sail for laying her to.' And we hove to; a league to leeward of the most frightful cluster of rocks that ever reared their ugly heads above the wide and open sea. 'But where is my boy, Paulo?' said the captain. I advanced, and gave my doleful story; his strong and pent-up feelings broke down in a torrent of grief, the big tears coursed each other down his weather-beaten cheeks, as he exclaimed, 'Oh! Paulo, my good and gentle son, Paulo, would to God that I had died for thee!' There is something so affecting in the grief of a strong mind like the captain's, so firm, that he retained his self-possession in the midst of scenes that paralysed the heart, and blanched the boldest front, that all shed tears that heard him exclaim in the bitter accents of heart-broken misery, that he was bereaved and desolate, and would welcome death as a cessation from intolerable anguish. I

alone stood firm, not being of the melting mood, though I dearly loved the boy, who haunts me in my sleep. I saw him last night, plain as I see you, and heard his maniac scream, as he jumped into the agitated waters."

Saying this, Crombie pulled off my button, and burst into tears. I respected his feelings too much to recal to mind his previous declaration of stoicism. "The master," said he, "called for a norwester to comfort him, saying, 'Grief always made him dry.' The captain did his duty mechanically, but the elasticity of his step, and his manly deportment, had, like his son, left him for ever. He was never after seen to smile, retired on half-pay, and soon went to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Crombie, who, under a rough exterior possessed a feeling heart, now paused in his interesting narrative of bygone days, and all on deck that were pacing to and fro stopped short, while every eye was turned on the sick camp, for from that quarter came a shrill and piercing cry, as of human agony in its last extremity, mingled with a complication of roarings and noises that baffles description. Crombie assured me (who was what he called a greenhorn, and Johnny Newcome) that the scream proceeded from an immense number of jackalls, and the other noises, that were really deafening, from the wild beasts of the forests, who had been drawn together in masses by the smell of the sick, on whom they must be meditating an attack, and from their cry he supposed them in a voracious state of hunger, and in great force, surrounding three sides of the camp, on which, making use of his expression, they meant to have a "mortal gorge," Crombie's favourite term for gluttony. The quick firing of the sentinels, and the sound of the bugle calling the troops to arms, induced Lord Keith to make the night signal for launches manned and armed with carronades, who opened with grape and cannister on the forest, and soon drove back the ferocious assailants to their native wilds, while the camp-fire threw its wild glare over the romantic scenery of this little known but wonderful piece of nature's workmanship on the grandest scale. The next day a greater clearance was effected round the camp, and quantities of fuel brought in to keep large fires burning through the darkness of night; a petty officer and two men were missing at the muster roll, and supposed to have been carried off by the monsters of the woods. Here we lay till the latter end of February, practising our intended operations of landing, repairing damages, and healing the sick, the weather delightful, and plenty of fresh provisions from the Island of Rhodes, to whose governor, the Turkish admiral acting with us, ordered a bastinado on the soles of the feet for some deficiency in the supply, and it proved a very effective mode. On the 28th of February we saw the low sandy coast of Egypt, or rather, Pompey's Pillar, near Alexandria, received the report of the blockading squadron, and anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 1st of March; unfortunately the weather came on so bad as to occasion a heavy surf on the beach, the intended scene of our operations. During the gale the Foudroyant struck heavily on the wreck of the Orient, the ship of the unfortunate Bruies, who was burnt in that celebrated action that so deservedly immortalised the name of Nelson.

KING POLYCRATES.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

He stood upon his palace wall,
His sparkling eye could hills and all
The rip'ning plains of Samos see ;
" These rich domains, so broad and fine,"
To Egypt's king, said he, " are mine—
Confess that I must happy be."

" The gods indeed have thee endow'd,
With fortune much beyond the crowd,
Thine equals once, now rank thy slaves ;
But though thy wealth such awe inspire,
I may not deem thee happy, sire,
As yet, thy rival's banner waves."

The monarch scarce reply had ended,
When breathless rush'd a slave, whose bended
Knee pliant sank, and kiss'd the ground :
" My lord, prepare ; the victim slay,
And grace the sacrifice to day,
Thy victor brow with laurel crown'd.

" Thy captain bade me speed and tell,
We met—we fought—the rebel fell—
He ne'er will wield the falchion more."
He said, and drew (the cause of dread)
From 'neath his cloak a well-known head,
Disfigur'd, reeking, mangled o'er.

And Egypt started, much amaz'd,
And on the bloody trophy gaz'd ;
" In fortune's smile do not confide,
Thy wealth's at sea—a hidden shoal—
A storm, may sink—engulf the whole ;
Thy barks are riding on the tide."

But ere his friend could well reply,
A shout like thunder rent the sky,
With joy and exultation teem'd ;
" Pregnant with gold—a mighty store,
Thy fleet hath touch'd her native shore."
The countless masts a forest seem'd.

The royal guest was nigh astounded,
" Thy luck," quoth he, " *appears* unbounded ;
Dame Fortune's fickle ; wait awhile ;
Nay, see—the wind that hither blows
Hath holpen much thy Cretan foes,
In arms they come against thine isle."

But ere these words the ear could greet,
 They view disorder 'mid the fleet,
 And "Vict'ry!" 's echoed 'long the shore;
 "Thanks to the storm—no more we feel,
 The havoc made by Cretan steel,
 The gods be praised—the war is o'er."

The king his fears could ill repress;
 "Thy fortune, truly, I confess:
 Beware, my lord—less cause to boast;
 The gods, in envy, do not rain
 A flood of joy, unmixed with pain,
 On mortals whom they favour most.

"To all my projects was the blind
 And fickle goddess more than kind,
 Then prospered every plan I laid;
 My boy was born to fill a throne,
 I saw death claim him for his own;
 And felt my debt to Fortune paid.

"Then wouldst thou shrink from future woe,
 Entreat the gods, that they bestow
 Some little pain—for sure am I,
 To whom the gods so ceaseless give,
 And lavish treasures whilst they live,
 All wretchedly, untimely die.

"Should frowning heaven thy prayer despise,
 Then let a bosom friend advise,
 Thyself can still direct the blow;
 Whate'er thou hast beneath the skies,
 Which most finds favour in thine eyes,
 Hurl in the mighty deep below!"

His friend, impressed with awe, replied,
 "Beyond the wealth my coffers hide,
 This ruby ring is dear to me;
 But since thou deem'st the gods require
 An offering rich t' appease their ire;
 Behold, I cast it in the sea."

And as the morrow's sun arose,
 A fisherman before him goes,
 And humbly doth his present bring;
 "Behold this fish, a larger yet,
 Hath ne'er been found to enter net,"
 The slave presents it to his king.

In rapture, cook the fish divided,
 Quick, sought the king—"O see what I did,
 On ripping up the belly, find;
 Behold the ring which thou didst wear,
 I split the fish and found it there,
 No limits may thy fortune bind."

But Egypt shudder'd at his side,
 "Beneath thy roof, I dare not bide,
 Our long-tried friendship ends to day;
 No tranquil death's decreed to you,
 And if I stay—I perish too!"—
 He call'd his guards, and sail'd away.

THE "BIT O' WRITIN'."

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

ON a fine morning in the month of May, Murty Meehan was occupied "threnching his little peraties." By the term "little" applied to them, Murty did not by any means wish to convey the idea that his growing staple crop was confined to a small space; for in truth the sloping potato-ridges occupied a goodly portion of the hill-side upon which they were planted; nor any apprehension that they must prove of diminutive size, owing either to his choice of seed or to an unfavourable season, or to any other cause which the uninitiated can easily imagine. His "little peraties" he, however, called them, signifying thereby (and his neighbours so understood the adjective,) first, that they were his—his own; second, that, even in embryo, he bore them a particular affection.

The French people would understand the term, in the double sense mentioned, better than the English; for among them, as we all know, *ma petite dame*, or *mon petit papa*, or *mon petit* almost anything, expresses, indifferently, simply that the object alluded to is theirs, and is little, or that it is an object of tenderness, or of interest, at least, be it little or not. But to a portion of the rather unfigurative community, for whose edification we write, it seems incumbent on us to explain why Murty Meehan applied to his fine sprouting plat of potatoes the epithet "little."

By Murty's reasoning, then, they were little; and yet almost everything to him. They were dear to Murty—dearly loved; and therefore little. They had cost him, and were costing him, considerable trouble; and, until piled up at home, or in a pit in their own soil, to protect them against the frost, would cost him a good deal more; and therefore he owed them a paternal regard. Under Providence they were to prove, for many a month after gaining maturity, the staple dish of his family, himself, and his "slip of a pig;" ay, for the whole coming year they were to stand him and his human dependents in lieu of beef, of mutton, of lamb, of veal, of venison, and of turtle; and hence they were his very, very "little peraties." And just as "little," in Murty's eyes, or according to his vocabulary, were his "little wife," (a strapping, though a simple dame,) his "little daughter," (a full-grown woman,) and his "little cow," and his "little horse," though neither animal shamed the standard proportions of its species.

Using, therefore, the term in the fond meaning infused into it by Murty Meehan, we repeat, that on a fine morning in May he was employed "threnching his little peraties:" and again we beg a word of explanation, necessary, perhaps, with some persons, to say that the operation alluded to consisted in digging between the potato-ridges, in the interstices which separated them, and throwing the fresh earth among the growing plants.

His position, as has been intimated, was on a hill-side. This hill-side sloped down to the banks of a little rivulet, covered with the freshest green grass, among which grew a profusion of wild flowers, and Murty's cabin stood within view and sound of the rippling water. Across the stream the ground again rose high, and was mostly wooded; so that our friend resided in a solitary and peculiarly beautiful little valley, owing to the curvings of which, at both sides of the stream, and upward and downward with its arbitrary course, no other dwelling could be observed from his and our point of view. A pleasing impression of lonesomeness without desolation was therefore conveyed to the mind by the simple scene; and something of the same kind might have been its attractions to the unusual numbers of small singing birds who frequented it—to the linnet, the chaffinch, the robin, the thrush, the blackbird,—to all of them, in fact, not omitting even the chirping flirting wren, who were made by Providence to pipe or twitter a single note of joy or of contentment.

So Murty Meehan's "little cabin" is situated amid features of much natural beauty, aided and heightened by cultivation; and in this case his favourite and generally-bestowed epithet came true in every sense; for "little" indeed was his mud edifice; so little, that some surprise might be expressed as to how he managed to get into or out of its doorway, or even to stand upright under its straw roof—for Murty was a man of no common stature. Having been his own architect, as well as chief workman, one might, at all events, safely assert that, in constructing it, he had not studiously calculated either his natural height or his personal convenience. But no matter. Such instances of disproportion between the miserable houses of his countrymen, and even their own bones and muscles, to say nothing of the bounty and loveliness of nature all around them, were and are sufficiently numerous to remove from Murty's architectural practices, according to his means, anything like a charge of waywardness or singularity.

So Murty "threnched" away, the birds we have spoken of singing loudly to him, and he, as if by more loudness he would make them admit themselves over-matched in melody, bawling out,—in tones to which the sweet little hollow rang again, though they did not scare the rival singers, because they knew he was only expressing, like themselves, his extatic sense of mere existence, in his own fashion,—the song which has the frequent chorus of

" Cuishla-ma-chree, did you not see
 What, the rogue, he done to me?
 Broke my pitcher, and spilt my wather,
 Kissed my wife, and married my daughter!
 Cuishla-ma-chree!"

To observe Murty Meehan at his task, the looker-on might, with some slight assistance from imagination, gain a tolerably accurate notion of the lusty ease and dexterity with which Hercules must have performed his labours; and, indeed, were our amateur a statuary, he need not have searched farther for a model from which to chisel a god of strength. In Murty's person were combined accurate symmetry of parts with almost gigantic proportions; he stood to the full height of

six feet four inches. His face, although not a very intellectual one, was comely, honest, and well-meaning; but, for reasons to be mentioned, we ought, perhaps, to limit to one or two days in the week, all opportunity for deciding either on its character, expression, or its claims to be considered handsome or ugly. In fact, upon one day alone, out of the seven, he got shaved, and this day was Sunday. The next, his beard began to sprout again, and, even so soon, was some change thereby induced over his physiognomy. By noon on the Tuesday it, or, as he styled it, "the afther-grass," gained a goodly growth; and thenceforward, day by day, till shaving-day came round in course, so disguised was his face by the great crop of black bristles surrounding it, that it would be very difficult to decipher its cast, hue, or general effect: light-blue eyes, hinting, indeed, good-nature, with spots of wholesome red just under them, about half a nose, and a forehead above it, being the only glimpses of feature distinguishable amid the luxuriant "afther-grass."

Notwithstanding all his natural qualifications, so far as person went, for bullying his way through the world, and notwithstanding also, the proverbial pugnacity of his countrymen of every stature, Murty Meehan was a quiet, easy man, using his rare strength chiefly for the right lawful purpose of executing in full ratio, with his superior capacity for such a task, a portion of field labour. But if he otherwise made no display of himself, his neighbours boasted of him; and the district in which he resided was called, far and near, Murty Meehan's parish, as if the honour of having given birth to him entitled it to that distinguishing appellation. We must explain.

Although never known to have quarrelled with any human being, and seldom proposing himself, a trial of strength with a neighbour, in a friendly way, Murty, without his knowledge, was often staked by his admirers against all comers; and then, for the honour of the parish, he would quietly submit to be led forth against his ambitious challengers, and, with invariable and immeasurable success, he exhibited his hidden might in tossing a stone, almost a rock, or in flinging a sledge-hammer, or in performing, beyond chance of competition, any other of the various rustic feats, in the doing of which massive force is the only qualification for excellence. And on the occasions of his proceeding to the place of trial, he might be seen surrounded by the young and the old, the boys, the girls, and the aged men and women of his little lonesome valley and its vicinity, towering above them all, and—without our meaning a threadbare pun—looking down on his escort with all the simple good-nature of his character, and smiling at their enthusiasm, just as any other assured great man might at that of his humble adherents.

But we are not going to exhibit Murty Meehan in his most distinguished and famous light. Upon a matter widely different from his prowess either in the labouring field or in the arena of manly contention, it is our present duty to record the achievements of this redoubtable personage; and readers may choose to form their own notions of the manner in which he acquitted himself of the business in hand; one thing is however certain, namely, that it proved to honest Murty himself a task much more difficult than if he had en-

gaged to toss a metal weight of one hundred pounds over the roof of his own house.

Before entering further into the affair, a few lines must be devoted to a sketch of the individual at whose instance, and for whose advantage, he undertook this serious matter.

The man in question, for reasons to be gradually given, generally went by the name of "the ould Admiral." Standing at Murty Meehan's side, he appeared to no advantage in point of stature; and yet, pigmy he was not, unless a person of nearly six feet high deserves that epithet. His air, regards, and carriage were bluff—bluff almost to a challenge to box with you. A cicatrized gash, commencing under his left eye, traversing his nose, and terminating at the right corner of his mouth, diagonally severed his face into two tolerably equal portions, of which one half of the nose belonged, or seemed to belong, to the upper, and the other half to the lower region of his physiognomy; and this division of property, of identity, indeed, rested, according to his own account, on grounds other than that suggested merely by the line of demarcation.

It occurred, he asserted, on "boord the ould Vencent," during the American war; and his story of the transaction, among all the stories he told of his battles, victories, and dreadful escapes from death—which were topics of standing wonder to his friend, Murty Meehan, as well as to the whole neighbourhood—was not the least surprising. The crew of the Vincent were in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Terence O'Brien—our hero's name—figured away, of course, in the thick of the *melée*—a slash from an opponent's hanger—"a curse-o'-Crowmul, French loober, he was,"—conferred the whole gash in question—into the channel of which "he could run his five fingers, as if taking soundings"—and at the same time whipped away, clane an' clever from her irons, more than the biggest half of his ruddher." Well—what of that? it was not till the action ceased, and the Frenchman had been made a prize of, and Terence about to put in a rightful claim for some half-and-half grog, that he ascertained his loss; and "a thrifle grieved" he felt to be sure, when he first brought to mind, at the moment, what an appearance he must make in future, "with hardly the half of his ruddher to his stern-quarters," when—

"Terry O'Brien a-hoy! would you know this, I say?" sung out to him his shipmate and fellow-countryman, Tom Ryan, holding up to view what seemed to Terence indubitably the lopped portion of his nose. He was in a great hurry, doubtless, at the time, and did not take particular notice, but Tom Ryan assured him it was a slice of his own features he beheld; and so, to the cock-pit they made their way together, with it, and the surgeon stitched it on, as well as he could—and—

"May my ould hulk of a soul never float aloft," continued Terence, "if I do not tell the blessed thruth; it wasn't the rest o' my own natural nose he fixed on, at all—and that cat-head pat, Tom Ryan, knew the same from the bignin—(my heavy curse on his tack, wherever he is!)—but a bit of a d——d to-the-divvle French loober's snout, that Tom picked off deck, from among other odds an' ends, after the scrimmage, an' never belonged to myself;" and that was

the reason why, to the present day, the whole nose on his face, such as it was, now seemed of a piece—and no blame to the surgeon, by any means—for may I sink fifty fathoms deep, but he was as clever a hand as ever spliced a timber; didn't I see him, wid my own eyes, saw off the right mast from my hulk, while I could shout out 'grog,' and no more about it, only throw it for a tit-bit to the sharks? An'—my ould bones to ould Davy—only he *did* get through the nose job so well, but I'd haul down the *parly's* bit o' bad flesh agin, an' throw it into the sey, to pison the hungriest fish that ever swam."

There were some obvious collateral proofs of the truth of Terence O'Brien's biography of his nose, to which he did not fail to allude. "He spoke through his nose," as the saying goes; "and didn't all the parblues do the same, like so many pigs o' the divvle?" Again—it was well known that from his cradle up to the day of the accident, he had boasted a long hook-backed nose—but what was it like now? the upper half of it, which had always been on his face, might do well enough, to be sure, and, indeed, gave promise of the beginning of such a conformation as that mentioned; but only look at the lower half—the Frenchman's half of it! "cocked up towards his forehead, like the chaplain's eye, that had a squint in it, towards the sky-rakers, when he sung out prayers, of a Sunday."

During his term of sea-service, Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics which rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours, and, indeed, a contradiction to himself—or, at least, to Terence O'Brien that then was, and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time. For instance: in his more youthful days, he had engaged in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are celebrated, and which can best be accounted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries that often produce those wants reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land; rewards for their apprehension were offered; some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged; and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, absconded from his native place, "and never cried stop, nor let the grass grow under his feet," till he had arrived in "Cork's own town," distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting-post. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man-of-war, as his most secure hiding-place; and thus, the wild Irishman, who, but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the state, became one of its sworn defenders:—ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders. And this character grew upon him, and in it, fully confirmed, he returned home, after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the non-edification of his stationary neighbours, as has been intimated.

Further. As a White-boy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king, and the very name of everything English; and, in the same ratio, had loved England's foes, of all denominations—the French, her "natural enemies," as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of

these youthful prejudices did Terence bring home with him. "Long life, and a long reign to King George!" was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against "parly-woos:" and good reason why, for both sentiments—sensations rather—during half his amphibious existence, Terence's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship-comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill-wishers of that august personage; besides, the loss of his arm, and of half his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's "snub," gave him personal cause to detest the Gallic race; so that he might be said to loathe them all in the marrow of his bones—yea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body, and cast to the sharks.

And some other exotic peculiarities Terence also transplanted to his native valley. His language seemed, among his old playfellows, absolutely a new dialect—and so, indeed, it was. Grafted on his ancient brogue, which had never quite slipt off his tongue, sea-terms and sea-phrases, and, above all, sea-oaths and imprecations, luxuriantly sprouted out: and the former would make his auditors laugh themselves into fits, while the latter astounded or shocked them. We must in truth admit that, in the use of those unnatural profanations of speech, Terence was indeed too lavish; with some one—if not two—of them he always began a sentence, and they served him, rhetorically, as conjunctions, copulative and disjunctive, and sometimes to point his periods.

His parish priest, a man of some humour, as well as of sincere zeal in his vocation—and every parish priest of an Irish congregation, at least of a rustic one, ought to have a spice of humour in him—was fond of listening to Terence O'Brien's accounts of his battles, and other adventures. He it was who had laughingly dubbed Terence "the ould admiral;" though the title was unhesitatingly and gravely accepted and retained, as well by the veteran, as by most of his present friends and associates. But the good priest felt it his duty to take Terence to task on the head of his outlandish cursing, swearing, and imprecating; and the sinner acknowledged his offences, and promised to give them up; yet, at the very next encounter between him and his spiritual director, did he salute the chaplain with a good merman oath, at the beginning, and in the middle, and at the end of the well-meant greeting.

His clergyman, still in pursuance of his sense of duty, then prevailed on Terence, after much salutary stratagem, to attend the confessional. And again the penitent was so far amenable, and did "attend with the rest of the crew;" principally because he understood the "*station* of a confession" to be a kind of "muster of all hands on deck." But the zealous priest soon began to feel hopeless of a real reformation in the nominal convert. Even while at his clergyman's knee, Terence would confess his very transgressions against piety of language with new and awful oaths in confirmation of the truth of his self-accusations: and while acknowledging other sins, of a different, and perhaps a still more heinous character, he would, as

his energy arose with his vivid recollections, still swear, through thick and thin, to his own great condemnation, so that the priest was obliged to make a drawn battle of the matter; his conscience not warranting him to permit the irreclaimed and irreclaimable Terence to approach the sacrament; and his feelings of comfort, much augmented by the declaration, on Terence's part, that "—— to his ould soul, if he would boord him any longer!"

He had been kept so long coming and going, he averred, "now on this tack, now on that, an' still no sea-room made, but all on the same 'station,' the —— loober of a chaplain never bringing him to a closer action—one time with the wind, the next moment breeze right a-head—that the ablest seyman in the sarvice could make no port, and have sich a steerage; and his hulk to ould Davy! but he would hoist sail, an' for the rest o' the voyage, steer in the ould thrack; aye,"—(another tremendous oath)—"if he didn't, might ould ship never weather another gale!" And so hoist sail he did, and "scudded afore the wind, steering his ould hulk by the ould compass, an' lavin the rest o' the looberly crew to the looberly chaplain;" that is, he continued to curse and swear away right and left, although, in other respects, Terence could not be called a very wicked sinner.

CHAPTER II.

Such, at all events, was truly the man who now accosted Murty Meehan on the potato-covered hill-side of their native glen.

So intent upon his work, as well as upon his marvellous song of "*Cuishla-ma-chree*," had Murty been, that the deafening sound of Terence's voice, very near to him, was the first intimation he received of the presence of his esteemed neighbour.

"Ould ship a-hoy!" shouted the ould admiral, bellowing through his truncated fist, by way of speaking-trumpet, almost into the tympanum, as we have intimated, of Murty Meehan's ear. So sudden, indeed, so proximate, and withal so tempestuous and squally was the vociferation, that a man of less tension of nerve than that possessed by our honest friend, might, without much censure to his presence of mind, have lawfully started and quaked at it. Murty only turned quietly round, however, pushed his old hat up from his eyes, and smiled good-humouredly as he answered the hail.

"Hah! then, musha, God save you, admiral."

"What cheer, lad, what cheer?"

"What cheer, a bouchal, is id? English that to me, if there's no iffence."

"What cheer, I say, what cheer?"

"Well, I must thry to English id, myself, I suppose. It's all as one, I'm thinkin', as if a counthry *spalpeen*, like myself, 'ud say—'How is your pour bones, Murty?'"

"All the same lingo, shipmit."

"Why, thin, I'm brave and hearty, admiral, as is asy to be seen, by lookin' at me. I give thanks to you for axin'."

"A fair breeze in your sheets every day you turn up, my hearty."

"An', success purshu *you*, is what *I* say, ould admiral, aroon."

"I've steered a-head to your station, shipmit, to ax your sarvice on a conthrary little matther, d'you see me."

"Och, then, admiral, isn't id yourself knows well I'd go a shtart or two, any day, from my road, to do a turn for you. An' not mooch noise I'd make about that same."

"An' for that rason, an' becace I knows id well, d'you see me, I'm now alongside o' you, my hearty. In the days when I was nothin' but a bit of a loblolly boy——"

"A loblolly boy! an' what quare sort in a boy is that, admiral?"

"A gorsoon, a gorsoon, as they used to call me here in Muckalee."

"Aye; now I'm on your manin', I think. A gorsoon is a gorsoon, in the counthry; but whin he goes to sey, its a loblolly boy they calls him, admiral?"

"Aye, aye: well, shipmit, whin I was a gorsoon at home, here, d'you know, the schoolmather couldn't by no manes cut the larnin' into my lanthron? though it's often an' often he thried id, at the cat-head, the old Muckalee loober!"

"At the cat's head? Why, thin, that was a curious thing for him to do; I never heered of a schoolmather havin' that fashion afore, admiral, honey: stop, nait; och, but maybe I have you now; maybe it's wid the cat's tail he thried you? You know the breed o' cats that does he scratchin' at the loblolly boys at school, admiral?"

"All much the same, jolly lad; all much the same; cat, head or tail; aye, many's the day he lent me the rope's end, as if 'twas the mainmast he was layin' it on—to ould Davy wid his hulk, to scuttle it well, for the same!" (We have, during our report of this conversation, sunk some of Terence's oaths and imprecations, and it is our intention to do so in future.) "An', little doubt, shipmit, but he is undher hatches long ago; an' if ever I happen to steer on that tack," continued Terence, getting animated, and flourishing his own arm, as if it were giving a preparatory shake to the rope's-end, "if ever I steer on that tack—an' when I see him lashed up, getting his own round dozens—as surely will be the case—if I don't sing out, 'Lay on, ould Davy! lay on, my jolly lad!' if I don't, Murty, may —— shiver my timbers to a parfack sheer wreck, Murty! aye, or maybe I'd take on to the reckonin' myself, shipmit, an' pay him back on his —— looberly stern-quarters, some o' the ould score wid my own hand!"

"Bee the gonnies! an' only right," grinned Murty through his "afther-grass," highly amused with the time, place, and circumstances of the admiral's threatened vengeance.

"A broadside to my sowl in glory, if I don't then! But, Murty, my hearty, as I was a sayin', I never could pick up as much o' the larnin' as 'ud help me to box the littlest bit iv a compass that ever swum: an' for that same rason I was only fit to do the work of an able-bodied seyman, all the blessed days of my sey-life, aboard the ould ship, d'you see me: howsomever, Murty, when the decks were cleared for action, an' the guns roarin', and the sey-wather was bilin' hot, you'd think, round about 'em, I could stand bee my own gun, or jump aboard a —— jabberin' Frinch inimy wid my pike or

my hanger in my hand, well enough; aye, shipmit, I'd do that for the honour an' glory of ould King George, or ould Ireland an' Saint Pathrick, into the bargain, as well as ever a Johnny-Raw Englishman that ever reefed a sail, Joch Murty! Them Englishers is bowld enough, to be sure, but they're not fit to stand bee the side iv an Irish seyman, for all that; the fightin', Murty, comes more naatril to us; by land or by wather, it's all the same; the one as welcome as the other."

"Why, we're handy at it, somehow, I believe, beyant all doubt, admiral."

"Well, again, Murty: as I tould you, twice over, I never could come at the larnin', my jolly boy; but no matther now, it's all one, whin the ould ship's a hulk. Only this, Murty Meehan, I'm informed as how there's a power o' prize money sarvin' out to the ould crew o' the ould Vincint, or to as many o' them as is over sey-wather, anyhow, wherever they be's to be found; an' I come to you on the head iv id, 'cause I hear, for sart'n sure, you're a good scholar."

"Musha, I'm thankful to the neighbours for their good word, admiral," said Murty, blushing, if the occurrence could only have been seen through his crop of black beard and whiskers, at this acknowledgment of his literary superiority; "but, surely, you could get as good a hand as ever I was among your own people, avich; there's the born brethu o' you, to say nothin' iv his son, your own namesake——"

"Avast now, shipmit!" interrupted Terence, gruffly and stentoriously; "hah! the ould reg'lar seyman isn't goin' to hoist signal for smugglers and pirates to come aboard: the born brethn o' me! no, no, nor that bit iv a cock-boat he has in tow, his son either; what! when I cum back, only to give him a hail, afther my last cruise, didn't the —— land-loober tell me to sheer off, an' say I had no call to a berth in my own ould ship, now that the ould commodore, the father iv us, had slipped cable? An' aint I ever since, here, in Muckalee station, scuddin' from port to port, not able to ride at anchor among the whole squadhron o' ye? An' now, whin the shinars is to be put into the locker, am I to sing out to him to help me to keep the kay? or ax him for any help at all that might let him into the sacret, or give him a right to jaw for share? No, no, I say again; —— to my ould timbers! if ever he sees a yallow boy o' mine; you're the man, Murty, an' you only, that must turn out for this musther; an' what I have to ax o' you is to write down, wid your pin, what we used to call a memorandle o' service."

"Why, thin," replied Murty, "that's not so mooch to talk about, that we'd say no to you, for a one, ould admiral; an' so, we'll do it for you;" and Murty "elevated his figure to its full height,"—(we are loth to show our ignorance of some of the established cut-and-dry phraseology of novel writing,)—again silently triumphing in the testimony borne to his scholarship, and at the distinguished light in which it placed him.

"Here, then,—yee-o-ho! heave away, my hearty! yee-ho!" piped the admiral, passing his single arm through one of Murty's, and lugging him down the hill side. And Murty, sticking his shovel in the soil, readily allowed Terence O'Brien to hurry him still down-

ward, toward his cabin; his features wearing a serious cast, and indeed his whole mind bent upon the important task of clerkship which he had undertaken.

CHAPTER III.

After nearly doubling himself in order to enter the door-way of his dwelling, and when he had stood (almost) erect again, in the middle of its clay floor, Murty addressed his wife.

"Chevaun, avoon, where's the poor garsoon's bit in an ink-hooun, I wondher?"

"What cheer, vanither, what cheer?" demanded the ould admiral, in the same breath, as he kindly, though rather smartly, slapped the good woman between the shoulders.

"Why, thin, brave an' hearty, admiral honey," answered the housewifely Chevaun; "and here's the ink-hooun, Murty a-cuishla; musha, my heavy hathred on id, for one ink-hooun!"

"An' why so, Chevaun?" asked Murty.

"Why! I'm as sart'n sure as that I spake the word, that Paudeen put more o' the ink in id on the Sunday *shamarast*,* than he did on the copy-book, Murty."

"Bee gonnies! an' likely enough sich a thing 'ud happen," assented her husband. "I remember the first time I was put upon larnin' the fine writin' myself, admiral; an' sure its nothin' ud save my turn, in thim days, but I must go an' scoop out amost all the ink in the hooun, an' put id all over my clothes, on every spot where id could be obsarved—aye, an' my two fists ud have the colour iv a blackymoor's paws; an', bee this pin in my hand! I done id for no rason in the world, only to let the neighbours see, whin they'd meet me comin' home from the school, of an evenin' or a mornin', that I was makin' use o' the pin, wid the mather himself; 'twas by way o' braggin' o' myself, afther a manner, admiral."

"Aha!" replied the admiral, "well for you that you hadn't my ould commodore, Fitzgibbon, to pipe you on deck, shipmit, on the head o' that same; the ould loober, wid his ould three-decker of a flax wig, that commanded over our crew whin I was at the schoolin'; split my mainsail to tatthers if he wouldn't have you up to the cat-head for wastin' the ship's tar; sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, if he wouldn't."

"Arrah, then, admiral aroon," inquired Mrs. Meehan, "who's that same ould Davy you're always sinkin' your hulk to, afther sich an unnatural fashion? I'm tould it's your own self you call bee the name iv a hulk; an' sure it's a quare name for a christhen to be puttin' on his body, that has a sowl to be saved, tied to id; but who is this one ould Davy, I'd be thankful to know?"

"Who is he? blow us all up, sky-high, if I very well know myself, misthress;" and he paused to examine, with a knotted brow and a gruff puzzled face, a question which he had never before taken into consideration.

"It's like enough, misthress, he's some kind of a *duoul*,"† he resumed, after a pause; "aye, aye; he must be a duoul, I'm thinkin'; I hard 'em aboard, jawin' about his cloven foot, an' duouls have sich

* Waistcoat.

† Devil.

timbers ; yes, an' he hauls away at the parley-woos whin they found-her in action ; an' when we used to be givin' 'em a broadside, we had a fashion o' sayin', send the the d——d loobers to ould Davy ! Aye, aye ;" he paused again to recapitulate in his mind those weighty reasons for investing with a certain character the personage in question—the Jupiter or Pluto, as it might be, of his marine mythology. Then Terence continued, "Aye, misthress, I b'lieve he's all as one at sey, as what ye call your *duoul*, here on land ; though this isn't quite clear to me, neither ; becase, d'ye see me, ould Davy has *his* berth at the bottom o' the sey, that's sert'n sure ; an' your *duoul* is undher hatches—down here, undher ground ; but they're close related—aye, aye, the one is born-brother to the other chap, no doubt iv id ; an' he bears a hand wid sailors, as your *duoul* does wid your landsmen ; wid this differ, that he takes all foundered sowl as belongs to him in the jolly-boat, or in a barge, or in a pinnace, accordin' to the rank o' thim aboard ;—yes, misthress, he's our sey-divvle, nothin' less—my hulk to ould Davy, but he is !"

"The Lord purtect us from him, and from all his sort, bee sey an' land, now an' for iver, amin !" ejaculated the attentive Chevaun Meehan, crossing her forehead.

"Bee the gonnies ! as Chevaun says," remarked her husband ; "goodness save us from his two paws ! but, if a body get his pick an' choose o' the both, I believe it would be betther, as the man said in his wife—(I mane neither myself nor you, Chevaun,)—it would be betther keep the *duoul* we know, than the *duoul* we don't know, admiral honey ; though wid good help, we won't be throublesome to ather the one or the other o' thim, plaise God."

"Musha, an' gracious forbid, Murty agra," piously assented Chevaun.

"That's not my vay o' thinkin', teetally, shipmit," dissented the admiral, gruffly ; "for whinever I'm bound for the other world, if 'tis a thing I must steer for any sich d——d port of id, d'ye see me——"

"Ye may call the port bee that name, sure enough, admiral, an' no sin on you for cursin', this time, anyhow," interrupted Murty.

"D——d or no d——d, shipmit," now bellowed Terence, becoming vehement ; "ould Davy's jolly-boat for me, far beyond any way o' goin' by land, undher your land-*duouls* colours ; your landsmen are all sharks, as I heered from my cradle up, and your land *duouls* goes by the same fashion of course ; so none o' the d——d horned loobers for my money, but ould Davy for ever—hurrah !"

"Well, all the harum I wish you, poor ould admiral, is, that you may keep cleare o' the ugly place—you know yourself where I mane—by land or wather ; to go in a boat might be the most *cooramuch** way, no doubt, only, for our three selves, an' them ve wish well to into the bargain, we'd rather not to be on the voyage, at all at all."

"It's a bad sarvice, afther all, shipmate," half-agreed Terence, beginning to be cooled by his friend's moral reflections ; "but hurrah, shipmit ! an' ould able-bodied-seyman that does his duty, is never clapped undher hatches, foundher as he may, or whenever or wherever he may ; no, he goes aloft, my hearty—'tis as naat'ral for him

* Snug.

as to ship his grog; an', barrin' ould Davy's press-gang claps me aboard, an' thin scuds off wid me, all canvass crowded, never will I take on wid him or his crew; for, d'ye see me, Murty, when once a man is nabbed by the press-gang, an' lugged 'boord ship, he must stick to his gun, bee course, or be tried for mutiny in the sarvice; so, if ould Davy lists me that way, I must stand before the mast, and make the cruise; but if ever I boord him, by my own free will, may I be d——d for it, neighbour."

"An' you needn't pray the prayer at all, admiral," smiled the facetious Murty; "but I wondher what sort iv a pin for the writin' is this," putting on a face of much business, approaching the doorway, holding the pen between him and the light, and with much knowing scrutiny examining it. Then he tried its nib on his nail.

"Looks as if it had seen sarvice," remarked Terence; "but all the betther for that, may be, shipmit; a seyman is never the worse, getting into fresh action, for havin' been in two or three scrimmages afore."

"Sarvice or no sarvice, as regards the pin," pursued Murty, "it's so long since my own self thried my hand at the writin' business, that I don't well know how it will turn out, in the long run, neighbour."

These words of modest doubt were accompanied, however, by a smile of self-sufficient confidence.

"But here goes, in God's name, anyhow, to venthre our loock, the best way we can;" and while he leisurely pulled the cross-legged table to the door, Murty continued to speak in assured good-humour.

"When I was in the habit o' goin' to the school, admiral, the mather usen't to be over-an-above ashamed o' the scholard—though it's myself says the same, that oughtn't to say id, admiral agra."

"No doubt iv it—no doubt; aboard o' the ould Vencint, it's purser's mate they'd make o' you, langago, to a sart'nty," flattered the admiral, willing to keep Murty in good humour, that he might get his own business the better done; not, indeed, that he in the least doubted the scholarly qualifications of his chosen private secretary.

"Maybe its jest as well vid me, as it is, admiral; who's wise enough to say but, that if we were a sailor, all this time, from the schoolin' up, we'd have a bit iv a Frenchman's snout upon our poor face, instid iv our own naath'ral nose, this blessed day?"

"Aye, like enough—every mother's sowl's hulk o' them to ould Davy!" assented the admiral, reddening with anger; and thereupon he gave his own nose—or what served him as his own, or, at least as half of his own—such a pull that, had not the surgeon of the Vincent done his office well, Terence must have torn it from its usurped position.

"But we had betther go to our work at onct," resumed Murty; and he fell to scraping, with more strength than skill, at the inside of his little son's ink-horn.

"Musha, I wondher what *meeaw** is on id this turn, for ink?"

The ink which the amanuensis essayed to get into his pen had been produced by the squeezing together of alder-berries. To prevent it spilling out of the horn, which hung by a leathern strap from a but-

* Ill luck.

ton of Pandeen's jacket, as he trudged to school, the primitive little vessel had been half filled with old linen, scraped almost into lint; into this pulpy substance the liquid became absorbed; and it required a certain schoolboy knack, acquired by long practice, and many failures, thence to press and scoop it into the funnel of the quill.

After sundry awkward attempts, Murty Meehan succeeded in charging his pen, brimful, and began to stir his fingers, wrist, and even arm, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Och! tundher—tundher an' ages! an' sure we forget oursefs, intirely—where is the paper, admiral? Here was mysef goin' to set about writin', vidout the paper—an' that's a thing the schoolmather, his own four bones couldn't do, I believe."

"May my hulk go floatin' to ould Davy!" began Terence O'Brien.

"Musha, admiral, 'tis a schandle for you, an' a great sin, to be goin' on that-a-way, wid your ould Davy, and your strange curses," remonstrated Chevaun; "loock or grace can niver come of id to the writin'."

"I deserve your word, misthriss—I deserve id, but won't agin, this long time." Terence felt selfishly penitent; "but here's the paper, shipmit, I had it in the locker all the while;" it had been fast buttoned under his jacket—he now presented it.

"An' see how it wouldn't spake out for idsef," remarked Murty, with a condescending smile, such as any man of parts might vouchsafe to those who admitted his possession of them, and whom he was about to amaze with a proof of their excellence. And while thus smiling on the undisguisedly ignorant admiral, Murty proceeded to smoothen down, as he honestly believed, the paper, which had become much crumpled in the admiral's locker, and therefore seemed to require some such adjustment: but, in reality, Murty's hard, raspish hands only produced a rough, fuzzy surface on the sheet, which was intended to have the impress of his scholarship. It was at length properly set before him, and he again succeeded in filling the tube of his pen to the utmost it could hold.

"Now, admiral, what's the writin' to be about?" he demanded, approaching the pen to that point of the paper whence he intended to set forth upon his voyage of discovery through the dimly-apprehended ocean of letters—when lo, the overcharged instrument impatiently voided its contents on the paper, and they flowed over it in a little sable current.

"Shipped a sey," commented the admiral, gravely and imperturbably.

"Spilt-milk, bee the soukins," said Chevaun, with wife-like sorrow and sympathy.

"The divvil welcome id, I say," lamented the penman, "couldn't id stay quietly where it came from? but wait a bit," winking on the sailor, and resuming his self-assured smiles; "we had a way in the school, long ago, to get over a misfort'n like that; and I'll bet you anything but you'll see I don't forget it, this blessed day;" and—(shudder, civilized reader!) Murty protruded nothing less than his long tongue, and with it began to sponge out the rivulet of alderberry ink.

With much relish for the experiment, the admiral sedately looked on, and "That's what we call swabbin' decks, shipmit," he observed; "an' the very thing to do afther shippin' a sey, sure enough, barrin' it's a heavy sey intirely, an' thin the word's 'bale out,' afore swabbin,' d'ye see me?" He paused, still evidently pleased with the dexterity of the operation, which Murty continued, with his winks and smiles of promised success.

But Murty was not quite triumphant over this obstacle to his penmanship. His first efforts only spread the ink in rather a lighter shade, indeed, over a much larger surface than it had previously occupied; a necessity thus arose for extending and persevering in the process of extraction; and when, at length, the paper was, at least in his estimation, and in that of his friend and his wife, pretty free from positive stain, its whole superficies had become thoroughly damp. But this latter circumstance did not occur to Murty nor to his observers.

"Now, at any rate, for the writin'," he said, again scooping out his "tint o' ink;" and lest it should serve him the trick it had before done, he cautiously held the pen level till he had stolen it round his back, and then, with a calculating jerk, Murty tried to get rid of the superfluous quantity of ink it held.

"Murther!" screamed his wife, Chevaun, suddenly slapping her left eye with her right hand; "murther, Murty, murther! it's now you done the *dhunnus** intirely!"

The alder-berry juice had lodged full in the handsome, though too inquisitive eye of Chevaun; and the good dame was in that state of health in which, according to a quotation that has often administered to *the squeamish* in other writers, as well as ourselves—

"Ladies love to be who love their lords;"

and her words of alarm expressed a fear; and so Murty well knew, though their meaning was not fully expressed, that "the young Christin," who, by this time, was far on his road into the world, would make his appearance among us with, upon his cheek, such a black tear as now welled down that of his mother.

Murty was at her side in a moment, most anxious to reassure her, though almost as much alarmed as herself. "No, no, *ma chree*," he cried, in his tenderest accents; "no harum can come iv id——; there now."

We are almost ashamed, this time, to crave pardon of, or otherwise to conciliate, the refined patron of our humble studies from nature; but we must indicate the shocking fact, that the anxious and loving husband did use to his wife's cheek the very same horrid sponge which he had with so much felicity just before applied to the stained paper; and when he conceived that, as in the former initiating case, success had crowned his efforts, Murty kissed the sufferer.

"Cleared out for action at last, or my hulk to ould Davy!" said the patient, never-doubting admiral, who had observantly regarded this second piece of cleverness on Murty's part, with the same profound interest bestowed on the first.

* Mischief.

"Ay, by *gonnus*! now or nivir, as the ould sayin' goes, admiral, a *hager*."

Once more the amanuensis sat, right in the door-way, to his cross-legged table, and once more, with increased sedateness, disposed himself to his task. Murty was now a wiser, because a more experienced man. Previous failure and mishap had taught him extreme caution. After a third time imparting ink to his pen, he carefully examined it, in order to ascertain whether or no it contained the necessary measure of liquid, and no more. In properly fixing it between his two fingers and thumb, he spent a reasonable portion of time, and, in the eyes of his neighbour and spouse, evinced much ingenuity: the operation being effected by seizing the top, or feathery part of the quill, with the fingers of his left hand, and, by their aid, drawing it upward and downward, and twisting and turning it, till it was poised to his satisfaction; and still, by the joint agency of both hands, Murty guided it to the paper.

"Choice steerage, my hearty," said the ever-watchful admiral, with glee.

"Nately done, of a sart'nty," agreed Chevaun.

All seemed, indeed, most happily ready. The pen took dead aim at the place on the sheet which it was first to hit; the scribe's mouth screwed itself up; his eyes intently fixed on the paper, and his head twisted round towards his left shoulder, where stood the admiral, awaiting the breath of that personage to be discharged of his full-crammed intentions; a double-loaded musket, at full cock, levelled at a target, and only wanting a touch on its trigger, to let it off, would convey an idea of Murty at this big moment. Having waited a second or two—"Now, admiral, say out, an' don't be afeard, what we're to put down," he said, solemnly.

"We had a fashion o' callin' this sort o' writin' a memorandle o' sarvice—put down that, first," said his employer; but suddenly interrupting himself, he sung out, shrilly, "no, no; avast there—no, not yet, shipmit; afore any other thing, d'ye see me, put down the time o' the watch."

"The time o' the watch, avich? Musha, niver a one in the poor house; nor a clock, neither, as you know well yourself; but could'nt we guess the hour o' the day it is by the sun, as we're used to do, an' seldom go wrong somehow?"

"Jaw, jabber!—ax pardon, shipmit; didn't by no manner o' manes intend an offence; but what I want you to put down isn't the time o' the hour, d'ye see me, but the date o' the month we have, vid the day o' the yeare."

"Och, ay; the day o' the month and the figures o' the year, that's id, is to go down first, admiral; that's what you mane, we b'lieve," corrected Murty: "an' you're right; yes, the year an' the day goes down, at the first offer, bee course;" and the penman went on still very cautiously bringing his instrument to bear on the long-covered point of attack. "Well; this is the year aighteen hundhred an' one, isn't it?" There was silence, and he paused a moment in deep study. "Yes; aighteen hundhred an' one." From a confused recollection of the dashing manner in which "the masther in the school" used to

commence similar tasks, he gave two or three flourishes of his pen, at a civil distance, however, from the paper, as many a boastful man will make a show of fighting without soon coming to blows.

"Aighteen hundhred an' one," continued Murty, and he repeated the words five times, at the least; and then, giving up his affected mastery over the pen, he once more very cautiously moved it, thrice resolved on a beginning.

The admiral watched him with keenest attention; and Chevaun, sharing his feelings in her own way, pulled her stool close to her husband, and poked her head almost over the table.

The pen at length touched the oft-threatened mark; but Murty's difficulties were not thereby lessened. It will be recollected that, since the sponging process, the paper had remained damp, and that, previously, Murty's hand had rasped it into a fuzzy surface; so that, in this state of preparation, as soon as Murty now described upon it the first figure, which he meant to stand as the beginning of the year's date, the lines of that figure chose gradually to swim and mingle together, under his astounded eyes, and so went on till they ended in one unintelligible blur. He paused: his lower jaw dropped, and he stared at the self-defacing lines, as if he had witnessed witchcraft.

"Ill loock agin—an' more an' more iv id!" at last groaned Murty; "an' what *bolgh* is on id now, I wondher?"

"Haze a-head," cried the admiral, slapping Murty, in what he meant to be an encouraging manner, between the shoulders, for he had noticed the undisguised drooping of the man of letters, and sought to prop him up; "haze a-head, and that's all; cheer up, my jolly boy; hard tackin,' sometimes, getting out o' port; but when you once make sey-room enough to spread canvass, nine knots an hour won't catch you—sink me to ould Davy, if they will!"

"Musha, may be it's wet is on the poor cratur iv a paper," surmised Chevaun.

"Faix, and I believe it is," agreed her husband, somewhat relieved; and he arose and held it to the fire, kneeling to his task; and in this position turned round his head to address his hearers. "Well, well; the praises for all; there's no tellin', now-a-days, when a poor boy sits down to do any one thing, what crosses an' what contrary things may come to pass afore he—och! tundhur an' agis!"

Thus did Murty interrupt his own moralizing, as the paper suddenly caught fire, blazed up, and scorched his fingers, causing him instinctively to let it go. "Ulla—loo—oo!" he went on; "niver sich a misfort'nit writin' mit we in my born days, afore—sure there was some curse on you!" and with a countenance of the most extreme mortification he watched, still kneeling, the expiring ashes of the paper, as, speck by speck, the caloric flitted from it. The breeze came in sharply at the open door, and hastening to get out of the house again, as fast as possible, whisked up the wide chimney, and soon carried with it even those relics of old raggerly.

"There!" resumed Murty; "ould Nick has you now, an' let him write on you, if he can."

"Auld ship blown up," announced the admiral, beginning himself to feel at last discomfited in his hopes of "a memorandle o' sarvice."

"An' haven't you ne'er another scrap o' paper about you, admiral?" asked his secretary.

"Scuttle an' sink me to ould Davy—no! locker cleaned out this voyage, shipmit."

"Maybe I'd find a bit," said Chevaun; and her husband and his friend anxiously fixed their eyes on her movements. When—

"Fresh squall comin' on—heavy cloud right a-head!" piped the admiral.

"Never a welcome to whoever it is," grumbled Murty.

FALSE AND TRUE HOPE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

- "Mother, they tell me that mortals weave
Hopes that must ever their hearts deceive;
My wish is for Manhood's power and sway,
Will not its pleasures my trust repay?"
- "No, dearest boy, in this weary span,
Trial and toil are the lot of man,
Thou wilt shrink from thy anxious course of pain,
And sigh to become a child again."
- "Mother, the hero to battle goes,
Hoping to vanquish a field of foes,
Does he not joy when they fall in fight,
And the shouts of thousands his toils requite?"
- "His heart, love, glows with a feverish flame,
While the strains of numbers his deeds proclaim,
But alone he mourns, as his fancy paints,
The widow's tears, and the orphan's plaints."
- "Mother, what triumph must greet the bard,
Whose hopes are crowned with a bright reward,
An applauding crowd his progress cheers,
His laurels are all unstained by tears."
- "No, love, the poet's peculiar sense
Is for earthly happiness too intense,
He shrinks like a flower with its soft leaves furled,
From the eager touch of a heartless world."
- "Mother, when parents have fondly smiled
Like thee, o'er the growth of an only child,
Should he wise, and duteous, and learned prove,
Do they not joy with exulting love?"
- "Dearest, they joy, but they joy in fear,
Lest harm should approach their darling near,
Dangers they picture without and within,
From a world of snares, and a heart of sin."
- "Yet give to thy wishes unbounded scope,
Hope, for thy Maker hath bade thee hope,
Hope that those gifts thou may'st yet partake,
Offered to thee for thy Saviour's sake.
Earth will thy visions of bliss destroy,
Place them alone in the heavens, sweet boy,
'These are the hopes thou may'st safely weave,
These are the hopes that can ne'er deceive."

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS.

MR. MACLEAN—MR. SERJEANT JACKSON—MR. SERJEANT LEFROY—
MR. EMERSON TENNENT—MR. HORACE TWISS—SIR FREDERICK
POLLOCK.

MR. MACLEAN, the Member for Oxford, is one of the most rising Tories in the House. He has only been a few years in parliament; but during that time has kept himself constantly before the public by his frequent speeches. He is thin and tall; seemingly under forty years of age. His features are marked, and have rather an intelligent aspect. His complexion has a tendency to paleness; and his hair is moderately dark. He has a strong clear voice, and talks with considerable fluency. He seldom seems at a loss for words; but sometimes half the number he employs would do every justice to the idea of which he is seeking to deliver himself. There is a monotony in his elocution; but it is by no means an unpleasant monotony. His manner altogether is agreeable enough. On ordinary occasions he makes a moderate use of gesture: his only fault, in this respect, is, that he expends the same amount of action on the most trifling as he does on the most important question. When I say this, however, let me be understood as meaning, not the importance which he himself attaches to the particular subjects, but that in which the public would be disposed to regard them. When he fancies that he is expatiating on some topic of commanding moment—and he has got an unfortunate habit of thinking that subject important which appears to everybody else to be of the most trifling kind—he assumes every variety of theatrical attitude. Few men could, in such cases, be more liberal of their gesticulation. He puts his body into positions which would upset the equilibrium of other persons. The rapidity with which he can wheel himself about on such occasions deserves all commendation: it would make the fortune of many a mountebank. One moment you see him looking Lord John Russell in the face, as staid and stiff in appearance as if he were in a nameless jacket; the next he has his face to the Tory members immediately behind the place where he usually stands, which on all occasions that he considers great is on the floor, pretty much in the centre of the House. I need not add, therefore, that as this locality is nearly opposite Lord John Russell's situation, the hon. member turns his back fairly enough on his lordship. And what adds to the ludicrousness of these sudden evolutions, is the circumstance that when he thus turns his back on the noble leader of the House of Commons, he usually seizes the tails of his coat—generally

a blue one—and throws them away from him, just as if the poor innocent appendages had done him some serious injury.

Mr. Maclean appears to be always in earnest in what he says: everything which proceeds from his lips has manifestly its origin in the depths of his heart. He is a genuine Conservative: he is, I am satisfied, pre-eminently so from conviction, apart from all considerations of personal advantage. Not that I, by any means, would be understood as saying that he would have any objections to a snug place under a Tory government. Mr. Maclean I take to be too much a man of the world for that; but I believe his Toryism is of that sincere and disinterested kind that he would speak for it and vote for it, although he had no expectation of ever seeing it again in the ascendant during his life. It is no bad evidence of the sincerity of his attachment to Tory principles that Colonel Sibthorpe is an ardent admirer of the hon. gentleman. I am far from meaning to say that the gallant colonel is infallible, any more than other men, in such matters. On the contrary, I believe he has often erred by reposing a confidence in the sincerity of certain persons professing Conservatism, which the event has shown to have been unfounded. But I do mean to say that, in the great majority of instances, his opinions in such cases are correct; and therefore it is right that the hon. member for Oxford should have all the credit with his party for the ardour and sincerity of his Conservatism, which the fact of Colonel Sibthorpe being quite satisfied on the subject, can give him.

Mr. Maclean occasionally addresses the House on various questions of domestic policy; but his great hobby is on matters which particularly bear on our foreign relations. The affairs of Spain have been to him a most fruitful theme. Many an hour's eloquence has he spent at different times on them. Of course he takes Don Carlos's side of the question; and I am inclined to think that he is decidedly the ablest, as well as the most indefatigable, advocate which the usurper has in the English House of Commons. His speeches on the Spanish question generally display an intimate acquaintance with the subject in all its details; and I am much mistaken if his notices of motions relative to the part which our government has taken in the affairs of the Peninsula do not cause Lord Palmerston such uneasiness, on their being made, as to make him sometimes forget the claims which the Graces have on his homage. I may be wrong, but it has occurred to me on more occasions than one, that the noble lord's whiskers have not appeared in so "nice" a condition as usual, on those nights appointed for bringing forward the Spanish question by Mr. Maclean. The hon. gentleman on such occasions is bold and fluent, without being coarse or vituperative, in his attacks on the policy pursued by the government in relation to matters in the Peninsula. He displays considerable acuteness; and when he has once got Lord Palmerston into a wrong position, he lashes away at the noble lord without measure or mercy. In bringing forward a motion, I believe he prepares his speeches beforehand; but he possesses very respectable powers of improvisation. Some of his replies are happy. His enunciation in such cases is generally easy and rapid; and his extemporaneous resources, apart from mere words, are above mediocrity.

Mr. Maclean is very useful to his party, especially in the article of speaking against time. Whenever they wish to prolong a discussion, for any particular reason, they have only to give Mr. Maclean the hint, and that moment he gets on his legs for an hour or an hour and a half, according as either period may appear most desirable.

MR. SERJEANT JACKSON, the member for Bandon, is a man of some mark among the Irish Tories. His status in the House as a speaker is respectable. Generally his orations are about mediocrity: on some occasions they rise above it. I should say that his influence in the house is, as they say in Mark Lane, rather "looking up." This is unusual in one who has been so long a member and who is near his fiftieth year. His speech on the administration of the Irish government, in the second week of the past session, was, perhaps, the ablest effort he ever made in the House of Commons. It certainly added a cubit to his parliamentary stature in the estimation of his Tory friends. It added two cubits to his stature in his own view of the case; and I believe it added about a fourth of a cubit in the estimation of the hon. gentlemen on the ministerial benches. Mr. Jackson himself will correct me if I am wrong when I say, that the cheers with which his Conservative friends greeted his oration rang like sweet music in his ears all the night. I dare say he would have no objection to answer the question, should anybody, as a matter of curiosity, put it to him—whether his excessive joy at the reception his speech met with, did not prevent his enjoying his usual slumbers when he retired to bed. To this fact I can speak with confidence, that next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, as nearly as I can remember at this distance of time, he went to the Carlton Club, to receive the congratulations of his friends there; and the hon. and learned gentleman ran some risk, in the plenitude of their admiration of his address, of being shaken out of the shoulder. If he had had the hundred hands of Briareus he would, on that occasion, have found friends enough to have seized and squeezed them all. As it was, it seemed to be quite a contest among the members of the Carlton Club as to who should be the earliest and most cordial in the operation of shaking the Serjeant by the hand. Some of them shook it with as much vehemence as if his fist had been the handle of a pump. On some occasions you might have seen two or three, in their impatience to pay him their congratulations, shaking him all at once. Their kindness, in the long run, must have proved exceedingly fatiguing to him. A stranger, to have seen so many Conservatives crowding round Mr. Jackson, and all shaking him so violently, must have come to the conclusion that the story of the apothecary and his patient—"When taken to be well shaken"—was in the act of being again repeated in the experience of the hon. and learned gentleman. I chanced to see him coming out of the Carlton that afternoon, seemingly as much fatigued as if he had been but just recovering his breath. There was, however, a smile on his countenance, which told how highly he was gratified with the congratulations which had been heaped on him in such unsparing measure. I never saw a man that seemed on better terms with himself. The day was one of the roughest and most rainy which is ever witnessed, even in the ungenial month of February.

It was one which might have made the most cheerful man look dull and downcast: it did add visibly to the longitude of the face of every body else who was exposed to the wind and rain; but the countenance of the learned Serjeant looked as serene and smiling, as if he had been walking in some of those fairy scenes which are so abundant in the pages of the poet and the novelist, but which exist nowhere else.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson rejoices in a tolerably commanding figure. He is tall and well-formed. His countenance has nothing very intellectual about it; but it is sufficiently pleasing. It is of an angular form: his nose is sharp and prominent, and his forehead is also ample. His complexion is fair; and his hair white as the snow,—not, perhaps, in its unsunned state, but after it has been on the ground for some time.

As a speaker, viewed in a mere mechanical light, he is rather above mediocrity. He talks with sufficient fluency: I never yet heard him, so far as I recollect, falter or appear at a loss either for ideas or words. He is moderate in his use of action; but his admirable lungs enable him safely to dispense with anything like vehement gesticulation. His voice is exceedingly powerful; and he can rely on it at all times and under all circumstances. I have seen other hon. members unable to render themselves audible, through hoarseness, constitutional debility, exhaustion, or other circumstances. Poor Cobbett, the last time he ever attempted to address the House, was unable, owing to a sore throat, to make himself audible three or four yards from where he stood. I never heard of Mr. Serjeant Jackson having a sore throat, or anything else that could impair the efficiency of his voice. It would be an era in the hon. and learned gentleman's existence, and it would be an epoch in the annals of the House of Commons since his entrance into it, to find that he addressed the House without making himself heard in every part of it. What is worthy of observation is, that the hon. and learned gentleman's voice seems to improve in its capabilities the further he proceeds in his speeches. Other members begin, in so far as their voice is concerned, and continue for some time very auspiciously; but it is clear to all, long before they finish a speech of any length, that they are much fatigued. Everybody sees that it costs them a great and painful effort to make themselves heard until they have done. Many, indeed, are obliged to call in the aid of oranges, and to have recourse to other appliances to enable them to proceed; while some are often compelled to leave off altogether, very abruptly. Not so with Mr. Jackson. His voice gets better and better the longer he continues; and he seems in a far better condition for addressing the House after he has been up an hour or an hour and a half, than when he first rose. His stentorian capabilities are unquestionably of the first order. Hence Mr. O'Connell's happy application of the term "leather" to his lungs.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson scarcely ever makes a speech on any important Irish question, which takes less than an hour and a half in the delivery. He would not think it worth his while to rise from his seat to deliver a shorter address. Occasionally he retains possession of the chair, as the parliamentary phrase is, from two to three hours. And a moment before he resumes his seat on these occasions, he looks so

fresh, and his lungs seem to be in such excellent order, that any one would warrant him, did he choose to "trespass further on the indulgence of the House," for five or six hours to come.

The matter of Mr. Serjeant Jackson's speeches is very unequal. He is often prosy; full of words without an idea. At other times his speeches are made of really excellent "stuff." There are happy ideas and forcible arguments in them. He is bold and fearless, on certain occasions, in his attacks on Mr. O'Connell and on the Irish government: at others he is resolute and earnest in his vindication of the course pursued by his own party. He almost invariably, as before stated, addresses the House on every question bearing immediately on the affairs of Ireland; but he hardly ever opens his mouth on any other. He is a religious man, and takes a warm interest in all questions affecting the Church of Ireland. He is one of her most able champions. For nearly twenty years, if I remember rightly, he was secretary to the Kildare Street School Society. Nobody, I believe, ever doubted the sincerity of his religious opinions; as no one, not even his greatest enemies, of whom, however, I believe he has but few, ever threw out an insinuation against the exemplary character of his conduct. He is good-natured; at any rate, I have no recollection of ever having seen him lose his temper in the House. He is usually cool in his manner. He bears the attacks of Mr. O'Connell and of the other liberal Irish members with admirable equanimity; and replies to their speeches with great decision of purpose, and yet without the use of vituperative language.

Mr. SERJEANT LEFROY, member for the Dublin University, is not unlike Mr. Jackson in personal appearance. His hair is of a brown colour, but he has but a scanty crop of it. His head is partially bald. His complexion is fair, with an admixture of ruddiness. His face is not quite so angular as that of Mr. Serjeant Jackson; nor is he so tall in stature. In regard to politics, he and the member for Bandon are as closely united as were the Siamese twins physically. I am at a loss to know in what terms to express myself respecting Mr. Serjeant Lefroy as a parliamentary speaker. It is consoling to think that I am not obliged to number him among the "unpopular" speakers; and yet I cannot, however grateful would be the task to me, call him a popular orator. There is this difference between him and the unpopular speakers to whom I refer, that while they are assailed with groans, and hisses, and yells of every kind, the moment they rise to address the House, there is as general a rush to the door as if the house were on fire, whenever he presents himself. Strangers in the gallery, who know no better, generally conclude that the House itself has risen, whenever Mr. Serjeant Lefroy rises. I have seen the hon. and learned gentleman thin the House with such incredible expedition, that the benches, which but a few minutes before were crowded, have become almost entirely deserted. The reading of the riot act does not more certainly or suddenly disperse a mob, than the hon. member does the legislators of the Lower House, when he assumes a perpendicular position. When he does intend making a speech, he always selects such an hour in the even-

ing as is most convenient for the other hon. members taking their dinners. Whether he does this purposely or not, I cannot say." To Mr. Lefroy's everlasting credit be it spoken, he never appears to feel in the least degree annoyed at the disrespect thus shown him. He proceeds to plod through his speech with as much patience, and seemingly with as much gratification, when there are not above thirty or forty members present, as if the house were full. No drain of hon. members, however great when he rises, discourages him in the smallest degree. I verily believe he would go through his speech, which always lasts from an hour to an hour and a half, were nobody at all in the House to hear him. I can only account for his perseverance in speaking amidst circumstances which would dishearten any other man, on the supposition that he entertains the singular theory, that he is called on under certain circumstances to make a speech of a certain length in the House of Commons; and that though hon. members will not hear it, he has done his duty in giving them an opportunity of doing so, by delivering it. Nothing, I am confident, but a conviction that he is performing a duty which his conscience imposes on him, could ever support him to the end of his speech. Were his orations reported, I could easily enough imagine that the circumstance of seeing himself in print next morning, would in some measure reconcile him to the wasting his eloquence on empty benches; but this is a gratification he never enjoys. The reporters never dream of taking a single note of what falls from him. They consider his rising quite a wind-fall: the time he is up affords them a corresponding cessation from their arduous labours. He is a great favourite with them; they look on him, viewing the thing professionally, as the most popular speaker in the House.

The hon. and learned gentleman is a very indifferent speaker. He has abundance of words at his fingers' ends, but he drawls them out in so peculiar a way, that it is unpleasant to hear him. Sometimes he speaks in so low a tone, as to be inaudible; at other times he articulates so imperfectly, that it requires an effort to understand what he says. Very few, however, of his very few hearers, ever put themselves to the trouble of trying to understand him. He is one of the coldest speakers I know: nothing could be more dry than his manner,—except it be his matter. His countenance was never yet lit up by a gleam of animation: he specially guards against an undue exercise of his lungs; and the Speaker's chair is scarcely more innocent of anything in the shape of gesticulation.

Mr. Lefroy is entitled to all praise on the score of good temper. There does not exist a more decided Tory; but he never betrays anything of the virulence of party feeling in the House. When he refers by name to his political opponents, it is rather in the form of observations than in that of attack. I have no idea that he has any personal dislikes: I am sure that no one entertains any feeling of ill-will towards him. I scarcely ever recollect to have heard the Liberal Irish members make even an ill-natured allusion to him. Though he excites no attention as a speaker, I believe he is respected by all who know him, as a consistent public character, and as a man of much private worth. Though not remarkable for the regularity of his at-

tendance in the House on ordinary occasions, he is as sure to be present when any Irish question is under discussion, as is the Speaker himself. He has great faith in the ultimate triumph of Toryism. The Reform Bill he has always regarded as a political pestilence; but doubts not that eventual good will result from it. He is not very positive as to the time when the reform visitation shall completely cease; but he is quite satisfied, that though now beyond his fiftieth year, he will live to see the happy day.

Mr. EMERSON TENNENT, member for Belfast, is celebrated in the House for his extraordinary memory. As I mentioned in my "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," he can commit to memory, with very little exertion, a speech full of figures and of facts, which will take three hours in the delivery. And he will even deliver it without missing half a dozen words, or making any alteration in it whatever. The hon. gentleman has also brought himself into notice by the length of his speeches. He does not make more than three speeches on an average in the course of a session; but if any hon. gentlemen regret that he does not treat them to his eloquence with greater frequency, he gives them a sufficient quantity of it when he does begin. He would not think it worth his while to open his mouth for less than an hour and a half's monopoly of the attention of the House. He speaks with much rapidity, without pausing for a moment till he has got through his task; that is to say, until he has repeated all that he has committed to memory. His parliamentary exhibitions are not unlike the exhibition which a schoolboy of fourteen or fifteen years of age makes when giving a recitation at an annual examination. He uses little action, and that little is restricted to the looking about among those of his own friends who sit within a yard or two of the place from which he speaks. When he gets into what he conceives the more brilliant parts of his oration, he superadds to the movement of his body, a moderate motion of his right hand. On such occasions he waxes very animated; but the want of variety in his voice prevents his animation producing any sensible impression on the House. Lord Morpeth happily characterized the quality of the hon. member's voice when, after the delivery of a speech which occupied nearly three columns of "The Times," in February last, the noble lord said it had been spoken with an entire monotony of voice. His voice is clear, and his enunciation, notwithstanding the rapidity of his delivery, sufficiently distinct. He would be by no means an unpleasant speaker were he to reduce the dimensions of his orations to about a sixth part of their usual size. The everlasting monotony of his voice always palls on the ear before he resumes his seat.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is a great favourite with the reporters. And he is deservedly so; for he kindly saves them the trouble of reporting what, from the rapidity of his utterance, and the number of facts and figures which he usually presses into his service, they would find, if I may invent a word, an unreportable speech. He sends his speeches sometimes before he delivers them to his favourite paper, whence slips are procured for such of the other journals as may be disposed to open their columns to the hon. gentleman's oration in its full proportions. Hence, while the Tories are rewarding the hon.

gentleman's exertions and eloquence with an occasional faint cheer, though secretly, wishing, with the occupants of the ministerial benches, that his speech or lungs would fail him,—the printers are venting their indignation, in no very becoming language, at what they call his "wretched" manuscript.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is a man of some talent. His speeches usually display acuteness; but like the orations of Demosthenes, they smell of the midnight lamp. Every sentence bears on it the impress of great elaboration. I have no idea that he possesses in any degree the faculty of improvisation. At any rate, I never saw him give any proofs of his being a man of extemporaneous resources. How long it takes him to prepare a speech which occupies an hour and a half in the delivery, I cannot say; but that it must be a Herculean task I am fully convinced. How else would he deliver a speech on a given night, and on a certain question, which was intended for delivery a month or two before, and on a totally different question? Lord Morpeth detected this practice on the part of the hon. gentleman at the commencement of last session. The noble Lord publicly expressed his conviction, that the speech which Mr. Emerson Tennent delivered while the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill was under discussion, was intended, though the hon. gentleman was then prevented from delivering it owing to his not being fortunate enough to catch the Speaker's eye, for the discussion which had taken place a fortnight previously, on the alleged abuse of patronage on the part of the Irish government. It is very convenient for the hon. gentleman that he can thus bottle up his speeches, or, as Burns would have said, "nurse them to keep them warm," until an opportunity is afforded of getting them comfortably delivered.

Mr. Emerson Tennent has, of late, been a Tory of the first water. It was not always so; in other words, he is one of the many political renegades who are to be found in the House of Commons. Immediately before the passing of the Reform Bill, he was an Ultra-Reformer. He then presided at or took an active part in the proceedings of a meeting held in the north of Ireland to petition for Reform, on which occasion he was a strenuous advocate for triennial parliaments; and, if my memory be not at fault, household suffrage, and the vote by ballot. Some time after, however, he set up, like Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Mr. Walter, and some others, for an "independent member," which, translated into plain English, means becoming a downright Tory. The hon. gentleman takes an active part in all party conflicts in the north of Ireland.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is apparently about forty years of age. He is of the average height, and of a rather good figure. His features are distinctly marked: they have, on the whole, a pleasant expression. His face is of an oblong form. His complexion has a healthy appearance. His hair is of a sandy colour, and seldom exhibits any proof of having been lately in the hands of the *friseur*.

Mr. HORACE TWISS, member for Bridport, was once one of the best-known men among the Tories. This was in the palmy days of that system, when Lords Eldon, Castlereagh, and other ultras, presided over the destinies of the country. It is true that Lord Liver-

pool was, at the period in question, at the head of the government; but he, good easy man, though constitutionally mild, and always inclined to moderation in his politics, was often influenced by the noble men whose names I have mentioned. Mr. Horace Twiss was known to be the most obsequious tool of Lords Eldon and Castlereagh, and was consequently very unpopular with all but his own party. His name was indeed a sort of by-word among the Reformers. Some people say that Mr. Horace Twiss would like to be the Tory whipper-in of the house. And an excellent one he would make. In season and out of season would he be found at his post. Many a hard race would he run through all the clubs and gaming-houses, and sometimes through other houses in town, after those of the party, who prefer their own pleasures at those places, to their legislative duties. Many a strange place would he visit, and many strange scenes would he witness, when in quest of truant members, whose votes were expected to be in immediate requisition. And if he were to publish his adventures in such a case, under some such title as "The Life of a Whipper-in of the House of Commons," the work would be sure to command an extensive sale. The celerity with which Mr. Twiss would go over the width and breadth of the fashionable districts of the metropolis, on pressing emergencies, would put the expressmen of "The Sun" newspaper to the blush,—that is to say, if expressmen are things which are susceptible of a blush. But I doubt whether this, after all, is the most arduous part of the task which a whipper-in has to perform. My own impression is, that the most unpleasant circumstances which occur to him, in his official career, are the squabbles, sometimes conflicts, he is often obliged to have with hon. members on their seeking to quit the House. He has to watch them in the lobby, for the purpose of keeping all in that are in, especially when he suspects that some of them are inclined to "bolt," as Mr. Holmes used classically to express it. As soon as such suspicious persons open the door of the house, he must spring upon them like a tiger, and seizing them by the breast of the coat, tell them they must not stir a foot out of the house till the impending division is over. With Mr. Twiss it would be of no use for them to say that they were only going to some adjoining room, or that they would be back in a couple of minutes. He would listen to no excuse: he would hear no argument. If the party were to be peremptory, it would be well if no mishap occurred: he would have reason to be thankful if his shoulder were not dislocated, or if some other physical disaster did not befall him, in the struggle to escape. It is due to the bodily capabilities of Mr. Horace Twiss, as well as to the zeal I know he would evince in the discharge of his official duties, to say, that he would often succeed, in "spite of all the efforts" of hon. gentlemen to the contrary, in forcing them back to the house again. Whether his robust bodily frame would be any recommendation of him to his party, were there a vacancy in the office, is a point on which I am not in a condition to give an opinion; but this I know, that to be five feet ten inches in height, and to be more than the average breadth, coupled with considerable muscular energy, are acquirements which would contribute to the efficient discharge of

the duties of the office. There would be some amusing scenes occasionally between Mr. Twiss and sundry Tory members, were he regularly installed in the situation of whipper-in of the party.

There is one incident in the parliamentary career of Mr. Horace Twiss which is worthy of notice. In every instance in which he has been elected, he has been previously personally unknown to his constituents, and it is said, though I am not sufficiently conversant with his legislative history to be able to vouch for the fact,—that he has never, on any occasion, faced the same constituent body twice.

Mr. Horace Twiss is now a pretty old man. He is apparently on the wrong side of fifty-five; but one would not, from his appearance, take him to be so far advanced in life. He has a dark, rough complexion, with strongly marked features. Those who have seen him once, will be in no danger of again confounding him with any other individual, or any other individual with him. He has large grey eyes, and a nose of corresponding proportions. His hair is of a darkish-grey. On the right side of his head, a patch of it, measuring about five inches in circumference, is almost entirely white, and has a curious effect. He has a well-developed forehead. If his countenance has an expression of any peculiar qualities, those qualities are intelligence and moral firmness. And so far his physiognomy speaks truth. He is a man of a very respectable share of information, and he always expresses his opinions in the House, no matter how unpopular, in a bold and fearless manner. His talents are above, rather than below, mediocrity. He speaks with much fluency, and his style is usually correct. He is prolix in his speeches, I do not mean by this that he inflicts orations of two or three hours' length on the House. Far from it; on the contrary, I do not suppose he has spoken more than twenty minutes at a time—seldom so long—for some years past. But his words have such a fearful disproportion to his ideas, that one soon tires of hearing him. He has often recalled to my mind, when doomed to hear his speeches, Falstaff's ha'penny'orth o' bread to two gallons of sack. The fat knight's bread was in pretty much the same ratio to his sack, that the ideas of Mr. Horace Twiss are to his phraseology. He sometimes hammers away for five or six consecutive minutes on the same idea. It is nothing uncommon to hear him make speeches of ten or fifteen minutes' duration in the delivery, in which there are only two or three ideas, and those of a very inferior order. I fear he is sometimes guilty of making speeches without an idea at all. At any rate, I have heard him over and over again make speeches in which, if they contained any ideas, I had not the good fortune to discover them. His best speeches are always those which are shortest. Some of these indicate, as before said, more than respectable talents.

He never hesitates or falters in his speeches. His delivery is rapid and continuous. It were as well if he now and then paid a little more attention to his stops, as they say at school. His voice has something harsh and croaking about it, which occasionally makes it difficult to catch his words. His manner is quite monotonous. He

never raises or lowers the tones of his voice; and he expends the same amount of gesticulation on all his speeches. That gesticulation is natural and pleasant enough, only one tires of always seeing the same movement of the head and hands. Of late he has not spoken often. He has never been in his proper element since the occurrence of the mishap in the fortunes of his party, which ejected them from office, which he is afraid they are never destined to fill again. Possibly, however, he may be wrong. Time only can decide the question.

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, member for Huntingdonshire, entered the House some years ago, under circumstances which excited a general expectation of a brilliant parliamentary career. His whole life had been a continued scene of triumphs. He was distinguished at school above his class-fellows. The same good fortune followed him to the university. There he carried off almost every prize for which he competed. Nor was his success less great in the profession to which he applied himself. He rose rapidly from one degree of distinction at the bar to another, till he reached the highest. Under these circumstances his party expected that he would immediately, on his entering Parliament, produce a sensation in the House, and ever afterwards occupy a position in it second only, perhaps, to that of Sir Robert Peel himself. The event has proved how grievously his friends had miscalculated on the subject. Sir Frederick's parliamentary efforts have, without an exception, been signal failures. He dwindled down at once to the dimensions of a fifth or sixth rate speaker. The few months during which he filled the office of Attorney-General to Sir Robert Peel's government, brought him, of necessity, rather frequently before the House; but Sir Robert's administration received but little actual assistance from his speeches. Since the dissolution of that government, he has seldom addressed the House. When he does so, he always makes short speeches. I have seldom seen him occupy the attention of hon. members more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. He does not now excite much attention when he rises. Even the Conservatives themselves are not over-prompt in lending him their ears. The tones of his voice, and occasionally his manner also, remind me of the voice and manner of Lord Brougham; with this difference, that the voice of the latter is much more powerful, and is called into greater play, and that his action is much more vehement. Like Lord Brougham, Sir Frederick is in the habit of throwing back his head, and withdrawing himself a few feet from the table. At other times he shakes his head a good deal, and applies his fist with all his force to the table. In the beginning of his speeches his utterance is slow and solemn. As he advances, he proceeds with a little more rapidity. The tones of his voice are somewhat harsh; and they fall more disagreeably on the ear from their want of variety.

Sir Frederick Pollock bears some resemblance to Lord Brougham in his personal appearance, as well as in the tones of his voice and gesture, though not so tall as his lordship. His hair is of a dark-grey colour; and he usually has an ample crop of it. His features are marked; his eyes and nose are large; and there are incipient

wrinkles in his face. His complexion is something between dark and pale. The expression of his countenance is that of deep thought, mingled with a reserved manner; and so far the principles of physiognomy hold good; for Sir Frederick is often lost in his own contemplations on literary and legal topics, and seldom holds conversation with any of his friends in the House. He does not, indeed, seem to be comfortable in St. Stephen's; which circumstance may account for the fact of his not being over-regular in his attendance. He looks much older than he is. He is not much above his fiftieth year; but any one, judging only from his appearance, would be apt to set him down as close upon sixty.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

Ἰφεντὰς ἔτι κῶρας ἐνάλσει δένδραεντι.—κ. τ. λ.

A FOWLER, yet a boy, in thick-set grove,
While hunting birds, espied the run-'way Love
Perched on a box-bough: as he marked the prize,
A bird so large! joy glistened in his eyes:
Now he his lime-twig snares together bound,
And watched the god from spray to spray rebound;
Till quite indignant that he watched in vain,
He smashed the snares; and to the aged swain
Who'd taught the art, he hied, his grief to state,
And showed him where the giant bird was sate:
The old man smiling shook his hoary head,
And to his angry pupil answering said—
“Give o'er the chase—that bird no more pursue—
Flee it, it is an evil bird! and you
While it eludes the snare will blest remain,
But when to manhood's stature you attain,
He, of his own free will, shall sudden come,
And in thy bosom make his peaceless home!”

R. S. FISHER.

THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

We found the snow now so deep along the route we had to travel, that we were anxious to procure a sleigh for our own comfort, and the greater ease of our somewhat jaded ponies. However, the country was so thinly settled, that we had but little hopes of falling in with one to suit us; so we continued to jog on in the best way we could. In travelling through such a vast extent of country, it could not be expected that great variety of incidents would occur, or that there would be much to amuse an entire stranger. The forests for hundreds of miles presented the same mixture and species of timber, which generally consisted of beech, maple, (sugar and soft,) birch, ash, chestnut, hemlock, and pine. Of these there were sometimes two or three varieties; for instance, there was the black, and yellow, and silver-barked birch; there was white, and Norway, and yellow pine, &c. Sometimes we met with a region of hills bordering on some river, and there we were sure to find perfectly new varieties of timber from what the forests were generally composed of. These would consist of three or four varieties of oak, of two sorts of hickory, of walnut, of butternut, &c. But the names I have introduced do not include one half of the different sorts of trees and shrubs found in the forests—but point out the sorts of which the woods are chiefly composed. Almost the only evergreens found in these forests are the different species of pine. This day we travelled along the side of a small valley, where the timber principally consisted of Norway pine. The trees I observed grew very near each other, so that they did not attain a great diameter. But what they lacked in thickness they made up in altitude; for I am sure they could not be less than two hundred feet high. They were as straight as arrows, and averaged about eighteen inches in diameter; although some of them hardly exceeded a foot—and yet they towered to this vast height. They seemed like a forest of bare poles when the eye attempted to trace them—for the few branches which composed their tops were at least one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Sometimes we found the tops of the highest ranges of hills almost destitute of timber trees, although some sorts of hardy shrubs clung to their barren bosoms. Amongst these the wild laurel grows in the greatest abundance; and although it is always a sure sign of a wretched soil, yet in winter, with its ever dark-green foliage, contrasted with the glaring snow, it very much enlivens and beautifies the scene; while in summer its lovely and profuse blossoms rival anything found in the forest. Our destination that night was the Block-house, on a lone and dreary part of one of the Alleghany ridges. The name Block-house could not fail to awaken in my imagination the stories I had read of—or heard related—in my younger days, of Indian slaughter, massacre, and blood. Although night had set in before we had completed our day's journey, there was no danger of our mistaking our quarters; for we were aware that the "Block-house" had the whole run of busi-

ness—the nearest neighbours being at the distance of ten or twelve miles. About an hour after dark a distant light twinkled through the intervening trees, and presently afterwards we arrived in front of this lonely dwelling, which I found was built of squared logs, or “blocks,” which, no doubt, is the origin of its name. Shortly after we had announced the arrival of travellers, a tall, uncomely female opened the door, and gave us to understand that we might remain for the night. I asked her if she had any person to take care of our horses: she informed me that she had not, but if I continued along the road to the bottom of the hill, I should find the barn, into which I might put them. My friend and I had made an arrangement that he was to cater for us, if I would see the horses properly attended to; a matter of which he knew but little. So off I set down the hill with the ponies, in quest of the barn—which, having found, I was annoyed at its being little better than an open shed. Into this miserable place I introduced the poor animals, but could find nothing for them to eat. The fact was, that there was no hay in the establishment; but to supply its place I learned that I could be supplied with oats in abundance. The oats in America are husky and light; so that it is quite common for travellers to feed their horses almost exclusively on oats, when hay is in much greater plenty than it was at our present quarters. On my return to my companion I found him basking in the front of a most glorious fire, but saw no preparations for our evening’s repast, that was to be both dinner and supper. I therefore inquired of him what he had ordered, or rather, what it would be possible for us to have; for I began to apprehend, that the house might be as ill provided with necessaries as the barn. “Nothing!” said he, with a deep sigh, “but I dare say that good lady (meaning the coarse-looking Yankee woman) will be able to give us *something*. What have you got, madam, that you could let us have shortly, without giving yourself much trouble?” I was not above half in humour with this mighty civil speech of his, for I had been annoyed at finding no hay in the barn, and at his neglect in not providing some refreshment for us during my absence; which, according to our previous arrangement, he had engaged to do: for what with my hunting for hay to no purpose—hammering the frozen snow out of the ponies’ shoes with an old broken hoe I luckily found in the corner—giving them a rough rubbing over with some hemlock branches—and unsaddling and fixing on their blankets, which we always carried with us—I had been absent a considerable time. Our hostess replied to this question by inquiring whether we would wish for coffee or tea. He gave me a look as if to say, Which would you prefer? and taking it for granted it was intended as such, without hesitation I answered “Both.” I never shall forget the stare she gave me—and there she stood motionless in the middle of the room, as if uncertain how to commence, or whether to commence at all. I perceived by my friend’s looks that he was not over-satisfied with the order I had given—and from that day to the end of our journey the catering devolved on me. Coffee and tea, such as they were, were at last prepared; and with a mountain of buck-wheat cakes, and a plentiful dish of venison steaks, we contrived to satisfy our craving appetites.

To my great astonishment, after we had supped, and I had again paid my respects to the ponies in the distant barn, (taking each of them a Winchester bushel of oats,) on our proposing to retire to bed, our hostess informed us that she could supply *each* of us with a bed—if we wished it. My surprise arose from the un-Yankeeness of the idea that two persons, travelling together as we were, should ever think of occupying separate beds; for I had already been long enough in these wilds to have learnt, that a bed was considered “accommodations for two.” I had also been casting my eye over the geography of the building, and I could only make out two rooms, the one in which we had been sitting before a blazing fire, and in which our landlady and her three urchins had a berth in one corner, and a smaller room on the left of the door, which I had had a peep into, and which contained but one bed. I had observed that there was no “upstairs,” for the floor overhead was but partially laid, and the building was altogether too low to admit of such an arrangement. So when the time arrived that we actually prepared to retire, my friend was shown into the adjoining small room, and then she desired me to follow her. I did so; and, to my amazement, she pushed open the outer door, turned an angle of the building, and there, perfectly separated and alone, stood a small square building but a little larger than a four-post bedstead. The night was perfectly calm, otherwise my chamber-maid could not have carried with her a lighted candle, and in my two trips to the barn in the dark I had discovered there was no lantern kept at the “block-house.”—“This is your sleeping-place,” said she, trying to fix the piece of candle in a cleft in one of the logs of which the building was composed, “and when you don’t want that candle any longer you may stick it in the snow outside your door, that I may get it;” and without saying another syllable, she returned to her more comfortable apartment. The frost was exceedingly severe; the thermometer, I have no doubt, would have been forty degrees below the freezing point, and here was I in a kennel that I should not have put a dog to freeze in. Before I had got partially prepared (I say partially, because there I stopped) for bed, my fingers were completely benumbed: so piling all my travelling habiliments on the top of the bed, I kicked the candle out into the snow and burrowed beneath the mountain. Although I had an immense weight upon me, I continued as cold as if I had been in a drift of snow. I tried to sleep and *forget* that I was freezing; but it would not do—I was too miserable an object for the arms of Morpheus. I have in my wanderings spent many an uncomfortable night, for I have lodged in apartments of every degree, from the palace to the wretched hovel of the wild hunter, and occasionally with nothing but the vast vault of heaven for my canopy; but never was I half so wretched as I was that night at the “Block-house” on the Alleghany Mountains. If our hostess was offended at my ordering both tea and coffee, well was she revenged upon me by the punishment which she inflicted. We had arranged to set out a couple of hours before day, and never did more welcome sound reach the ear of mortal than the voice of my companion, inquiring if I was ready. I was not long in obeying the welcome summons; and, with my whole person chilled and benumbed, I accompanied my friend to

saddle our ponies and be off. I have since travelled through the same region, but I always took care to avoid taking the road which led to the "Block-house."

* * * * *

The weather had moderated a little before we began to descend the mountain, so that we found it impossible to ride our horses down the steep and narrow road which led us to the valley of Lycomming; for the snow stuck so to their shoes that they could scarcely keep upon their legs, without the additional weight of ourselves and our baggage. But here considerable difficulty occurred; for my companion was so beswaddled with coats and a corresponding quantum of other garments, that he found himself unable to descend the steep mountain. Then his rotundity too greatly alarmed him, for he conceived that one false step and he must roll, without a chance of stopping, until he reached the dark and frightful gulf at the very bottom of the long descent. He tried for awhile with fear and trembling, keeping hold of his horse's bridle with the grasp of desperation, and insisting upon myself and pony keeping a little in advance of him, to make, as he thought, an almost hopeless attempt to stop him if he should happen to fall. At first I thought that it was all a joke; but on observing his look of horror and despair, I found that his apprehensions were of the most serious nature. I tried to convince him that the danger was but imaginary, and that he was as safe as if travelling across a level plain. But it would not do, and the only hope I had of getting him to the bottom of the mountain was by assisting him to remount and hazard his riding down the steep declivity. At the expense of much time and patience, with my occasional assistance in hammering off the snow-balls from the feet of his pony, we arrived safely at the bottom; and the road then becoming tolerably level, following the course of the winding mountain-stream, we reached our long-looked-for resting-place; for we had been abroad some time before day, and it was now within an hour of noon. The tavern, we found, bore no external marks of comfort, for it looked old and weather-beaten; but its reputation extended far over the mountains, and we entered it with the certainty of faring better than we had of late. The landlady was a dapper little bustling person; and what recommended her not a little in my sight was her being my own countrywoman. Here too we had not to be our own grooms; for two fine-looking lads of twelve and fourteen were in attendance the moment we arrived. During the time that our breakfast was preparing, and after we had enjoyed an excellent meal, I was addressing many little inquiries to our kind hostess, regarding her original inducements for coming to the country, and how she happened to become located in her present out-of-the-way situation. She informed me that she had come to America with her father's family eighteen years before, in company with a few other English families, who had been induced to form a small settlement in a barren, and what was more, an unhealthy part of the country; that many of the settlers had died, amongst whom were her whole family, but they had lived just long enough to see the last of the respectable sum of money they had brought with them—vanish. In the meantime she had married the son of one of the settlers, who had

only lived to see her the mother of the two boys I had seen; and when the settlement became entirely broken up and deserted by the few survivors, she was induced, she could hardly tell why, to settle in the place we now found her occupying. The owner of the land had laid out large sums in clearing away the timber, fencing, and various other improvements, until at present the farm contained nearly two hundred acres of land in a state of excellent cultivation, with some acres of orcharding, now in good bearing. For these improvements she had agreed to pay him an annual interest of ten per cent. on the money expended as the rent of the place. And although it was considered, by all who wished her well, a high rate, yet she found, at the end of a few years, that her circumstances were vastly improved. Indeed she had been so prosperous that some years ago she had actually purchased the place for the sum of four thousand dollars, with the last instalment of which she was prepared, and expected to pay it in a few days. This frank statement quite astonished me, as well as afforded me much pleasure; for the few English people I had happened to meet with could not boast of much prosperity in their adopted country. Generally speaking, they were disappointed and dissatisfied. To be sure there was something peculiar in the situation she had chosen. It was the last resting-place towards the passage across the mountains; and the next miserable place could not be less than sixteen miles distant. On the other side she had a competitor only six miles off, but she had got the start of him in the good opinion of the few travellers who found it necessary to pass this way; and having once established the reputation of her little tavern, there was no fear of its losing it. Had it been midsummer instead of mid-winter I should certainly have made the house of my countrywoman my head-quarters for a few days; for the beautiful mountain-stream that intersects her meadows has the reputation of being one of the best trout-streams in the United States, if not the best. I flattered myself that the time *might* come when I might visit the Lycomming Creek at the best season for angling; but, like many other hopes and wishes formed in my wanderings through this bustling world, this too has hitherto remained ungratified. The trout found in all those pure mountain-streams have a most delicious flavour, and, when dressed, are of the true salmon colour. I had a friend that was as fond of angling as myself. We have frequently set out to enjoy this sport for a couple of days, in order to eat this delicious fish in its greatest perfection. Our plan was to go on horseback, myself with a sack containing a huge loaf of bread, a corresponding quantity of butter, a frying-pan, and a gridiron, in one end; and in the other a quantity of oats for our horses. My companion took up behind him a servant lad of fourteen, provided with a woodman's small axe. We also carried with us a flask or two of Yankee fish-sauce, *alias* whiskey. Thus equipped, with our sliding-cane fishing-rods, we contrived to reach the part of some forest-creek where we intended to commence our operations a little before sunset, in order to allow time for our killing sufficient trout for supper. This was easily accomplished; for in these lonely and silent streams, where man but seldom intrudes, the trout are so little shy that the most inexperienced of anglers may take them. I should have said that our

first care on arriving at the part of the creek we intended to remain at for the night was the securing of our horses before our boy could accompany us along the stream. On doing this, we had an eye also to a sleeping-place, which was generally chosen where the ground was dry, and beneath the shadow of some stately tree. Our attendant's business, as soon as we caught a trout, was, to put it to instant death, by severing the vertebra behind the head, and then immediately preparing it for dressing, wiping it with a dry cloth, and depositing it in a basket of fresh-gathered leaves. When we had caught sufficient, we returned to our camp, if camp it might be called, and our servant set about lighting a fire and getting his cooking apparatus ready. We generally commenced with the frying-pan, and had recourse to the butter-pot; but by the time we had had the second panful our appetites became a little fastidious, and we put the gridiron in requisition. After we had supped, and added fresh fuel to our evening fire—for in the lone woods a fire is pleasant, even in the middle of summer—our horses were regaled with a draught of the pure stream and a portion of the oats we had in store for them. Then came the arranging of our beds, which was done by cutting a large quantity of hemlock branches, which were very elastic, and emitted an agreeable odour. Our saddles served us for pillows, and when we had taken a draught from our whiskey flask, to keep off the night-damp, and stretched ourselves on our green couches, our attendant would throw over us a few large and well-covered branches, and leave us to our dreams or wakeful imaginings. He would then stow himself away in the immediate vicinity, and I could not but observe in the morning that *his* berth looked the most comfortable of the three. With the earliest dawn we were always ready to quit our somewhat hard pillows; for although it may do very well to *talk about* sleeping in the wild woods, with the branches of a species of pine for your bed, your saddle for your pillow, and the out-stretched and leafy limbs of a beech-tree for your canopy,—yet I must confess I have seldom had a more uncomfortable lodging, although I have been but little accustomed to slumber upon beds of down or banks of roses. As soon as we could see to bait our hooks we then commenced a long and toilsome day's diversion, for we used to make a business of it rather than a pleasure. After a couple of hours' sport we had breakfast prepared; and as I have already described our supper, that description will answer for all our meals, since they were alike. When our feast was over we again commenced our sport, and sometime about mid-day we had another halt, another meal, and probably an hour's rest. During that time our boy was sent back to our old camp to bring forward the horses, and to take them as far down the creek as he expected we might get by the hour of sunset, for we always encamped near to the place where we gave up fishing, being sufficiently tired with scrambling along through rough and untrodden paths for the whole of a long summer's day. On the day following we left off about noon; and having dined, and emptied our flasks, and our lad having carefully stowed away in our now spare sack (carefully packed in green leaves) all the surplus produce of our two days' fishing, we mounted our horses and threaded our way, as well as we were able, through the trackless and rugged forest. After an absence of

two days we have sometimes returned with forty dozen good-sized trout ; so that, adding these to the quantity consumed at our six meals in the wood, our success must be allowed to have been very respectable. On reaching home the trout were immediately placed on ice in the ice-house, by which they were kept good for several days.

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We were now in a civilised country compared to the districts we had been travelling through for the last few weeks ; but we had not yet purchased a sleigh. We should now, however, have more chances of meeting with such a one as we might fancy, since there was no want of mechanics to construct them of all kinds and qualities. We had inquired at our last stopping-place which of the taverns at the little town we were approaching had the reputation of affording the most comfortable accommodations, and " Wilson's Hotel, the big brick house on the right-hand side," was recommended to us. We therefore, on our arrival at the borough (for such it has become) of W——, repaired directly to " the big brick house," and before my friend had got himself rolled down from the saddle, a decent-looking person came forward to attend to our orders. I desired him to send the hostler ; but he answered me by saying, " I will take care of your horses, sir ; you had better walk in." However, I thought otherwise, and followed him and the ponies to a stable at some distance, in order to satisfy myself that they were properly attended to. After I had seen them provided with hay, rubbed down, unsaddled, blanketed, the snow removed from their feet, &c., I repaired to the hotel to join my companion. I found him very comfortably deposited in a family parlour, and in conversation with a couple of ladies, mother and daughter, who were just informing him that they were about to sit down to their family dinner in the adjoining room, and, if we chose to do so, we might join them. On taking our seats at table, we were joined by the person who had attended me as hostler, and were introduced to him by the older lady, whom we had made out to be the landlady, as " Mr. Wilson." Our new acquaintance took his place at his own board, and we found the whole family agreeable, obliging, and well-informed. During the repast my friend, who had some slight knowledge of the political concerns of the district, inquired in what part of the country their new member for Congress resided ; " for I understand," said he, " that your namesake, Mr. W., the late member, resides somewhere in this county."

Our host informed him in what part the new member lived, hesitated, and looked across the table at his better half ; who, without any circumlocution, informed us, that our landlord himself was the identical Mr. Wilson spoken of. He bowed to us in acknowledgment of what his wife had said, and, without discussing the matter further, we proceeded to address ourselves to the good things before us.

And so then, thought I, this individual, whose services I have been commanding for the last half hour in the humble capacity of hostler, has, for four years, figured in the Hall of Representatives of the United States as the elect and chosen among forty thousand free citizens of the nation ! Such matters appeared strange to me ~~then~~, but, after a residence of many years in a country where such things

are commonly met with, I have long since ceased to wonder at being waited upon at table by a member of the legislature, measured for a pair of pantaloons by a general, having my horse shod by a judge of the court of common pleas, my grain thrashed out by a lieutenant-colonel, my shoes made by a major of dragoons, and my corn and potatoes hoed by a magistrate of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who wore neither shoes nor stockings!

* * * * *

The weather was mild, and we found the roads so well beaten that we travelled along with much comfort both to ourselves and our horses. We were aware, however, when we set out that morning, that before the end of our day's journey we should have to cross a large creek—so large, indeed, that even *there* it might have passed for a very respectable river. We felt considerable anxiety respecting the state in which we should find it; for the opinions of those we inquired of previous to our setting out were at complete variance. Some said it would be quite open, and we might get across as usual in the large ferry-boat. Others gave it as their opinion that it would be sufficiently frozen to allow us to cross it with perfect safety on the ice; while others insisted upon its being in that worst of all conditions to the traveller, partly open and partly closed. During the day we met one or two travellers, who, we concluded, might have passed this formidable creek, and of whom we inquired if it were passable, and who answered us with—"I guess it's in clever condition for you to pass," and then passed on. Sometime in the afternoon we reached its banks, and the "clever condition" spoken of by those we met turned out to be a narrow opening just wide enough for a horse to swim through, with ice on both sides just strong enough to support a foot passenger. This was quite a new mode of crossing to me. Once or twice during the summer I had forded creeks where my horse had to swim, the depth being so great; but it seemed our present plan was to walk across on the ice, and take the bridle in our hands, while the horses swam alongside of us in the opening. We accordingly dismounted on the bank of the creek; and as my friend was not very nimble of foot, I left him in charge of our ponies while I essayed, with a long pole which I found on the bank, to walk across by the side of the horse-channel or opening, with my pole carried horizontally in both hands, to prove its capability of sustaining foot-passengers. Having returned safe, I then unsaddled the ponies, and carried the saddles over to the other side. Again returning, I next ventured, with my saddle-bags on my shoulder, to lead my pony into the water and pilot it across. My friend and his pony followed in the rear, and the whole party arrived in safety on the desired bank. I could not help being afraid that our ponies would suffer from their immersion; but my companion assured me that they would experience no bad effects from it, provided we mounted them immediately, and rode them at a brisk pace for the next half-hour, which plan we did not fail to put in execution. I have since found this mode of swimming your horse across the creeks and rivers quite necessary in many parts of the back settlements.

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The snow at length became so deep, that we found it absolutely necessary to change our mode of travelling. I therefore determined to buy the first sleigh I found for sale, provided it were a low-priced one; for as it was probable we should have to leave it in a distant part of the country when the snow disappeared, I did not wish to lay out much money in the purchase. Therefore, at every house we passed where I saw a vehicle of that description, I made inquiry if the owner was disposed to part with it—"at what it was worth"—that being the true Yankee expression on such occasions. At length I met with an old farmer who seemed disposed to treat with me on these conditions; and after considerable arrangements—for I required harness for our ponies, reins, whip, &c.—I concluded the bargain for twenty dollars, (four dollars ten shillings English,) and he was to give us breakfast into the bargain, his house being a few miles from the place we had put up at for the night, on the road we should travel the following day. We therefore, in the morning, proceeded to the old farmer's, breakfasted, had our ponies harnessed to the weather-beaten, unpainted sleigh, when, with common plough harness, reins of common plough cord, and a whip made of a piece of deer-skin tied to the end of a long and flexible stick, cut out of the hedge for the purpose, we took possession of our splendid conveyance, in which we had our baggage and saddles stowed away, and off we set in true backwoods style. We were not far from the ascent of one of the "spurs" (ridges) of the Alleghany mountains, which we had to cross that day. We had not proceeded far, however, before we were stopped by an immense pine-tree which had fallen during the last few days, and which lay directly across the road in the thickest part of the forest. The boll of the tree might be about three feet in diameter, and as it lay hollow a couple of feet, the upper surface would be about five feet above the ground. We had not provided ourselves with an axe, (which is customary in travelling in the backwoods,) and if we had had one, we could not have used it effectively; for an expert *chopper* could not have cut the tree twice through in less than an hour. Our only plan was, to unyoke our horses from the sleigh, and, if possible, to lift it over the tree; for the forest, we were sure, would not admit our traversing it with the vehicle; if, indeed, we could find a road for the ponies amongst the fallen trees—the ruins of ages—we might think ourselves fortunate. My first object, therefore was to go on an exploring tour to the right hand and to the left, in order to discover a passage for the horses, if one existed. This was not very easily effected, for when the snow lies a couple of feet deep, it is not good travelling among all the rough and rude obstructions in the wild forests. However, at length I discovered an opening which I thought would admit the ponies; so, taking one with me at a time, I succeeded in getting them both to the other side of the obstruction. My friend so far had not been able to lend me any assistance; for, with his short legs and bundled up as he was, his exploring the woods was out of the question. However, it now became necessary for us both to exert ourselves to the utmost; and it was not until after various attempts that we succeeded in getting our sleigh over

the prostrate tree, after we had wasted about a couple of hours in many and fruitless endeavours. This long and unexpected delay brought night upon us when we were seven or eight long miles from the place of our destination. And although we had no rivers or creeks of any considerable size to cross, yet we had to travel over a road, if such it could be called, of the very worst description imaginable. The tall pine forest shut out the dim and doubtful light we should otherwise have had; while ever and anon we arrived at some point where the road "forked," (separated into two,) without our having the least idea whether to incline to the right hand or to the left. I was charioteer, but I could scarcely see whether we had horses or not, so exceedingly dark were those lonely regions. I would have walked alongside the ponies had the track admitted of such a measure, but it was really so narrow that such a step was quite impracticable. After plodding on for some hours at a snail's pace, we were rejoiced to see the glimmer of a distant light; and although the path we were pursuing did not appear to lead us in the proper direction to reach it, yet we continued our dreary way, full of hopes and anticipations that we should soon reach some human habitation. And we were not long disappointed, for, on our continuing for less than half a mile further, in the direction we had been going, we reached the top of a long descent where the road made a sweep in the direction of the light we had seen twinkling through the forest trees; and in less than half an hour we had arrived at the small tavern we intended to remain at for the night, and were comfortably seated by a good fire in a corner of the little parlour.

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Although we certainly found long day's journies much less fatiguing to us now that we had got a sleigh, than when they used to be on horseback—yet in some respects we had not added to our personal comfort. We found that sitting so perfectly motionless as we did where we had plenty of snow to make the road quite smooth, caused us to suffer a great deal more from the same degree of cold, than when we were kept in continual motion by the movements of our horses. To be sure, we were not properly provided with furs for a sleighing expedition—nor could we have procured such had we felt inclined to do so, in the part of the country we were now travelling through. A common sleigh is open on all sides, the back being about as high as the shoulders, while the sides are cut down to within fifteen inches of the running frame on which the body is placed; while the front rises to about two feet in height—and sometimes a little more. The hides of buffaloes, dressed with the hair on, are commonly used on those expeditions. You place one skin over the back of the vehicle, extending down to the seat and along the bottom, with the fur or hair towards your person. Then you place another in front, on which you place your feet, bringing it up over your person as high as you please, tucking it in on both sides, with the fur inwards. Thus equipped, with a pair of fur gloves, and a fur cap, covering the ears, you may manage to travel in very severe weather without suffering much inconvenience from the cold. Although our persons were pretty well provided with extra clothing, yet in our early and

late drives we often suffered severely. Often setting out long before day, and before any fires had been lighted in the houses where we happened to be staying—and probably where there was no one to attend to our horses—the feeding and harnessing of which, mostly devolved upon me—I have set out with my hands and feet so completely benumbed with cold, that I could scarcely feel whether or not I held the reins in my hand. My friend, too, suffered equally, except his hands, which he contrived to keep in some unexposed situation. By the time we had travelled an hour or so, if we happened to pass any human habitation, he would always express a wish to alight and warm himself. This, however, we but seldom did; for I always found that by the time we had travelled a couple of miles, after starting again, that we suffered more from the cold than ever. The greatest comfort after those miserable rides, was our finding some one to look after our horses when we reached our stopping-place.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MISS MARY BOYLE.

With fevered brow, she sought the freshening air,
 And cast one wild though tearless glance on high;
 Burst from her parted lips the uttered prayer,
 Burst from her weary heart, the heavy sigh.
 A loud, an earnest, deep, convulsive prayer,
 The hope of years concentrated in a word,
 She called on Heaven a sister's life to spare,
 And God's bright mercy bid her prayer be heard!
 Absorbed in agony, her head she raised
 To that blue sky, where worlds of brightness roll,
 As on a planet's radiant orb she gazed,
 Mysterious hope rekindled in her soul.
 And, O! while joying in a sister's love,
 In gentle fellowship they pass their days,
 Still may the frequent glance she sends above
 Ne'er fall unmoved upon that planet's rays!
 Ah, fear it not—where'er her footsteps roam,
 Though far the clime, and distant be the sod,
 That star shall win her wandering spirit home,
 And lift the incense of her praise to God.

Naples, 1834.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND TURKEY: THEIR PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

In 1795, after the final pa driven from his country by and Alliance of the Turks, at the hands of the Emper quence, and of very consi its dreamy slumber by re which threatened its very ambition of the czars be the old and cherished pi Catherine on the throne o cution of that plan was thrown open, by the destr them to exert themselves w favourable—he energetically predicted that, if they remained supine and indifferent, they would bitterly repent it in a few years, when Russia would have possession of the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, the Greeks would be in insurrection, the czar's fleets vastly increased on the Black Sea, and his armies carrying terror to the very gates of Constantinople. Morouzi, the drogoman of the Porte, unable to reply to the count's arguments, shook his head, and said, smiling—“*Beaucoup d'eau s'écoulera, dans le Danube, avant que ces événements sinistres puissent être réalisés.*”

A deal of water has, no doubt, flowed in the Danube, since the delivery of the drogoman's essentially-oriental speech; but, in the interval, the Porte's sinister predictions have been more than realised; and if a grandson or a great-grandson of Catherine be not soon placed on the throne of the sultana, it will scarcely be owing to any power of resistance left to the Turks. The progress made by Russia since the autumn of 1828 has been rapid and astounding. The interest of the problem increases as it approaches the solution; and however attention may be distracted by our home politics and the affairs of states nearer to us, the subject has great and immediate claims on our attention. From travellers of various classes, nations, and degrees of merit, we have derived pretty full accounts of the transactions in Turkey,† down to 1831; but we wanted a good chronicler and observer of events for the last six years; and this we find in Captain Slade, who, from long acquaintance with the country, from the advantages offered him by the official duties on which he was employed, and other concurring circumstances, was peculiarly well qualified for the task. Without entering into all his views, we invariably admire his activity, quick penetration, and industrious inquiry, and esteem him for the honourable and generous feelings which we delight to consider as inseparable from the character of a British officer or gen-

* Turkey, Greece, and Malta. By ADOLPHUS SLADE, Esq., R.N., F.R.A.S., Author of “Records of Travel in the East.”

The City of the Sultan, and Domestic Manners of the Turks, in 1836. By MISS PANDOR, Author of “Traits and Traditions of Portugal.”

† Captain Slade himself was one of the best, if not the very best, of these, and his former work, “Records of Travel in the East,” obtained the popularity it merited.

tleman. We can vouch, from our own personal experience, for the correctness of many of his descriptions of the country and the happy fidelity of many of his portraits. Even when not admitting some of his deductions, or at least brought to a pause of hesitation, we recognise the perfect truth and accuracy of his premises and recorded facts. His work at once suggests and furnishes materials for the most serious speculation. Have the boasted reforms of the Sultan strengthened or weakened the Ottoman empire? Is that empire capable of resuscitation, and of making any valid resistance to Russia? or is she fallen into incurable decrepitude, that will render her a helpless victim, if left to her own resources? These are questions in which the tranquillity of Europe—our own immediate interests, are deeply involved; and everything that throws light upon them, and helps us to form a correct opinion, is, at this moment, of the highest value and importance. For these last nine years, our government has been acting on a variety of clashing and incongruous plans, worse, in effect, than no plan at all. We know the immeasurable difficulties of the case—the *almost* impossibility of doing anything *for* or *with* such a power as Turkey, and we cannot join our author in all his censures on the present cabinet, who, be it said, on taking office, succeeded to the consequences of innumerable errors committed by their predecessors, and of which some were irremediable; but still, in common, we presume, with every rational person who has paid any attention to the subject, and has had any opportunities of informing himself as to the real state of affairs in the East, we feel the urgent necessity there is of coming to some fixed and determinate plan, either of operation or resignation; for, with Captain Slade's response to one of the great queries we entirely agree, holding it *impossible for Turkey to defend herself, even if Russia allow her a long breathing time.*

A few words may not be badly employed in stating the value and civil condition of the prize contended for.

The political importance of Constantinople and the adjoining country arises mainly out of their geographical position. The city itself may be said to close the channel of the Bosphorus and to hold the keys of the Black Sea, while the line of forts and castles on the almost equally narrow strait of the Dardanelles (a formidable defence even now,) might be made to cut off all approach from the Mediterranean and to shut up the whole sea of Marmora, with the capital at the head of it. There are nine castles and forts on the European and six on the Asiatic side of the narrow strait of the Hellespont or Dardanelles. The number of guns and mortars, in all, has been stated as high as seven hundred; but Captain Slade says, that after a careful examination on the spot, he found that the number has been generally overrated by more than three hundred. He does not give the precise result of his own examination, which we regret. We find a note, furnished us by a Jew, resident in the town of the Dardanelles, which sets down the number of guns of all calibres, and mortars, at five hundred and three. This was written in 1828, from which period, down to 1836, no addition had been made. Captain Slade informs us, that, in the month of September of last year, (1836,) the sultan, being at last made aware that works constructed to repel Venetian galleys are unable to oppose modern line-of-battle ships, sent two Prussian officers

(Baron Maltke and Capt. Kopke) to survey the Dardanelles. "Very opportunely," says Captain Slade, "a fire occurred about the time, which destroyed three hundred houses, including nine consulates, and laid bare a long line of beach in the most advantageous position. Many persons suspected that this misfortune originated in authority. Whether or not, a firman was read in the mosques, while the embers still smoked, forbidding the inhabitants to rebuild their houses, and declaring the ground government property. The Prussians recommended the erection of batteries on that line. If their advice be followed, and the guns be at all well served, the passage will then be impracticable."

This disposition will be fatal to any project of naval interference on the part of England and France, who must reach Constantinople in that direction; but it will not keep the fleets of Russia from the capital, as her line of attack is in the opposite direction, from the Black Sea, through the Strait of the Bosphorus, the defences of which have always been much weaker than those of the Dardanelles. The works proposed by the Prussian officers will therefore not interfere in the least with the czar's obtaining possession of Constantinople, and all the coast of Europe and Asia above the castles of the Dardanelles and the plain of Troy; but, if he once gain possession, they will secure him from the attack of the rest of Europe. As circumstances now are, Mahmoud, by executing the Prussians' plan, will be throwing away money to raise defences against his *friends*.

Placed between both seas, the Turks, or any more active power that should dispossess them, might thus interrupt all communication between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. At present, the Porte, while it assumes the right of preventing the passage of ships of war, leaves the communication open to trading vessels of all nations with whom it has treaties. No toll at all, or one of the slightest amount, is paid by merchantmen at the Dardanelles, where all vessels are visited, as the Porte insist also on the right of search. This right, however, is generally exercised in a mild and even careless manner by the Turkish officers. Formerly, if a christian ambassador wished to proceed on to Constantinople in the man-of-war that took him out, the captain was obliged to land his guns and munitions of war at the Dardanelles; but of late years several English and French ships of war have been allowed to pass without any such impediments; while the Russians, by an article of the memorable treaty of Hunkiar-Skellesi, (concluded in 1833,) claim the privilege of passing with all descriptions of vessels whenever they choose. This treaty may be rescinded; nor will anything short of an actual possession of the country give the Russians that security for incalculable advantages which their hearts are set upon. It is more than idle to conceal the fact—they eagerly and incessantly covet the land, and every other nation in their circumstances would do the same. In a naval attack, all the advantages of nature are in their favour. A strong current descends from the Black Sea, and the winds are favourable for Constantinople six months of the year.*

* At the Dardanelles these circumstances are, of course, directly contrary. Steam will conquer both winds and current, but even steam cannot propel vessels rapidly, up the strait, and past the castles.

The great object at which Russia has all along aimed, is to secure the free passage of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles at all times, and for all purposes. The right is another question, but the temptation to encroachment offered to that power is immense. Her conquests and occupations have made her, in a manner, the mistress of the Black Sea ; but, as long as the Turks retain their present possessions, she cannot *command* egress from it, or ingress to it—she is only the possessor of a rich mansion, the gates and avenues of which are held by another party. Again, at the other extremity of the empire, where Russia touches on the gulf of Finland and the Baltic, she is shut in by a comparatively closed sea, where her fleets are liable to be ice-bound and useless during four months in every year, while, in order to reach the Mediterranean, they have to make the periplus of nearly all Europe. The temptation, every way great, becomes the greater, from the miserable weakness and vices of the Turkish government, which, (we repeat) if left to itself, cannot possibly offer any valid resistance to the Russians. As the general conduct of the latter nation does not inspire much confidence in its moderation and generosity, the great states of Europe will have to consider the probable effects of such an extension of limits as would at once make Russia a Mediterranean power, and the absolute mistress of the Black Sea, and the narrow seas that lead to and from it.

The position of Constantinople, moreover, gives it a natural command over some fine provinces in Europe, and some of the very finest provinces of Asia Minor—territories now thinly peopled and badly cultivated, but capable of supporting an exuberant population, and of producing corn, oil, wine, honey, wax, fruits, silks, madder, and other valuable articles in immense quantities. Parts of the Asiatic territory, on which the city almost touches, seem ready to start into fertility under the slightest efforts. As the great centre and mart of such provinces, Constantinople ought to become one of the first of trading cities.

Placed in a central position between the regions of the north and south, between the people of the east and west, having communication with them all by the Black Sea, the Marmora, and the Mediterranean, possessing a vast and convenient port, Constantinople indeed seems destined by nature to be the metropolis of the world. When deprived of all but a few leagues of territory round its walls, as was the case under the last of the Greek emperors, that city still presented a respectable attitude. It is almost impossible to avoid being struck by the fact, that Constantinople is *now* very nearly what Constantinople *was then*. As the degenerate emperors of the East were trembling with constant apprehension of the Turks, who were constantly advancing upon them, and enclosing them in narrower and still narrower limits, so now the faded (and may we not say, *degenerate*?) representative of the Mahomets and Bajazets, trembles and crouches before the Russians, who are hemming him in, and gradually confining him to the narrow circle occupied by the last of the Palæologi.

Whatever may be its future state—whether it be the capital of a great empire, or of a small kingdom, or a free-port, isolated and independent, Constantinople, in spite of all revolutions and overthrows, must always remain a most important place. But besides its political

and commercial advantages, Constantinople, by its position, might easily be made one of the best fortified towns on the continent of Europe. Built on a triangular promontory, with two of its sides washed by deep waters, it is only attackable on one side; and that line of defence (on the land side) presenting a straight line, could derive all the advantages of the system of bastions with extensive half-moons. Such was the opinion of a skilful engineer officer in the service of Napoleon, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the city and its neighbourhood, which he had examined scientifically, in the view of providing for its defence. The suburbs of Pera, Saint Dimitri, and Galata, are capable, by their re-union, of being converted into a formidable place of arms, which would be a most excellent support or *point d'appui* to the capital; but the execution of such works as these, supposes an energy and intelligence, and a command of money, not now to be found among the Turks.

Should the Russians once gain possession, the case will be reversed: allow them but a few months of undisturbed occupancy, and it will be next to impossible to dispossess them by siege or assault.

One of the most remarkable features of a place where everything is striking, is the independence of the christian suburbs, which are only separated from Constantinople by the port of the Golden Horn. Captain Slade's description is as correct as it is spirited and brief.

"Pera (with Galata) is remarkable over the towns of the East, as the capital of the Frank *imperium in imperio*, inhabited by some thousands of individuals, subjects of the different states of Christendom; the upper classes united by a bastard French language, and by a vanity of origin beyond any comparison; the lower classes bound together by a common exemption from all laws save a few of convention. Its French-furnished magazines attract the Turkish ladies, otherwise a stranger might deem himself in any dirty Italian town. Annexed to Constantinople, it is as independent of it as though part of Pekin. A quarter of the Mussulman capital, it exhibits all the paraphernalia of Catholicism, in feasts, processions, burials, and masses. Seven churches, (three in Pera and four in Galata,) pictured and tintinnabulous, shock the devout Mohammedan. There is an apostolic prefect, and a bishop, (archbishop *in partibus* of Constantinople.) There are friars without number, intolerance without example among the different persuasions; while the Turks show to all unlimited toleration.

"Tekeli lived in Pera some years, a pensioner of Louis XIV., and died there at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

"In the protestant burial-ground sleeps William Hampden, (merchant,) first cousin of the Patriot."

In the motley population, which is crowded in the city and suburbs on the Bosphorus, leaving a solitude in-land, the Turks are the most numerous; but the old estimate, that gave three Turks for one person of any other nation or religion, would now appear incorrect. Next to the Mahomedans are the Greeks, though this portion of the population has been somewhat thinned by the Greek revolution and its consequences. The Armenians are reckoned next to the Greeks, then come the Jews, and last of all, and in a comparatively small proportion, the Franks, who belong by birth or descent to nearly all the nations of Europe; those of Italian origin, or descendants of the commercial and enterprising Genevese and Venetians, being probably the most numerous, though *now* not the wealthiest of the Franks. In-

cluded in this category are many christian subjects of the Porte, Armenians and others, who have purchased or otherwise obtained the protection of some christian nation, changed their oriental dress, and assumed *the hat*, which is the distinctive mark of a Frank. Every Frank is under the protection of his ambassador or consul, and wholly withdrawn from the arbitrary proceeding of the Turkish courts and government.

From the days of old Busbequius and Belot, down to our own time, the amount of the united population of Constantinople has been a puzzle. Mr. Slade ventures on the following computation, which he says is at best but comparative, accuracy being out of reach where registers are not kept, and a census never taken. All the towns and villages on the Bosphorus, for the distance of ten or twelve miles, are included.

Mussulmans (male and female)	.	.	480,000
Greeks	.	.	250,000
Armenians	.	.	140,000
Ditto (Catholic)	.	.	18,000
Hebrews	.	.	65,000
<hr/>			
			953,000*
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Of this number nearly one-half, or all the non-Mussulman part, would see a Russian conquest with indifference. The Greeks and Armenians have each their patriarch—the Jews their *Khakhim Bachy*, or grand rabbin. These primates are elected by the notables of their nation, laymen voting with the clergy; but the election is not valid without the Sultan's *berat*, or diploma of investiture. Their jurisdiction is both temporal and spiritual, and, in some matters, very extensive. They have their prisons in Constantinople, and exercise the right of arresting and punishing any of their co-religionists without any other formality than that of making a previous report to the government, in which report, however, they are not bound to explain the motives of their proceedings. These spiritual chiefs are organs by which the Porte publishes the ordonnances and regulations regarding their respective nations.

At the first glance this appears to be a liberal scale of concession to the *rayah*, or non-Mussulman population; but unfortunately the Porte never does, and never did, allow the primates much freedom of action in matters of real importance, and their authority dwindles to nothing whenever they are brought into collision with the Sultan's judges and officers.

The Turks themselves provide for the police of the whole capital and suburbs, and since the suppression of the turbulent Janizaries, that police is truly excellent. The watchmen, who go their rounds by night, are armed each with a wooden club that has a heavy iron ferule at one extremity. This club answers both to the staff and the call or rattle of our old London watchmen; for the Turks, instead of

* We think this number is over-rated by, at least, 150,000. A mistake easily arises by counting people twice over—or as inhabitants of the city, proper, and inhabitants of the villages in the neighbourhood. Every summer evening many thousands leave the city for the Bosphorus, Scutari, San Stefano, &c. In the day-time and in the winter season those villages are almost empty.

calling the hours, strike the iron on the pavement of the streets as they walk along from time to time; and in case of need, they can thus produce a ringing noise that is heard at a considerable distance. In giving pursuit to any disorderly or suspicious characters, they throw the club with an almost unerring aim, their object being to hit the legs, or pass the stick between them, so as to throw the runaway down. But so perfect is the order maintained, and so rare the occurrence of any night robbery, that the watchmen have seldom to make any exertion, except that of giving alarm in case of fire.

In the midst of their numerous follies and vices of administration, the Turks have had the good sense to respect the existence of municipal institutions; but in the capital, as in most of the great cities, these elective corporations are overshadowed and controlled by the power of the government; and it is only in the remote rural districts, (and these must lie out of the way of the lawless pashas, or matters are worse there,) that the elders or notables chosen by the people can check oppression, apportion the taxation, and keep the local expenditure in their own hands. The taxes are there all direct, and levied in the most simple and economical manner; but in the capital and great towns there are many indirect taxes which are farmed out, or raised by government agents, without any co-operation on the part of the municipalities. This appears to us the real state and value of the municipal institutions of Turkey, to which Mr. Urquhart, from whom we differ with regret, attaches so much importance as a means of national strength and regeneration. As far as our own limited experience goes, we can say with safety, that we were never in a town in Turkey where the municipal rights were not constantly infringed and laughed at by the pasha, mootzellim, or agha. Mr. Urquhart's mistake arises from confounding theory with practice.

Besides the municipal council, the different trades and professions in Constantinople form guilds or companies or corporations of their own, the elected heads of which (*Esnaffs*) are charged with the defence of the interests, collective or individual, of the members of the association. The head of each trade is entrusted with considerable authority, knows every individual of the body, and is, in some measure, answerable for them all to government. In case of wrong or oppression offered to his guild, he addresses himself to the government authorities; and should he encounter neglect or insult from them, he is joined by the entire corporation, whose cries and complaints, often mixed with threats, generally obtain some redress. In the general union of the guilds there resides the strong power of public opinion, which no despotism can despise; and many a tyrannical measure has been checked, and not a few governments overthrown, chiefly by the influence of the *Esnaffs* and incorporated tradesmen and artisans of Constantinople.

On certain critical occasions it seems to be the practice of the government to assemble the *Esnaffs* of all classes for consultation and advice. This, at least, was done more than once during the unfortunate Russian war of 1828-29. The capital misfortune of these associations is, that the men composing them are ignorant, capricious, and, like the mass of the Turks in Europe, destitute of that expansive public spirit which forms true patriotism, as also (now that their

religious notions are confused and weakened by recent changes) unprovided with any great and general rallying point. The flames of Mussulman fanaticism are burnt out, or have been extinguished, and, as yet, no other national ardour supplies their place.

Captain Slade attributes the power and efficiency of the Esnaffs of Constantinople to their connexion with the Janissaries, of which corps, indeed, many of them were members; but it is not quite correct to imply that they lost *all* influence by the destruction of the Janissaries. We were witnesses to the contrary two or three years after the Janissaries had ceased to exist.

We agree, in the main, with his estimate of that most sanguinary measure of reform, the massacre of the Janissaries—a measure which has been loudly applauded by men unacquainted with its numerous bearings and unparalleled atrocities—a measure so fraught with treachery, malice, and cruelty, that (we are superstitious enough to believe) nothing but a curse from heaven could attend it. Still, however, Captain Slade underrates the vices, the turbulence, and insubordination of the Janissaries on the one hand, and overrates their merits as citizens, and as soldiers in the field, on the other; while, considering the mode in which they were incorporated, the privileges and license they claimed and exercised as an *exclusive* body, it is decidedly incorrect to give them the name of, or compare them with, the national or citizen guard of western Europe.

The following striking passage will sound strangely in the ears of those who have not yet waked from the dream of Sultan Mahmoud being a great reformer—a greater than Peter of Russia, and acting from purer and higher motives. After relating the unfortunate failure of Sultan Selim, Captain Slade says—

“ Mahmoud reversed his unfortunate cousin's policy. After the stormy interlude of the counter revolution effected by Mustapha Bairactar, too well-known to need repetition here—after the deposition of Mustapha III., stained with the blood of Selim—after the battle and conflagration in the streets of Constantinople, during three days, between the Janissary party and the followers of Mustapha Bairactar—after his tragical end, followed by the death of the captive sultan, strangled by his royal brother's order—after all these scenes, Mahmoud swore anew to uphold the institutions of the empire,—to respect the *Ulema*, and the military bodies; and Turkey seemed left to die the slow death apparently fated by Heaven. But resentment cowered deep in the young monarch's breast: he ever remembered Selim's advice when they were in confinement together. Revenge took possession of his soul. Every vicissitude of his government was made subservient to the all-absorbing thought of destroying the Janissaries. The rise of Mehemet Ali, the volcanic state of Greece, were shaded by this sole object of his life. ‘Perish the empire so as they perish first,’ seemed to be his motto. With greater caution, however, with matchless duplicity—result of women's and eunuch's lessons—he laid his plans; making no premature exhibition of power, but sowing disunion between the ‘hydra’ (Janissaries), and the ‘serpent’ (*Ulema*,) and taking care to remain for a while the only male of his race.

“ I need not repeat the events of 1826. Suffice it to say, that first he cut down the Janissaries, then he encroached on the mosque.

“ For his intentions respecting the latter, he is also lauded; lauded by men who raise the same watch-cry everywhere; who condemn certain institutions on account of a name; careless of how widely they may differ in various countries. Such come to Turkey, and there finding a church-

establishment, rich, powerful, and (what they may not have observed) respected; 'Down with it,' is the cry. Would they only take the trouble to inquire into the state of the mosque, their voices might be hushed: if not, it would indeed be strange; for they would see in the mosque the healer of the sores caused by the worst of governments; for they would find libraries, and schools, and hospitals for the insane on the foundation of the mosque; for they would see well-cultivated estates belonging to the mosque; for they would learn that through the agency of the mosque, a man might secure a provision for a wife or daughter after his death. I do not mean to say that Sultan Mahmoud has, while striking at the power of the mosque, overturned its liberal and charitable institutions; but what guarantee in future will the people have? What evils appear to counterbalance the above advantages? Tithe? ministers of religion chosen from particular classes? monastic seclusion? celibacy? Not one of the reasons ordinarily urged against a church-establishment is applicable to the mosque. Giving unto the state all the advantages of a political machine, inculcating obedience, and teaching patience under national calamities, it could never be designated as pampered, aristocratic, or exclusive. But, I repeat, it has been Turkey's misfortune, that Europeans should have judged her of late according to *European rules*. Things were estimated by name, not by substance: parallels were drawn for effect, not for example. The Prætorian guards served for the Janissaries; the church-establishment in some parts of Europe for the mosque. History was silent as to whether any redeeming quality might have resided in the Prætorians, whether any greater evil which they masked might have existed in the empire: prejudice would not allow them to see aught than the errors of the christian churches. So, as the parallels were sought for display, not for investigation, Janissariism must be the worm at the root of the state; the mosque a temple of Belial.

"What followed? As if afraid that the spirit of the Janissaries might rise again, all visible token of their pre-existence was removed, their dress proscribed, and the carved turbans on their tombs knocked off in the burial-grounds about the capital. The immediate result was similar to that of King Charles's death—to that of the 18th *Brumaire*; it gave power. With it Cromwell and Napoleon advanced the glory of their respective countries; each fills a proud chapter in history; the memory of each, surest test of merit, is cherished. As much could not be expected from Sultan Mahmoud. Had he, indeed, wielded his new attribute in every sense for the good of his empire, he would have deserved, viewing his education, habits, and companionship, worship as a being directly inspired from heaven. That could not be hoped for. But might we not have expected a middle course between it and the contrary proceeding? Analyse his acts, his intentions, what do they amount to? An increase of taxation for his *personal enjoyment*; and the maintenance of regular troops for his *personal security*.

"All institutions radically bad, have, I grieve to say, been preserved; all usages counteracting by their influence the effect of ignorant despotism, and elevating the people, have been abolished. 'Too true!' I hear every person in the East repeat. If we seek the causes of the prolongation of the Turkish monarchy despite the monstrous abuses of its government, we shall find the principal one to lie in the religious-national spirit of the people among all classes. Sultan Mahmoud weakened that, and turned it against himself, by subverting, or endeavouring to subvert, all rights and usages connected with the same, for all are based on the koran, all are considered, even to the mode of eating, and the cut of a garment, as having emanated from the prophet,—by destroying or degrading the ancient families,—by nullifying the liberties of the cities, which kept trade in some measure free from arbitrary interference.

“ If we seek the causes which have reduced this beautiful country to a state of torpor, as though the hot breath of the simoon had yearly passed over it; as though Nature, in her most ireful mood, had denounced it; as though the hand of God had smitten it;—we shall find the prominent—the sole one—to be CORRUPTION,—the corruption that gave provinces to pashas, born in slavery, and nurtured in degrading servitude,—that withered army after army of fine and gallant spirits, by entrusting it to some favourite of the seraglio, more fit to be one of its water-carriers. These usages Sultan Mahmoud has religiously observed. Corruption still triumphs in all its hideousness. A man’s merit still consists in a blind obedience to the sovereign will,—an easy complaisance with his desire, in the absence of birth that may give him honest pride,—of fortune that may, in the absence of mind, instil self-respect,—of education, that may let him feel dishonour,—of nationality, that may give him an interest in the welfare of the empire. Men existed in Turkey, of hereditary wealth, boasting of centuries of loyalty, whose words were as holy writ with the people, and their possessions looked on as asylums for the wretched from the nomination pashalicks. Why, we sorrowfully ask, were they not invited to the councils of their sovereign, and associated with him in necessary reform? Why? Because they would have reformed *him* also.

“ Many still do not despair; many quote the condition of the empire apparently equally *in extremis* towards the close of the seventeenth century, as a fair ground on which to build hopes for its regeneration again. They quote the disastrous war in which Cornaro took Dalmatia, Morosini possessed himself of the Morea, the Duke of Lorraine vanquished two armies in Hungary, the Poles ravaged Moldavia; the whole crowned by a revolt of the Janissaries in the capital, to save the lives of the brothers of Mahomet the Fourth, then drawing near his end, and increasing in cruelty and suspicion. They dethroned him. Deeming, then, the hour arrived for ejecting the Ottomans from Europe, the Emperor Leopold refused to listen to any terms of accommodation, unless preceded by the entire cession, on the part of Turkey, of Slavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, to Austria; of Moldavia, Wallachia, and part of the Crimean Tartary to Poland; of the Morea, the Negropont, and part of Dalmatia, to Venice. Thus was Turkey reduced in 1687. Happy for Europe had that wise scheme of partition been acted on! Was ‘reform,’ however,—the destruction of the Janissaries—the talisman which saved the empire?—No. Kiuprili, son and grandson of two celebrated grand-viziers, then held the seals. He faced the storm, first, by taking off sundry new duties affecting the good citizens of Constantinople. Next, he attacked abuses, visiting severely the treasurers and holders of public property, but carefully respected fundamental principles. He induced the sovereign to set an example of patriotism by diminishing the seraglio expenses, selling useless slaves of the harem, &c. He encouraged trade. Having thus secured the support of the nation, and increased the admiration already entertained for his family, he set about, confidently, the more arduous task of reforming the Janissaries and the spahis, *i. e.*, restoring their ancient discipline according to the canons of the great Solyman. He fully succeeded. In 1688, the Imperialists captured Nissa, Widin, Orsova, and obliged the sultan to flee in haste from Sophia. Eighteen months afterwards, in 1690, Kiuprili retook those places, replanted the crescent in Belgrade, and beat Veterani in a pitched battle: then returned to Adrianople in triumph.

“ Here shone the fruits of a constitutional reform. Supposing he had destroyed the Janissaries, and sown discord among all classes by innovation, the views of Leopold would assuredly have been realised. Mark the difference! Solyman the weak, the bigot, intent chiefly on collating passages of the koran, called to his aid the wisest man in the empire,—

a man at once belonging to the nation by hereditary merit, and incited by the consciousness of a name to uphold; while, at the same time, he respected the military force of the empire, although it had dethroned *his uncle and his brother*. Mahmoud, the 'great man,' summons to his aid, in the task of reforming a stricken nation, men without a name, without one tie in the country. Equally threatened by a coalition from abroad, and harassed by revolt, he meets it by cutting off the only military body in the country. The result has turned out, as was to be expected, the very reverse of Kiuprili's success. Defeated as often as the other proved victorious, Mahmoud at length consented to a disastrous peace in the same city, Adrianople, where Kiuprili enjoyed his holy triumph. The two men and their measures may be described in a few words; Kiuprili changed nothing, but reformed everything; Mahmoud has changed everything, but reformed nothing. Extend the parallel, if parallel it may be called; Kiuprili fell in battle against the would-be spoliators of his country; Mahmoud lives on the smiles, and will die almost a pensioner, of the hungerers after his throne and empire.

"Many admirers of Sultan Mahmoud, however, who have no longer faith in his government, endeavour to excuse him by throwing blame on circumstances which have since arisen to defeat his plans. 'If he have failed,' they say, 'attribute it to his position.' Ought we to do so? Even allowing him the best intentions, can anything short of a fortunate result justify an invasion of a people's rights? Surely the mere act of attempting to reform abuses in a state does not entitle a man to exclusive praise; for he only acts on the views of many who, equally with himself, see the taint, yet hesitate, fearful of the consequences, to apply the cautery. Only he has merit, who, aware that no body can undergo a violent change without a corresponding inconvenience for awhile, looks beyond the present to ascertain the probable nature of the reaction,—to see if no extraneous disorder may supervene—who calculates the possible chances of a temporary convulsion, and prepares resources accordingly. If, on a cool examination, he finds the beneficial working of reform, abstractedly considered, may be endangered by unapparent, but not unfelt or remote causes, he will stay his hand. Such a man would only be a reformer in due time, or not at all——would abandon a favourite theme, rather than incur a national risk in order to exemplify it. Such a man was Peter the Great!"

Captain Slade's account of the new regular troops that have succeeded the Janissaries, is very discouraging, but agrees precisely with what we observed eight years ago. We were told, then, that the puny, beardless boys, would grow to men; but if they have done so, it has not been in the ranks, which are still filled with children. We know, indeed, that the greater part of the levies that marched, perished in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, not by the sword or bullet, but of *common* military fatigue, which they were incapable of bearing, and of common enough disorders, which they had no properly qualified army surgeons to cure or attend to. It was a pitiful sight to see the physical weakness and destitution of the boy-regiments that marched towards the Balkan and Varna in the spring of 1828. They dropped by scores on the road in the course of the first day's march. "They died like flies," said an Italian barber, who had been engaged in the service as regimental surgeon to the Nizam Djedit, and who abandoned his post in consternation before the army reached Adrianople. Such were the precious troops that were to meet the robust veterans of Russia—such the instruments with

which, according to not a few of our newspapers, and to many Europeans resident in the country, (who did an unpardonable injustice to the senses nature had given them,) Mahmoud was not only to repel the invaders, but to reconquer from them the Crimea and other territories lost by his predecessors in the days of turbans and beards. Never was such an illusion !

After instancing the case of the Portuguese in the last great war, Captain Slade says foreign officers of distinction should have been chosen for the Turks by the Sultan.

“ It was his only chance. The panic caused by that display of energy might have enabled him to succeed. It is also a matter of surprise that the French and English governments, so deeply interested in the revival of Turkey, should not have supplied him with adjutants, instead of leaving him to choose among the exiles of Europe: who, unsupported, and countenanced, could do the Turk little service, and reflected little honour on their respective countries. It is averred that the sultan, in 1827, wished to procure French officers, and give them actual rank, or at all events, power to enforce respect; and that Count Guilliminot was spoken to on the subject: but some members of the divan opposed the project, and the idea dropped. A Russian minister, sure of the sultan, would have bribed the divan. The chief barrier to a military reform would have been thus overthrown. Once in possession of military rank, Europeans might have offered counsel on other subjects. All this might have been accomplished by a little foresight and address; all this would have been acceded to us *without bribery* in 1828, and again in 1832. Now it is too late. Only such officers, if any, as are pleasing to Russia, will be henceforward employed.

“ Mehemet Ali showed wisdom from the beginning. In no respect has he shown more talent than his sovereign, or steered clearer of his errors, than in the formation of his army and navy. In addition to giving due encouragement and honour to Frank officers and talent, he received with open arms the men of rank whom Mahmoud compelled to flee their country, and employed them as superior officers. Born noble, and habituated from childhood to military authority, command and the exaction of respect were natural to them. The Arabs, on the contrary, had always been slaves under the Turks, and therefore were unfitted to have authority entrusted to them at once: they could only be subalterns. But in 1835 Ibrahim opened the rank of captain to them, and in a few years he will be able to do without foreigners or Turks—he will have formed a body of Arab officers.

“ Had Mahmoud acted similarly, he might have followed up his reform, which consisted in no other than the subversion of the people's liberties, with the intention of rendering them as submissive as the Egyptians. But, unlike his regal vassal, he stopped at half measures. He was ignorant that no medium existed between the Osmanley in his former state, obedient by religion and free by custom, and a slave toiling in the ring of European discipline.

“ Europeanising his capital, and denouncing ancient usages, so nearly filled the measure of the disgust of his subjects, that the few more drops necessary to form an army would have made no great difference. No other means existed of rendering the new order of things permanent. Universal discontent existed, a reaction was to be apprehended; himself had destroyed his ‘divine right,’ had cut away the natural props of his throne. Force alone could preserve the balance. And to force he resorted, but in a way that evinced total ignorance of the instrument he wished to fashion. In the place of the Janissaries, the men of the state, he collected the boys. He armed and dressed them alike, then called them regulars. Discipline may be judged of differently, according to the

observer, but there can be no two opinions about the physical condition of the Ottoman troops. The Porte expected probably that the inconvenience of juvenile levies would remedy itself, and be amply repaid, should they grow up untinged by Janissariism; by which time also it hoped that the anti-reform feeling would be worn out, when the people would no longer object to the new order of things. But its expectation failed. The same spectacle at Constantinople of regiments of boys, inferior in size and strength to those of Sandhurst, continues to afflict our eyes and mock our hopes. British troops would scarcely condescend to unsheath steel against such children as appear in some of the regiments. Several times have I questioned them in the camps on the banks of the Bosphorus, and have found fourteen or fifteen not to be an uncommon age among the conscripts. 'Still they must grow,' we say with astonishment; 'what becomes of them?' There is but one answer—'They die, they desert.' Men will not enlist, so the original evil in part remains. While training in the capital, where they have a certain share of attention and comforts, they escape with the diseases incidental to youth; but in the interior, marching through roadless countries, without a commissariat, without a medical staff, and fleeced by their officers, death rapidly thins their ranks. About one half only of the conscripts raised are realised, that is, become serviceable as men to the state. Twenty per cent. is said to be the annual mortality among the grand army of the Taurus; this too in its own country. By keeping the troops in arrears, the Porte turns this frightful account to profit; in half-a-dozen years it saves a twelvemonth's pay.

"Apart from considerations of moral influences, the condition of the Turkish soldier would not seem so objectionable. The pay amounts to four shillings a month, which, if it were regularly paid, may be called sufficient. It was, on the establishment of the nizâm, eight shillings a month, but the depreciation of the coin has halved that sum. The uniform is very repugnant to them: it partakes somewhat of the dress of the Frank, with very little of that of the Turk; it is ludicrous to the former, and hateful to the latter. It costs very little, (its only merit,) and it is generally ragged. We should bear in mind, while considering this point, that in addition to the sense of *amour propre* common to all people, above all to military bodies, in addition to the religious and patriarchal sentiment attached to it, the oriental garb is entirely adapted for the state of society in the East. Cure of disorder is the result of art: prevention of it is the instinct of nature. Who would think of depriving man of the latter until the former appeared? With surgeons, with hospitals, with attendance, the European soldier, or labourer, as may be, exposes himself heedlessly, or may be exposed, for there exists wherewithal to remedy his imprudence or to administer to his necessities: his rheumatism may be nursed, his inflamed eye may be assuaged, his fever may be arrested in its destructive course. But in the East, science comes not to the aid of suffering humanity: to avoid requiring her therefore became the problem, and man early discovered, above all in hot or variable climes, that the head and the loins were the chief inducts of disease. Hence the *turban* and the *sash*. The turban parries *coups de soleil*, *coups de vent*, and *coups de sabre*; it combines the defence of a helmet with the comfort of a cap, and it particularly saves the eyes. The sash guarantees the part so peculiarly vulnerable to *malaria*, viz. the loins; it preserves the wearer from bowel complaints, so fatal in hot countries, and it guards the region of the kidneys. The loose-breeched trousers, also part of the old dress and now forbidden, enable a man to sleep warm and comfortable when dressed, which is a desideratum in a bedless country. The use or abandonment of the old dress therefore is not merely a trial of prejudice, it is a question of health or sickness to the people. As well might we think of depriving them of their vapour baths.

“Can we then wonder if they cling to their old garb so pertinaciously? or if its substitute is scouted by every one except the dependents of the crown? Unfortunately the part of the nation the most in need of its preservative influence, viz., the army, is the part most completely deprived of it. The *Sheick Islam* of the day refused to issue a *fatwah* sanctioning the change of costume, on which Mahmoud sent for Meki-zadeh Effendi, a Mollah of great personal influence on account of his wealth and noble descent, his family having furnished several *Sheicks Islam* to the state, and demanded if authority for the proposed alteration might not be found in the koran. ‘The particular case may not be cited,’ answered the courtier, ‘but it is written that the desire of the prophet’s successor shall be law.’ Charmed with the decision, Mahmoud, in order to render it authoritative, deposed the unbending head of the law, and appointed Meki-zadeh Effendi in his place.

“The diminished number of the inhabitants on whom the conscription falls, necessarily decreases the value of the army. Each year an inferior description of individuals remains; while the conscription itself, if I may borrow a simile, is like a spider’s web, catching the weak flies but allowing the strong ones to break through. The *raya* population, half of the whole, is exempt from military service; the Kurds and the Albanians resist it, arms in hand; there remain only the Mussulmans of the plain country of Roumelia and of Anatolia. The sultan might have allured the Albanians and the Kurds to his service would he have enlisted them in their own way, forming them into national regiments, armed and dressed after their own fashion under their own leaders. So the Russian utilized the Cossack, till he had sucked the last drop of nationality out of his soul. So we, with all our power, amused the Highlander with kilt and tartan, till clan and claymore became uninspiring sounds. How much more obvious such policy in a country where power is balanced and prejudice is firmer rooted! But Sultan Mahmoud framed his army like Procrustes’ bed, intended for every one but suiting nobody; the boy conscript cannot be stretched out to its length, the mountaineer will not allow his free limbs to be curtailed to its proportions.

“We who are born and bred among the restraints of civilisation, can form no adequate idea of the irksomeness of military life to the Turks. In Christendom it is simply a heavy link of a long chain, varying in pressure according to place and circumstance. Where population weighs on existence an individual submits patiently to his lot, supported by the knowledge of a worse condition elsewhere; barracks are better than the workhouse, and rations are preferable to alms. Such is the case in Germany and France. Where individuals are less plentiful, repugnance is of course greater: but it may be modified by glory; success in arms will reconcile a man to the life; and discipline changes the bent of his mind. Such is the case in Russia. But where every man may literally sit under his own fig-tree, and is used from childhood to personal freedom, where real discipline is wanting to ensure confidence, and success to inspire self-respect, and war is seen without its pomp and circumstance, and recollections of home and friends are not balanced by hope or glory, the objection to the military calling becomes insuperable. Such is the case in Turkey.

“The officers correspond with the troops, both in selection and equipment. As anybody might command under the old system, no matter whether he were a tailor, or a camel-driver, or a seraglio page, so it was supposed that with the aid of a few months’ drilling under an instructor they would prove equally ready with the *nizam dgeditt*. But even that instruction, if instruction can be given by a man whose scholars may spit on him, and who often sees himself obliged to cringe to a pasha for his bread, turns out of no avail: on the parade he directs the movement, but on the field of battle there is no prompter. As an example of the kind of

men who are entrusted with the honour of the country, I may mention that in 1834, thirty field-pieces left the capital for Sivas, under the command of a man who had been a *hammal* (porter) five years previously. Such a metamorphosis might occur in Europe without exciting ridicule, for there emulation and the means of self-instruction exist to develop the talent which may lie hidden under a lowly garb. About the same time three thousand of the guard, cavalry and infantry, marched for the same destination under a black eunuch named Redschi Pasha. I would not be thought so illiberal as to insinuate that a eunuch must necessarily be devoid of ability, or should not be employed; but certainly, the education of the seraglio, and the contempt of mankind for the species, show that the appointment could only have been due to corrupt influence. Shortly after his arrival at the head-quarters of the army, he had a serious dispute with one Bekir Pasha, who took advantage of his temporary absence to effect the abduction from his tent of a barber's boy. Furious at the act, Redschi, on his return, armed forty or fifty of his people and led them to the rescue of his favourite. It was a parody on Agamemnon and Achilles. Swords were also drawn on the other side; a skirmish ensued, which ended, however, by Redschi carrying off the lad in triumph. Not long did he enjoy it. The affair of course reached the ears of the commander-in-chief, Redschi Mehemet Pasha. He sent for the Black. He upbraided him by an allusion to his misfortune. 'What have you to do with a barber's boy?' he said ironically; 'what excuse have you? you have no beard.' At this cruel taunt, the black blood flowed impetuously, and overcame every other feeling. He replied insolently. Enough! The vizir had him disarmed, then sent him back to the capital, where he only escaped death through the protection of the eunuch corps in the seraglio.

"Many other officers I could trace to as unfit sources, and all are equally devoid of military education. No gradation of rank beyond name exists, as yet, among them; all are on a level in the eyes of the colonel, the colonel himself too happy to present a pipe to his general. All are open to a *backsheish* (present)—all are liable to the *bastinado*. In 1836, we knew two colonels *bastinadoed*, then cashiered; and shortly afterwards Tahir Pasha inflicted the *bastinado*, on the quarter-deck, on two of his captains for mismanaging their ships, which nevertheless they continued to command.

"We may go a step further and say that even were the regimental organisation good, the Turkish army would still be comparatively useless under its generals, who have hitherto been chosen from the ancient vizirs of the empire, men wholly untaught in the art of war, and totally unused to military service, who are either dreaming away their days in oriental luxury or exercising their wits in intriguing after place, so that it usually happens that the field of battle is chosen by chance or is marked out by the enemy, and that afterwards every colonel acts separately as may seem good to himself, for want of a head to direct him."

From his professional talent as a sailor, and previous experience on board their own ships, nobody is so well qualified as Captain Slade to give an opinion of the sultan's navy, or of that fragment of it which has survived the battle of Navarino. That his account is as discouraging as that given of the army, may be derived from the following truly graphic passages.

"Warm greetings also awaited me on the part of my former associates of the Turkish navy. I scarcely expected to find any, or, if finding them, to be remembered. But little Mehemet, who had commanded the *Selimieh*, the ship I sailed in during the war of 1829, still retained the same qua-

lities which then endeared him to every one. I took a boat the second day, and went alongside the *Mehsoudieh* (120 gun-ship.) '*Ne istersiniz?*' (What do you want?) said the bare-footed lieutenant of the watch as I stepped on deck. 'My friend, the captain.'—'Your friend!—you must wait.' Just then Mehemet came up the companion-ladder. To look at me, to know me, was one and the same thing. Forgetting his Mussulman creed, forgetting my christian origin, he ran up, took my hands, and embraced me before the crew.

"The afore-mentioned Tahir Pasha, whom I found in the situation, certainly proved an exception to the rule; but as he had only attained the fatal position between ignorance and knowledge, with yet a glimmering of the truth, to make him cautious of distinguishing merit, the service did not materially benefit thereby. One scarcely knows how to apply rules for Turkey, unless it be the rule of contrary. The navy was essentially better under the 'shoemaker' admiral with whom I sailed; because, aware of his own complete ignorance, he would listen to counsel, and allow his guns to be exercised occasionally. Achmet Pasha's brigade of cavalry, for another example, is the best, by far the best part of the Ottoman army: himself a waterman ten years ago, he pretended to no knowledge of the subject, and therefore, alone of the Turkish officers, supported his 'instructor.'

"Aware of the sultan's capriciousness and favouritism, causes of infinite mischief to the country, Tahir determined to keep off competition, and in this view he applauded the appointment, which excited infinite discontent, of our friend Namik Pasha, over the heads of all the captains, to be vice-admiral of the fleet. Namik owed everything to his knowledge of French; a smattering of the tongue would have been sufficient to supply the place of all talent. Because he knew French, he was rapidly advanced to the rank of general. Because he knew French, he went ambassador to London. 'Why is he placed in so novel a situation?' I asked. 'Because he knows nothing of naval affairs,' growled out Mehemet Bey. 'Is that a bad reason?' I at first thought, recurring to our own, beloved and much-lauded practice. But a moment's reflection showed me the injustice of the comparison. Above individual inexperience, and solidly enough based to withstand the whirlwind of the frequent changes of the 'board,' our matured organisation can work by itself for a time; whereas, in Turkey, the will of the chief constitutes the system, on his caprice depends its continuance. We will suppose a case, and place an inexperienced young man in command of an English frigate; all, nevertheless, will go on smoothly, provided he have the sense to remain quiet; he has a first lieutenant to command the ship for him; other lieutenants to keep the watches; a master to navigate her; a purser to victual her; a clerk to keep the accounts; leaving nothing for him to do beyond signing his name where bidden, and flogging when required. But the commander of a Turkish ship must have an inkling of his work in all its branches, or everything, as it generally is, will be in confusion; there is no one to aid him, no system performing its own functions.

"To give him his due, he improved the revenues of the department, and paid more attention than usual to the appearance and decoration of his ships. Farther he thought not: so as he had a handsome squadron to float before the royal palace, he cared little for more essential points. Light and lofty rigged, with bolts, guns and bulkheads polished, on all three decks, his flag-ship was as beautiful an object as one could wish to set eyes on, and many a landsman has gone away in consequence with an exaggerated notion of the Ottoman navy; but her guns seemed only intended to polish, her decks to 'holystone,' her sides to paint. As far as they are concerned, the ships appear to be equal to any work in Mediterranean weather, but on looking at the soul which animates the body we find it inferior to any comparison. Owing, in the first place, to the in-

instinctive dislike to regular service, it is difficult to obtain men; owing, in the second place, to the absence of discipline,—for Turkish discipline is like that of schools, only fit for children,—is like the control of women, dependent on caprice,—they are with difficulty retained. The ambition of a boy is to be a man, to consort with men, but to do that he must quit the service. Out of 1,200 in a first-rate, not more than 100 would be rated with us higher than first-class boys. The Capitan Bey was surprised at hearing of the smallness of our crews, compared with the shoals launched on board Turkish ships; “but,” he observed, “it requires twenty of these lads to run out a gun.” One occasionally witnesses ludicrous transformations on the quarter-deck. ‘Do you not remember me?’ said the lieutenant of the deck one day to me, on board the *Mahmoudieh*, (flag-ship,) ‘I rowed you over to Scutari in the summer.’ True enough! a few months before he had plied for the waterman’s fare. His promotion was more flattering than profitable: any waterman on the Bosphorus may gain double the pay of a lieutenant. It gave him consequence, however, and the power, as officer of the water-guard, of paying off old scores. More recently, a young Circassian friend of mine was transferred from the command of a troop to the quarter-deck. I had left him in Upper Albania ready to charge at anything, and, within four months, I met him at Constantinople, dancing attendance, with anchor buttons on his coat, at the Admiralty. Laughing at his own metamorphosis, he said the only reason he could give for it was, that his name, Bahri, meant the sea. A complete specimen of this kind of officering and manning was seen by our squadron when lying at Syra. A Turkish corvette, seemingly a frigate in the distance, so long and lofty was she, working up for the anchorage, mistook the passage, or did not look for it, and steered end on for the land. The Fanal above her head at length attracted the notice of some one. Not a moment to lose: there was just space to put the helm down, let run everything, and drop an anchor. There she lay, her stern about a cable’s length from the breakers, the wind and sea increasing. In this dilemma the captain showed wisdom: hoisting out his boats, he sent one alongside the ‘*Caledonia*.’ *Aman, yardem!* (mercy, help!) cried in piteous tones, attracted the sentry of the middle watch; but no meaning did he gather from the strange sounds, and the night was too dark to distinguish more than a boat bobbing in the swell alongside. After some time we contrived to extract the tale from the quaking Mussulmans, with sundry additions, as that she was bumping, filling, sinking. They were alarmed beyond measure, and to all our interrogatories as to her position, and the extent of assistance required, the fellow could answer little else at first than *tchapouk, tchapouk*, (quick, quick.) Our men standing at the entering port took the word for *chibouque*, (pipe,) and sundry jokes, in consequence, passed on the Turk—a true Turk—asking for a pipe though his ship were sinking. We sent him back to his vessel with hopes; and followed in the galley to see what might be done. Her situation was perilous; she had squeezed into a cove, iron-bound, right into which the wind and sea were setting. There she lay at single anchor, top-gallant yards across, as unconcerned, apparently, as though in a basin. On account of quarantine (she came from Tripoli) we would not board her; but we hailed her captain, to send his light spars on deck, and seeing a second anchor at the bows, we told him to let it go. ‘The cable is rotten,’ cried out a dozen voices. On heaving up the anchor afterwards, at which the vessel had been riding, we found it also defective, with only one fluke. The sea already ran so high, that difficulties presented themselves on every side of the question of saving the corvette. Our first idea was to lay out anchors, and give in the ends of the cables, and leave her to ride out the gale. The ‘*Medea*,’ however, offered a better mode. Getting up her steam with celerity, she proceeded round the island, off the

spot: then, with the skill for which he often showed himself remarkable, Captain Austin backed in, and anchored in the very position for taking the corvette in tow. We supplied the necessary hawsers, and sent a party on board to conduct the operation of slipping or cutting, for in a manœuvre the slightest hitch of which might have compromised our superb steamer, we could not trust to any one else. All being ready, the two vessels slipped together. For a few hundred yards they advanced steadily—slowly but steadily—through the heavy sea; their progress then slackened—then became stationary. It was a beautiful, but an anxious sight, as the ‘*Medea*,’ at the top of her power, was turning up the waves, and dashing them, whiter, with more force, on the bare rocks; the corvette, the while, pitching deeply and making her tow-ropes at each ‘scend vibrate like harp-strings. After a few minutes they began drifting bodily to leeward. The ‘*Medea*’ let go her anchors, and the squadron’s launches prepared to give further aid. But she held on. Presently, another lull; she slipped again, and this time succeeded in dragging her charge clear out of danger, round into the harbour, where two of our boats waited with line-of-battle ships’ stream anchors. Of course, the Turk expressed gratitude, with Eastern hyperbole—crowned us with all the images of Oriental eloquence: compared the admiral to a beneficent spirit; the ‘*Medea*’ to Mohammed’s war-camel? By no means so: ‘It is very evident,’ he coolly observed, ‘that Allah placed the English squadron there, *in order to save us*.’ Was there ever such an exemplification of fatality? We could not help smiling; but really it was rather vexatious, after all our trouble, to see the credit transferred from us to Fate. It was the first voyage of Yussuf, the captain, whom I had met, nine months previous, in the suite of Achmet Bey. ‘Do not fear,’ we said to him, seeing his apprehensions of a reckoning, ‘*we will not tell Tahir Pasha*.’

“Such accessories as a nautical school (at Khalki,) as a military school (at Dolma Bakcheh,) sedulously shown off to all who visit Constantinople, as proof of the regeneration of Turkey, and as an earnest of returning ardour, (though to many, I am sure, the mode of teaching, and the hubbub of juvenile repetition must appear ridiculous, calculated to confound rather than to enlighten, where the science of mathematics is applied to memory rather than to reason,) will not, cannot affect any change. I believe they are merely intended as clap-traps—used as playthings. *Russia knows their worth*. Such, at all events, allowing them to have intrinsic merit, can only be used as ornaments of the capital, they can never serve for the base of the column.”

The result of our own observation was, that the national spirit of the Turks, particularly in the European provinces of the empire, was sunk and degraded; and that there were none, or but the slightest hopes of one of those enthusiastic risings which have often saved a nation in its despair. We, however, were led to fancy that the last struggle for the possession of their European capital would be obstinate and desperate; but even of this we now doubt—that is, always reasoning in the sense of the Turks being left to defend themselves. Among the purer and more orthodox Mussulmans of Asia Minor, we hoped for better things; yet these are the remarks which suggest themselves to Captain Slade, while travelling in that part of the empire.

“Hence the facility of any invader occupying the country. Concerted resistance out of the question,—will to combine it not entertained,—patriotism confined to localities. Respect their religion and *eski-adet*, (old custom,) and little care will now be entertained about the possession of

Stamboul. The idea of Russia, or any other power, appropriating Turkey, is viewed by the Ottoman with less disquiet every day. It is looked on as destiny. Repose, also, is the desire of the nation. Whenever Russia makes a final grasp at the country, we shall see her do much to disarm the Mussulmans of their hereditary spirit of opposition, by sanctioning all usages, and proclaiming exemption from conscription and extra taxation for ten or fifteen years. Few people look beyond that term, but the Turk in particular seldom thinks of the morrow. Ensure his actual rights, he will not give a thought to the generation unborn. Russia will act thus, and the time gained will enable her power to consolidate itself. Already in Constantinople—in the provinces prejudice breathes warmer—she is spoken of with temper; people are becoming less sensible of her shadow impending over the land. More than once, I have happened to converse with individuals on the state of Mussulmans in *Crim Adasi* (the Crimea,) and I have heard opinions expressed of their well-being, as indeed travellers agree in stating. Russian troops encamping on the Bosphorus quietly and orderly in 1833, and retiring without having caused any damage or expense,—conduct so unprecedented, produced an impression in her favour. I do not suppose that the emperor contemplated so far; but it certainly went a long way in the capital towards effecting a predisposition to conciliation. This feeling is kept alive by a succession of presents to various individuals; swords to officers, and medals to some of the troops. The sultan, moreover, by forcing the adoption of Frank usages and garments, is accustoming his people to a Frank government. He himself is breaking down the barriers which separated them from Christendom. He is removing the greatest difficulty attending conquest, viz., the effect of startling innovation.”

Most unfortunately for Mr. Urquhart's theories, the ink with which he wrote the praise of the freedom of commerce and the lowness of duties on articles of foreign import in Turkey, (a praise, *jadis*, in some degree well merited,) was scarcely dry on his paper when the sultan proceeded openly to depart from the custom and practice of his predecessors in these respects, and to show an inclination of making himself a *tarif* sovereign, and an exacter of as heavy duties as any christian king in Europe. He has not yet been able to go far in this direction, but he will continue on the road; and, without pretending to know much more of the matter than what is of public notoriety, we would ask Mr. Urquhart what the boasted new treaty of commerce with England, (now under discussion,) has produced, save dissensions in the British embassy, and quibbles and impertinent evasions on the part of the Porte? To some of Captain Slade's notions on trade and political economy in general, we can by no means subscribe, and indeed feel astonished that so intelligent a mind should have hastily adopted obvious errors; but the following facts admit of no cavil, and will interest the merchants of the country generally.

“Security of acquired property, and certainty of protection, form the basis of commerce. The Frank offered the anomaly of enjoying the one and the other *by right* in Turkey; and, by participating in his commerce, the native merchant, who could not command either, although both might be tolerated, withdrew his concerns from the interference of the ‘Porte.’ Herein lies the secret of the success with which trade has been carried on in Turkey by the Greeks and the Armenians. Under the protection of Frank rights, from which emanated the *berats*, and with the spur of Frank capital, their local knowledge and experience fully made up for the

difference of two per cent. duty on their merchandise. Frank rights operated, mediately or immediately, all over the empire. Their effect was very evident in the cities, but they also extended far inland ; and the respect *hitherto* paid to them may be truly stated as the cause why the culture of silk, opium, &c., flourished vigorously under the withering rod of the ' Porte.' The Frank merchant, relying on the inviolability of his treaties, feared not to advance capital in order to produce a crop, or to become the purchaser of one in anticipation ; in either case rendering the soil, for the time being, sacred as Frank property ; while the certainty of obtaining fair prices promoted industry.

" Bearing in mind the exposure of the native trader, unless a *berat-tee* of a city, to the arbitrary deeds of pashas, and the value of Frank exemptions to Turkey is apparent at a glance ; bearing in mind that a pasha might, by means of a monopoly, an *avania*, and a transit duty, wither the hope of a harvest and sap the profit of a cargo, we may form an idea of the importance of the right. According to the ' capitulations,' Frank commerce is liable to an *ad valorem* duty of three per cent., adapted to general convenience by a *tariff* ; on payment of which the merchant might land his goods at any port, dispose of them on the spot, or transmit them to any part of the empire, without any further tax being imposed. A piece of cotton paid no more duty at Angora than at Smyrna. Inversely he might buy the productions of the country anywhere, transport them to the coast, and there ship them, on payment, *in all*, of three per cent. This right, as beneficial to Turkey as important to the Frank merchant, has been undermined within the last six years. Defining the three per cent. to apply to the landing and shipment of goods only, Sultan Mahmoud first taxes produce intended for exportation at the place where it is purchased, imposes then a further duty on transit, and leaves the original three per cent. to be added over all at the outport. On landing a cargo a similar artifice is resorted to ; the legal three per cent. having been paid, the goods intended for local sale are marked with the *damgha*, (stamp,) for which the retailer pays two and a half per cent. ; those destined for other parts are charged with a transit duty, leaving the *damgha* to be affixed on their arrival at the place of destination. Frank protection now extends no farther than the quay of the custom-house. In order to neutralise the complaints of the Frank merchants, which would otherwise be entitled to consideration, the sultan has ordered, (at Smyrna, to wit,) that no produce of the country shall enter the city unless in the name of a *raya*, on whose merchandise of course he may impose what duties he pleases without his having the *right* to murmur. By treaty, Franks are forbidden to carry on ' interior trade ;' by which is meant, and it has been so interpreted for two hundred years, local trade between one town of the empire and another ; but the ' new light' in Turkey includes the transmissal of goods from the interior *for shipment* in this restriction. Let merchants look to this new feature of Turkish commercial polity ; let them consider that such dues may be increased arbitrarily every year. Let politicians reflect that, by making the ' Porte' act up to the ' capitulations' which relieved some portion of the resources of Turkey from the incubus of her despotism, they will most benefit the country. By submitting to their infraction with the view of *humouring* her, they only injure their own position without advancing that of Turkey. By allowing encroachments on British trading rights, they will embolden the ' Porte' to practise the same on Russian privileges, which will be seized on, I repeat, occasion serving, as a pretext for war. She gave us a valid proof, among others, of this disposition, in a barefaced attempt (May 1826) to levy double duties on some English vessels from the Danube ; nor was she easily induced to forego the demand. Now, let us suppose a similar case of detention, and that, in consequence of our hesitating to insist on

our rights, the owners, being devoid of proper English feelings, should have recourse to the Russian ambassador as the *guardian of the navigation of the Bosphorus*—should we not stand in a very pitiable light? The tenor of the *seventh article of the treaty of Adrianople*, quoted in the last chapter, should put us doubly on our guard. An Ionian captain would not scruple to play us such a trick, and the representative of Russia would be obliged to accord him protection. We have been lowered enough of late years in Turkey; let us not incur *that humiliation*.

“The design of the Porte, studiously acted on since the peace of Adrianople, to weaken Frank commercial privileges, deprived of which it will be difficult for merchants to reside in the country, for they would then be in the position of rayas without their local advantages and connexion, without their habits of submission and talent at evading extortion, will, if continued to be submitted to, increase the influence of Russia every year, much faster than it has any reason to do. Expecting nothing from us, and having apparently satisfied herself of our reluctance to go to war with Russia, the Porte is ready to conciliate the latter, even though at our expense.

“Many Frank merchants already see their error, already trace, finding the consequences act on themselves, effects to their causes; already think that Janissariism might have contained something more than the elements of an idle, dissolute soldiery, fit only to scare their wives and daughters from the bazaars. As producers and consumers, the Janissaries very much admired certain Frank exemptions: whereas the sultan merely sees in the commerce of the Frank a means of increasing his revenue temporarily.”

The practice of monopolizing most of the products of the country—a practice which in itself almost neutralized the benefits of low duties on imports, continues undiminished; and whenever the Porte is applied to, on this head, (at least by England or France,) it has recourse to deceit and subterfuge. “Till lately,” says Captain Slade, “no governor of Smyrna, not even the military pashas who used to fill the situation, dared to carry extortion or to monopolize to any length: instantly, if they did so, the French or English ambassador would procure redress; but now their remonstrances are unheeded, or if a firman, to the desired effect, be sent to the offending functionary, a private intimation may accompany it to neutralize the effect. Russia alone possesses the requisite influence, but she, of course, gives no advice that may benefit Turkey—the more oppressive the Porte, the surer her game. * * * In 1835 we remonstrated against a monopoly granted to a Russian Armenian, of the produce of Rhodes, and obtained a firman for its removal. The firman, however, though repeated, was *not obeyed* by the pasha of the island.” An incalculable quantity of nonsense has been spoken (and written too) in England and France, about the liberty and efficiency of the press—another of Mahmoud’s wondrous improvements. But what does all this improvement amount to? One Turkish newspaper is published at Constantinople, and—a characteristic feature in Turkish *freedom*—the people are *forced* to buy it from the sultan’s *employés*. In it the Porte tells what it chooses, and suppresses what it chooses—dwells *usque ad nauseam* on the sacred rights of the sultan, and the duty of submission on the part of his subjects—but the lessons of this edifying schoolmaster are for the most part lost, for the paper is written in so high flown a style of *literary* and *court* Turkish, (very different from the spoken

idiom,) that very few of the learned Osmanleys that can read can understand it. Moderation is a commendable quality, and it generally regulates Captain Slade's strictures, but we confess, from what we know of the other two *mercenaries*, we should ourselves have been inclined to express a more earnest condemnation of their principles and effects—and this, notwithstanding the fact that M. Blaque, the editor of one of them, with whom we were personally acquainted, was an amiable, and, in some matters, a well-informed man, and has since been removed by death from the sultan's service. Well were it, if the errors he encouraged had died with him! But they had produced their worst effects before his decease, and they still flourish over his tomb. Poor fellow! we well remember two of his predictions, which he uttered one day (in 1828,) as we were going together from Smyrna to Bournabat, the road being, at the time, somewhat turbulent and uncomfortable; on account of the passage of Asiatic troops marching towards the capital and the Balkan. "Even," said he, "if this war last six years, without England, and France, and Austria, seeing their own interests and joining the sultan, the Russians will not cross the Balkan." (They crossed within six months, and dictated their own terms of peace at Adrianople!) His other prediction was, that should the pasha of Egypt revolt (for there was a talk of *that* as early as 1827,) he would be inevitably destroyed by the religious and loyal feelings of the Mussulmans; and that he never could contemplate crossing the Syrian frontier, much less forcing the passes of Mount Taurus. In less than five years M. Blaque himself saw the pasha's army the master of all Syria, and, for a time, of all Asia Minor—his banner raised, without opposition, at Smyrna—his advanced posts thrown forward nearly to Brusa, on the high road to Constantinople, which was only saved by the sultan's calling in his old enemies, the Russians, as allies and defenders. "*Il ne nous faut que du tems*," he used to say, in his neat epigrammatic French way, "*la poire se murira*."—*Elle ne se murira pas—elle est pourrie!* thought we, at the time; but our opinion found few echoes in Smyrna.

Captain Slade thus describes the "two eyes" of the Ottoman Empire:—

"In addition to the afore-mentioned gazette, there are two newspapers (in French) in Turkey; one at Constantinople, called also the *Moniteur Ottoman*, first edited by *Monsieur* Blaque, the other at Smyrna, edited by M. Deschampes, both *salaried* by the sultan. I should say that they have done Turkey mischief, by concealing, under pompous announcement of improvements, the vicious system which is gnawing her entrails, by declaring to the world that the changes in progress are genial to the clime, and agreeable to the nation, by which means people supposed that Turkey would be able to re-establish herself without foreign aid; so that when a crisis actually arrived, (the Egyptian revolt,) Europe, partly deceived by them and others, was unprepared to assist her. Moreover the 'sound and free discussion' is inaccessible to the Turks: it is in French. Mr. Quin, no doubt, supposed, as did Dr. Walsh, apparently, in his last work on Turkey, that the Turkish *Moniteur Ottoman* is a translation of the French *Moniteur Ottoman*. Mr. Quin could not be expected to avoid error in his six months' tour, but the learned doctor, as chaplain to the embassy for many years, might have had better information."

One of the most startling facts produced by Captain Slade,—though, on reflecting upon the turn events have taken, and upon Sultan Mahmoud's much misunderstood and overrated character, the fact does not surprise us,—is, that a disposition is now shown to *reform*, reform, to retrace steps which have nearly all been taken in blood and treachery and at an immense cost of national feeling and national property—to undo, in short, all that has been done since Mahmoud presented himself in the character of a regenerator. Let him take but a few steps in this direction, and his doom is sealed! But every way peril is imminent; the circumstance of his being the only male of man's estate, of the revered line of Osman, which covered him with an impenetrable shield, exists no longer, since two of his sons are grown up. An irruption into the seraglio, a bow-string, and a new sultan, are summary measures familiar to the mind of the Turks; and Mahmoud can hardly have forgotten how he himself was dragged by eunuchs and slaves from the concealment of a heap of mats and carpets, when his cousin and predecessor Mustapha “went by the board,” and a new padishah was wanted.

In dwelling on the great point, which seems to us to call for more immediate attention, we have occupied so much space, that we have none left for the other portions of Captain Slade's work. These comprise many valuable details relating to the new kingdom of Greece, the invaluable island of Malta, and the management of our naval service, particularly in the Mediterranean, on which classical sea a good part of the author's life has been passed. The descriptions of scenery, manners, and customs, scattered here and there, are admirable. The picture of Vourlah, in the gulf of Smyrna, is exquisite; and we can answer for the perfect accuracy of *that*, and many more of his scenes.

Some of his dialogues with the Orientals, are almost as happy and idiomatic as if they had been struck off by the author of “Hajji Baba.”

Miss Pardoe's volumes have very considerable merits; but they are not of a nature to aid us in the political part of the question, to which we have, of necessity, confined this article. She visited the East to look at the outward, and romantic or picturesque, face of things—and as a picture, though many of its brilliant tints are dimmed, Turkey is still delightful. Her accounts of her visits to some *harems* will, no doubt, gratify female curiosity. Her descriptions of scenery and remarkable edifices, though somewhat overlaid by superfluous words, and weakened by an enthusiasm always on the stretch, are agreeable and poetical. We were delighted with some portions of her journey to Mount Olympus and Brusa. The sketches which adorn the volume are from her own pencil, and very creditable to her talent as an artist. They are very like the places they represent. Now and then, in an incidental remark or description, Miss Pardoe confirms Captain Slade's notions, and the view we have taken of the inefficiency of the sultan's new army, and the helplessness of the whole empire. (We have omitted to mention that the whole amount of this regular army is, 52,500 men (*or boys*) of the “line,” and 13,400 “guards.” “These numbers,” says Captain Slade, “are

a mean of various accounts furnished the author; but, in his own opinion, gained from personal observation in the capital, in Smyrna, and while he was with the army of Albania *in the field*, the *effective* list must be rated lower.") Our fair traveller could not help being struck by the miserable and unsoldier-like appearance even of the imperial guard at Constantinople. "The majority of them," she says, "are such mere boys that they induce a feeling of pity rather than fear." Her description of Belgrade may be quoted as conveying a pretty accurate notion of Turkish fortresses in general.

"The fortress of Belgrade, which is the most extensive, as well as the strongest, military position possessed by the Turks, is garrisoned only by four hundred men and boys, for a portion of them are mere youths; and when to this fact is added another still more startling, that since it passed into the hands of its present masters, all the cisterns have been suffered to fall into utter decay; and that the whole of the water necessary for the supply of the inhabitants, is carried into the fort daily in carts, it will be seen at once that a future 'siege of Belgrade' would be a bloodless one; as the garrison must inevitably be starved out by drought. * * * * * Beside the moat that protects this gate stands an hexagonal tower, built by the Turks, and called the 'Fearless Tower,' from the pertinacity with which they defended it during a siege; and the heroic actions performed in its immediate vicinity by one of their pashas. This tower, and two or three rude bridges of timber over the moat, a couple of ill-proportioned minarets, and the wooden kiosk attached to the citadel, are the only Turkish erections perceptible. Ruin is rapidly progressing on all sides; the walls are giving way; the ditches are in many places cumbered with the fallen rubbish; the covered ways are laid open; and the guns, that yet remain within the weed-grown embrasures, are so ill-mounted, as to be perfectly useless."

Such is, at this moment, the condition of the far-famed fortress of Belgrade—the boundary-fort of Servia—the last spot of European land subject to the sway of the Moslem.

AN EPIGRAM ON ANACREON.

BY R. S. FISHER, ESQ.

"Θαλλοὶ τετρακορυμβοί, Ἀνακρεὼν, ἀμφὶ σε κισσός," &c.

MAY the thrice-clustering ivy and soft fragrant bloom
Of purple meads, Anacreon! flourish round thy tomb;
May fountains of white milk up-press themselves around,
And sweetly-smelling luscious wines o'erstream the ground:
That still thy dust and bones may bear away delight,
If aught of joy, indeed, approach the realms of night—
Oh, thou beloved one! that fondled'st aye the lyre,
Whose life was sped 'mid song, and glee, and love, and soft desire,
Antipater Sidonius, ex. Antholog. 171.

ON THE OLD CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

July 2, 1837.

MEMENTO of the gone-by hours,
Dost thou recal alone the past?
Why stand'st thou silent midst these towers,
Where time still flies so fast?

Where are the hands, in moments fled,
That marked those moments as they flew,
To generations of the dead,
Who turned on thee their view,

To watch and greet the appointed time
Of every empty dream of joy,
Or wait in agony the chime
Which might such dreams destroy?

To thee the eager eye has turned,
Of pride, of policy, and power,
And Love's own longing heart has burned
To hear thee mark his hour.

Pleasure and pastime, grief and care,
Have heard thee chime some change of lot;
While the dull ear of cold despair
Has heard, but marked thee not.

And thou art silent now, and still,
While round thy mystic dial runs
The legend of man's hours—though ill
As thou, he marks the suns—

Those rolling suns—those rolling suns
Unchronicled by both go on;
Though still each comments as it runs,
Till man's brief day be done.

Man's heart's too like thy face! on it
Records of passing hours may stand,
But stand unmarked by movement fit,
By chimes or pointing hand.

O dial! art thou raised on high
To speak reproach for life's abuse?
Or give to eager hope the lie?
Or tell Time's future use?

The future? Thou hast nought to do
With it! The solemn past alone
Is that whereon thy comments go,
Fit grave-stone of hours gone!

The future? Yes! At least to me
Thus plainly thus, thy moral stands—
"Good deeds mark hours! Let not life be
A dial without hands."

MEMOIR OF THE ABBÉ SIEYES.¹

READ BEFORE THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MORAL AND POLITICAL
SCIENCE, BY M. MIGNET.

SIEYES beheld the annihilation of his hopes, and the discomfiture of his friends. He was like a man who, mournfully silent, wraps himself in his cloak while he stands on the deck of a ship driven by the tempest, and expects every moment the fatal blast that must overwhelm it. Just so he waited during the long and terrible storms which swept over France till the 9th Thermidor; and when one of his friends afterwards inquired what he had done during the Reign of Terror—"What have I done?" said Sieyes; "I have lived." The most difficult problem for him to solve at such a time was not to perish, and he achieved it.

After the 9th Thermidor he was one of the leaders of the lawful and moderate party of the Convention. He proposed and obtained the readmission of the proscribed Girondists. With the desire of placing the assembly henceforward under protection from external factions, he caused the adoption of martial law in case of riots, and the choice of the city of Chalons-sur-Marne as a place of refuge and of meeting for the chamber, if its liberty was again attempted. Being named president of the Convention, and member of the new Society of Public Instruction, he lent his assistance in forming the earliest plans of internal pacification, and the first treaties which the French Revolution negotiated with such of the old States of Europe as had become resigned to its existence and convinced of its victories. He went to Holland to conclude a treaty of alliance, which was signed at the fourth conference. The treaties of Basle with Prussia and with Spain, in 1795, in which Sieyes, as one of the heads of the government, took a very leading part, detached those two powers from the European coalition. The French Revolution guaranteed by treaties what it had conquered by the sword, the right to be, and to be great, — its existence and its conquests.

The object which Sieyes appears to have proposed to himself at this time was the pacification and the greatness of his country. He thought neither of building it up nor ruling it; and when called upon to prepare the constitution of the Directory in the year III., he did nothing towards it. When named one of the five directors he declined this post of government. In short, he would neither consent to legislate nor to govern, and, waiting for a period more favourable to the success of his opinions and his authority, he again retired from active life.

It was at this period that one of his fellow-countrymen of the department of Var, the Abbé Poulle, came to his house, as it appears, with the intention of shooting him. He fired a pistol at Sieyes, within an arm's length; of which one ball shattered his wrist, and another grazed his breast. He displayed the greatest coolness; and having given his evidence in court, and observed that the judges were in-

¹ Concluded from p. 208.

clined to favour the culprit, he said facetiously to his porter, "If Poulle comes again, pray tell him I am not at home."

Some time after, an opportunity having offered to consolidate and extend the work of pacification on which he had laboured towards the end of the Convention, Sieyes, who had refused a place in the Directory, accepted that of minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. It was a grand and elevating moment. The victories which led to the treaties of Peace with Prussia, Holland, and Spain, had been followed by still more brilliant and decisive conquests, which obliged Austria to accept the peace of Leoben. All the old aristocratical armies of Europe had given way before those citizens who from being scorned came to be dreaded. When the necessity arose, and they were obliged to take the sword, they used it as they had before used speech—they now exercised arms as they had formerly exercised thought; and, having become heroic soldiers, great commanders, they had added to the formidable power of their understandings the lustre of military glory and the renown of their conquests.

There was peace between all the continental powers which had been at war with France; its conditions had been settled with Austria at Campo Formio, and were about to be discussed with the Germanic Empire at Rastadt. The youthful conqueror of Italy, finding no war-like occupation in Europe, was gone to exercise his genius and add to his laurels in Egypt. England and Russia were the only powers not included in the pacification. At this juncture Sieyes was made envoy extraordinary at Berlin.

The Directory was in dread of a new coalition between England, Russia, and Austria, in which these powers might desire to include Prussia. The mission of Sieyes, according to his secret instructions, was to propose to the Prussian government an alliance offensive and defensive, in which should successively combine Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and several princes of the empire. Sieyes was to hold out, in case of war, addition of territory to the north and east, by means of the secularization of the Ecclesiastical States, which was realised three years afterwards at Luneville, and to form a Germanic confederation, which Napoleon organised after the peace of Presburg. In case he did not succeed in this proposition, he was to insist peremptorily upon the neutrality of Prussia. No negotiator could have been chosen more favourable to the Prussian system, or more respected in Germany.

In delivering his credentials to the young king of Prussia, who had recently ascended the throne, Sieyes said to him, "Sire, I accepted the mission which has been entrusted to me, because, whatever office I have been called to fill in my country, I have constantly avowed my partiality to the system which should unite by the closest bonds the interests of France and Prussia; because the instructions I have received, being in conformity with my political opinion, my ministry may be frank, loyal, amicable—in unison throughout with my own character; because this system of union, on which depends the security of Europe, and the salvation, perhaps, of part of Germany, would have been that of Frederic II., who was great among kings, immortal amongst men; because this system, in short, is worthy of the judi-

ous conduct and the good intentions which mark the commencement of your reign."*

But, in the first part of his mission, he did not succeed. He found a circumspect government, a hostile society, a new king, a minister so undecided, that he called him the minister of adjournments; he was a man who dreaded every discussion as an engagement, and who thought a great deal gained by avoiding to handle affairs which were difficult. Nevertheless, if the representative of France vainly endeavoured to engage the Prussian cabinet in an alliance with her, her enemies were equally unable to drive her into a coalition against her. The remembrance of her disasters in 1792, gave her prudence to resist the menaces of Russia and the offers of England. The sure and penetrating intellect of Sieyes saw at once, that Prussia would not renounce her neutrality, for anybody, and declared this conviction to the directory with an obstinate assurance, when Prince Repnin, Count Cobenzel, Lord Elgin, and Lord Grenville, succeeded each other at Berlin; and even after the coalition was declared by the murders of Rastadt.

Sieyes himself being named in quick succession deputy to the council of five hundred for the department of Indre and Loire, and member of the directory, left Berlin in May 1799, after little more than a year's residence in that city. He had arrived there with the reputation of a profound publicist, he left behind him that of a skilful observer, a man both serious and witty, and a superior politician, who had represented his country with dignity, and made an impression of its power. The correspondence he maintained during this mission, remains, though still unpublished, a monument of sagacity, of foresight, of vigour, equally rich in the acute judgment of the man of sense, and the firm and elevated views of the statesman.†

On his arrival at Paris, he found weakness, anarchy, and disorder universal. The directorial government was approaching its dissolution. The constitution of the year III., provisional and powerless as the others had been, found itself unable to enforce peace among parties, or give order to France. Order had been violated by the directory in opposition to the councils, on the 18th Fructidor. The councils in turn broke through order in relation to the directory, and compelled this body to sacrifice three of its members. Thus surrounded by the wrecks of attempted reforms, seeing the revived struggles of almost worn-out passions, finding no respect for law, no strength in authority, no moral support; learning, moreover, that the glory and safety of the revolution were endangered in Holland and in Switzerland, Sieyes, towards whom all hopes were turned, thought the time was come to bring about a final change which might once more restore order and liberty to the French people. He thought that his project for a constitution might now be realised; and laid the plan which was actually realised some months afterwards, on the 18th Brumaire.

But by what means, by whose agency, was this design to be brought to pass? For some time past the instrument of political changes

* Prussian Correspondence of 1798, in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères.

† This correspondence, in 3 vols. folio, is to be found in the Archives of Foreign Affairs—"Sur la Prusse, 1798 and 1799."

had not been the people, but the army. Sieyes looked round therefore for a general; his words were, "I want a sword." He hoped he had found one in Joubert, and to him was given the command of the army in Italy, in the expectation that he might gain renown, and afterwards be an efficient partaker in the views of Sieyes. But Providence, which so often disappoints the wishes of mortals, and raises up the fittest men to walk in its ways, and accomplish its works, destined for him another fellow-labourer. Joubert was killed at Novi, and upon his death military reverses were added to internal disorder. The directory regretted having sent so far off their most powerful defender, and most glorious army. It charged M. de Boulogny, the Spanish ambassador at Constantinople, to negotiate with the Porte for the evacuation of Egypt, and the return of our army and of the general. M. Reinhard, who was minister of foreign affairs at this period, wrote, on the 18th September 1799, to General Bonaparte, in these terms:—

"GENERAL,—The executive directory desires me to express to you that it takes an anxious interest in your situation, and that of your brave companions in arms: that it regrets your absence, and ardently wishes your return. It expects you—and the brave men who are with you; and begs you not to wait for the result of M. de Boulogny's negotiation. It authorises you to hasten and secure your return by all the means, political and military, which your own genius and the course of events may suggest to you."*

This memorable letter, which has remained unknown to the present day, never reached the man it was addressed to, and who came uncalled to fulfil his grand destiny. Nearly at the same time when it was sent off from Paris, General Bonaparte landed at Frejus. The wants of France were understood by him in Egypt; and trusting to his good fortune and to the need which the world had of him, he set out alone in a vessel which crossed the Mediterranean, passed the English squadrons, and brought to France its deliverer, and to Europe its conqueror. All the way from the coast of Provence to the capital, General Bonaparte found himself the object of universal curiosity, and of public expectation. He was received, entertained, and admired; he captivated the imagination, and led the wishes of all. But even Napoleon could do nothing without Sieyes, any more than Sieyes without him. These two men, so extraordinary in different ways, and one of whom was about to see his quiet light extinguished by the dazzling rays of the other, who rose like a new sun to bedim or to eclipse all other lights, had an eager desire to know each other. Sieyes had nevertheless some apprehension as to the result, and not without reason. They met; and they concerted together the events of the 18th Brumaire.

On that famous day, which was, properly speaking, the last of Sieyes's historical existence, he exhibited more calmness and resolution than the general. The following day put an end to the philosopher's dreams of a constitution. He had foreseen that his ill-matched associate would take to himself the credit of their common victory, and said to those who brought them together, "You will see what he will bring us to—but there is no withstanding it." He then

* Correspondence with Turkey, in the Archives of Foreign Affairs, 1799.

said, "We have a master; he is capable of everything—he knows everything—wills everything—(il peut tout; il sait tout; il veut tout.)"

From this moment Sieyès ended his public life; he would not consent to be second consul, and believing that the epoch of mind had ceased, for that of force to begin, he resigned. With him ended the supremacy of theories.

Nevertheless, his plan of a constitution, in the hope of establishing which, he had consented to make the exertions of the 18th Brumaire, was in part adopted by the First Consul, and modified to suit his purpose. Sieyès was aware that a revolution would be as much required in 1800 to restore order, as in 1789 to change and renew the state.

To effect this, he had composed a constitution different from all those which had preceded it; calculated to maintain the activity of social existence, without precipitation, and to moderate the power of speaking and writing, which by its abuse had done infinite mischief. In this constitution affairs were to be judged, which, according to former ones, had only been deliberated on. The legislative body was a silent tribunal of judicature, before which the Tribunat, or advocate of the nation, and the council of state, the advocate of the government, pleaded the law. The jury appointed to form the constitution, and the senate to protect it, attended to the maintenance of the law, and received in its number men of rank and ambition, who there found a vocation, and old servants of the state, who were there recompensed. A chief elector crowned this edifice, possessing the highest position without having supreme authority, naming, among the candidates of the people, the members of the great bodies of the state, but having the office of choosing without that of governing. Sieyès hoped thus to reconcile liberty with order, movement with stability, national action with the strength of power.

The First Consul destroyed this learned balance, and made a jest of these provident, but vain combinations. His was the ambition, the genius, of command; and his contemporaries were his accomplices. They wanted a powerful man, and they were afraid of curbing the will which seemed capable of reconciling parties, or the hand which might support the tottering fabric. They were for leaving free the sword which might defend the country. The First Consul accepted the dictatorship, the post assigned to him by the age in which he arose. He borrowed from Sieyès whatever ideas of his were likely to add to his own power. From 1800 to 1814, every constitution which was projected was modelled upon the plans of Sieyès, whose original genius thus furnished the fundamental ideas of the revolution, and the legislative forms of the empire.

As for himself, he refused again to take any part. Having declined the office of second consul, other honours presented themselves without his seeking them. The conservative senate chose him for their president, and the empire made him a count; but he resigned the presidency, and took no part in the acts or counsels of the empire. During that entire period, he had no political existence. He was a member of the Institute, where the labours of his whole life justly placed him in the class of moral and political science. On the suppression of this class, he passed into the French Academy, but

returned to it on its restoration. He lived at this period with some friends who remained of former days, and who still kept alive opinions which had appeared to vanish only to be revived under a more real and durable form. The empire had overthrown his plans, but the restoration annulled his existence: he was not only disappointed in all his hopes and expectations, but even deprived of his country. He passed fifteen years in exile, from 1815 to 1830, after which, Sieyès, the octogenarian, he who had co-operated in the greatest events of the last century, and witnessed the prodigies and the catastrophes of this, lived to see the revolution of 1789 terminated by that of 1830; and at length returned to his renovated country to enjoy that liberty of which he had been one of the principal founders.

The conclusion of his life was passed in repose and obscurity, and he quitted it at the age of eighty-eight, desiring to be judged by what he had done, and thinking it unnecessary to bespeak the respect of posterity by explanations of his conduct.

This singular and powerful being may now be appreciated with respect due to an illustrious contemporary, and with the due to history. Sieyès was rather a political metaphysical statesman. His opinions naturally assumed the form of a system. His intellect was prodigiously strong and caustic; his style more for clearness and vigour more than for brilliancy, for more than for art. In oratorical power he was deficient; he had great penetration, and knew the men among whom he had no desire to lead them: perhaps, indeed, he had the talent for it. He knew how to obtain an ascendancy, and how to keep it. He did not seek opportunities of coming forward; his mind was firm, and he showed great courage at times, but his reserve made him watchful and timid. He did not unite himself with others, or take a part in events, except when he felt himself called upon, and even courted. When this was not the case, he retired into himself with a proud disdain, and let the world take its own way, either looking on or disregarding it, as might happen to please him.

At every step of his course, if his proposals were not listened to, he was ready to give in his resignation. He belonged to a generation which had dealt more in abstractions than realities, and actually believed that what could be imagined could be performed. He exaggerated, like most of his contemporaries, the power of the human mind; dwelt more upon the rights than the interests of mankind, more on ideas than habits: he had, so to speak, a geometrical tendency in his deductions, and did not remember that, when he was assigning men their places in his political edifice, they are the living materials in a moving mass. Nevertheless, Sieyès left the deep impression of his intellect upon the events of his time. He was either the friend or the master of all the most conspicuous men of our age. Many of his thoughts have been formed into institutions. He foresaw, with certainty, a revolution brought about by discussion, and terminated by the sword; he gave his hand in 1789 to Mirabeau, as a pledge of entering upon it—in 1799, to Napoleon, in token of his willing co-operation in drawing it to a close—the greatest thinker of this revolution thus forming the link between its most brilliant orator, and its most powerful captain.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Oh ! whisper not, that music dwells alone
 In gorgeous palace, or in sculptured hall ;
 Say not that Harmony's mellifluous tone
 Hath birth but in those syrens that enthrall
 The charmed, rapt spirit with their notes, which fall
 Like melody divine upon the ear—
 For there's a music in the wild bird's call
 Unrivalled, as with joyous warblings dear,
 He pours his untaught lay, when day's bright beams appear.

Go 'neath the cloistered roof and hear the sound
 Of the full organ's rich and pealing tone,
 Then, on the sea-girt shore, mark ocean's bound,
 And list its music—'tis Creation's own !
 No vaulted aisle could echo back that moan,
 That cadence wild ; the last dirge of the brave,
 That sleep beneath it, ocean-wept and lone.
 And magic tones are in that flowing wave,
 Which sings itself to rest in gem-bespangled cave.

Yes, harmony is nature's child, and dwells
 In all her fashionings ! the viewless breeze,
 With lute-like, silvery sound, can boast its spells,
 As on its soft and floating wings it flees,
 Unfettered, on, till some green, shady trees
 Invite its music ; and, with leaf-wrought chain,
 Awhile confine it, seeking to appease
 Its wild, melodious anger, but in vain ;
 It thrills a cadence through them, and is free again !

And joyous sounds are in the fountain's play,
 Borne on each gilded drop, as sparkling high,
 It greets the sunbeams ; and a mournful lay,
 Sad as Eolian harp, touched by a sigh,
 Is breathed from river-wave, whose soft notes die
 Upon the lily's fair and snow-white breast ;
 Fit emblem of the spotless purity
 Of infant spirits, when in murm'ring rest,
 Borne on their last low breath, to dwellings of the blest.

All, all is harmony. The deep blue seas,
 The purling rivulets, soft murmuring,
 The lamb's low bleat, the busy hum of bees,
 The bird which soars on heaven-directed wing,
 All taught by nature, nature's music sing—
 And who such simple melody could hear
 With heart untouched by Heaven's inspiring ?
 For by the soul-subduing sounds we hear,
 We know that He who gave them, Nature's God, is near.

A. B.

THE "FLIT" FROM THE CAMP.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN THE SPANISH SERVICE.

I MUST now take leave of the war and the gentle reader, hoping he will be so good as to see me as far as Tudela, or perhaps Saragossa; there we shall shake hands and part.

It is an old and praiseworthy practice in the Spanish army to give orders for troops to be ready at such an hour, and march two or three, or perhaps five, hours after the appointed time. There was a convoy going down to Tafalla, and thence the column was to escort men and officers leaving the theatre of war, and bring back a large supply of clothing and other necessaries to Pamplona. We were directed to assemble on the Taconera at five o'clock, and met on as foggy and inhospitable a morning as neighbouring mountains and a wintry month could produce. Here ample time was allowed men and horses to wait for daylight, have their toes frozen, and enjoy other little sensations attendant on early rising and tardy departure.

We marched about eight o'clock, and thus had the satisfaction of at least seeing what we were about, and where we were going. The road to Tafalla is good, and runs through a wildish flat country; a Roman aqueduct, stretching far across the plain, grand, and imposing, and eternal, like all the Romans did, two or three villages seen through its arches, still lying in the haze of the morning, glistened in the rising sun, and made one think on this otherwise unimaginative road. The woods, clothing the skirts of the mountains, looked brown and withered, for winter winds had seared and scattered their leaves. There was, too, an old ruined tower on the left hand side, a quaint-shaped belfry on the top; it looked liked the hermit of that solitude with its grey and grief-worn aspect of old days. I thought of woodcock shooting, there was such a tempting cover there; some shots too, rang in the woods, but they were not at woodcocks.

Tafalla is a conventual, and yet Moorish-looking town, with its ancient walls, and turrets, and barbicans of Moslem raising. A great number of convents, but few friars in them—most were busy fighting for Don Carlos, and had not time to say their prayers. The rest were turned out as a scared flock. It was a miserably cold day also, and no thing or place looks well through a shivering medium.

On entering my patrona's house I found it a comfortless, haunted sort of tenement—a great deal too large for the people occupying it, nobody minding a hurricane of sharp wind rioting uncontrolled from door to window, shutting one and opening the other just as it pleased, with a tremendous slap every two or three minutes. There were only girls in the house, all with eyes like the jewels in the toad's head, but nothing more. They could not conceive any cavalier quarrelling with the wind. There were no panes in the window, and there were no old hats or tufts of straw to stuff into them. As for shutting the shutters, that would cause utter darkness, and oblige the "velon" to be lit, and oil was expensive, and their mother was not come back from the sermon after vespers, and therefore such a thing

was not to be thought of. By the time I had nestled myself in a corner of the capacious "hob" of the chimney, seeing the flaps of my coat sporting in the breeze "like mad," an urbano came in with his uniform jacket, blue basque cap and alpargatas, threw an armful of dried vine-twigs on the fire, and prepared to *Echar un cigarito*, and make himself comfortable. He had already commenced some practical jokes on the "doncella," when a burst of flame brought out my face from its obscurity, and seemed to act as a Gorgon's head upon both. A huge black iron pot of potatoes hanging over the fire began to hiss, and boil, and spatter over at this moment, and gave an agreeable turn to the conversation. The urbano, notwithstanding, looked like a man caught in the fact, and soon disappeared. This did not help to smooth the brow of the doncella; luckily she descried the house dog enjoying himself behind the ashes, and vented her spleen with a thump of the bellows over his head, and maimed the cat, as it was clearing, in a frightened jump, the line of pucheros. "Que bichos!" she exclaimed. What beasts—always in the way, and eating what is meant for Christians!

I had little hopes of supper, when a flaqueador brought in a rabbit and partridge. He could not have come by either by fair means. But one gets tired of asking questions in campaign, and takes things as they come, and is very thankful for them. So was I, and slept sound, leaving the morrow to take care of itself.

Early in the morning an order was given to rendezvous at the fortified convent outside the town, whence we were to march for Caparoso. Here I found thirteen field officers and subalterns; some, like myself, going elsewhere, others wounded, most invalids—and a suite of eighty to ninety discharged sergeants and soldiers, sick, ball or sabre-struck, in carts, on asses, and on foot. Mina had pledged himself that the whole column was to escort us as far as to Tudela, whence to Saragossa there is no danger. Judge of our surprise to find fifteen hundred men transformed into twenty-two horse carabineers, surcharged with the voluminous packets of letters of two or three posts! It was a clear tempting of Providence, for "Manolin" was curvetting around the intermediate country with half a squadron of lancers, and some companies of guides of Zumalacarreguy. Shooting was the best thing we had to expect at his hands, for defence was out of the question with such means and under such circumstances. General Lorenzo was remonstrated with to no purpose. Either eternize oneself in Tafalla, or run the gauntlet—I determined to do the latter.

Ill as I was, and not having expected such sudden marching orders, I had sold my steady moro and my macho, horses, saddles, and bridles. After a great deal of trouble I was able to procure a mule for my baggage, and when I thought he was already loaded, his owner came to ask me if I was in my right senses, or did I know that the beast was "*picado*." Now *picado* in Spanish means, in this case, "amorous," that his mule was of a warm temperament. "Load the brute immediately—load him!" "Did not I tell you he is *picado*? Load him! vaya! who is the bold man to undertake it? he kicks and jumps like a mountain goat." Meaning, in fact, that this confounded animal was in such an improper state as to bear nothing on

his back, like a landsman's stomach in a squall. Still I ordered him to be brought and secured and loaded, while a white horse which had at length been discovered hid away in a wine-vault, was caparisoned as I had been informed in the most becoming and suitable way, and had only one defect, that of being *demasiado vivo*, or too frisky. It was certainly unfortunate to have met with a he-mule, *picado*, and a frisky horse all in one day; but then a run might be necessary, and I consoled myself for his over-vivacity, a good quality on such an emergency. When I got to the rendezvous and eyed my fellow-travellers, I confess I felt very odd. They seemed predestined to something singularly unfortunate. However, I harangued my ragtag and bobtail, engaged them to shoulder their wattles with a fierce air, and to march in two files, as if still under military control. I got my "oficiales" to form a cavalry advance and rear-guard, the carts in the middle, the carabineers behind and on either flank, mounting the little hills as look-outs. This done, I sought out my charger, commanding in chief, on a white jaded hack, with a hempen halter to his head, a *basto* or common pack-saddle on his back, which I covered with my camp-bed-sack, to guarantee my nether man as much as possible from such hostile contact—no stirrups whatever; a carabineer lent me a huge long-necked spur with a large brass rowel to it, exactly in the shape and about the size of the sun's face in the bronze plates of the Fire and Life Insurance Company.

Thus accoutred, I led the march, and things went on tol lol for about half an hour. For although without arms, the regular order of the party gave it the appearance of troops at a distance. But the genius of disorder, born with every Spaniard, soon got uppermost, and before the hour was past my whole command looked more like a spread of starlings than anything else. Thirty men would have cut us to pieces with ease and convenience to themselves: seeing this result I gave up all thoughts of manœuvring before an enemy, and fell to ascertaining the influence and range of my big spur upon my hack's ribs, in case of a "race"—the only alternative left for a brave man. Imagine my horror when I discovered the utter impossibility of producing the slightest impression on his hide, even by the best directed and calculated, and vigorous prod or kick! No! the "*basto*" stood out, in its friendly thickness of wood, pack-thread, and esparto, full six inches from his sides. There was no getting at him. The slip of vine in my hand was a cruel mockery of a stick. He usually kept both his eyes half shut, and did not even take the trouble of opening them or giving a sorry whisk of his tail on the most repeated hints from the vine sapling. I thought all this very odd in a horse "*demasiado vivo*," I gave up kicking and beating, because the first had already produced a blister on the inside of the calf of my leg, which on each effort came in contact with the edge of the pack-saddle; and the second was clearly to no purpose. Now, said I to myself, this is all bad enough; considering the horse is so frisky let us see what the *maglio* is about, for he too is "*picado*," and very probably playing the devil by this time. I waited and waited until the last unshod ass and limping invalid of the convoy had passed, and yet I could discover no symptoms of an outrageous mule on the road. When already far

enough behind to entertain serious fears for my escape, I discovered a large macho, evidently many years past his work, with two hind legs swelled to a dropsical size, ears lying supinely on his neck, my ill-starred luggage on his back, and a man and boy shouting at and belabouring him with their sticks with dubious result.—“Is this your piqued mule, you scoundrel?”—“El mismo! he himself,” said he; “Pero le ha pasado, the fit has left him.” But why dwell on this memorable journey? As we approached the most dangerous part of the road, the bridge about a league from Caparoso, a glittering of steel and a group of men were observed at the same instant—a painter curious in such matters might here have had ample and sincere models of every possible shade of fear and expectation depicted on a hundred human countenances. Thanks to the halt, the macho picado lumbered up. The majority formed a confused circle, like a flock of sheep on the approach of a strange dog, while every eye-ball was strained after three carabineers, sent off at a gallop, to reconnoitre the enemy. They were soon within hail—now they are upon them! The glittering is more rapid. “Now we shall see fire,” said most; and I was amongst the number, expecting a small blue puff of smoke, as from a cigar, to proceed from that group. In this awful crisis, I mechanically gave another, as I thought, useless prod to my hack, to bring him up a little for a “rout;” and after an anxious and scrutinizing glance at his countenance, was cheered with the opening of one of his winkers! “They return! they return!” exclaimed the spectators. This alarm was caused by some labourers, very probably factious, on furlough, who were hoeing the ground, and the reflection of the sun on the bright edges of their tools was readily mistaken for the flash of arms. Never was port more acceptable to a tempest-tost sailor than Caparoso and its long string of houses crowning the cliff to our eyes. We had not been a quarter of an hour on the right side of the river when a pedestrian of Mina arrived, and informed me, that a quarter of an hour after our leaving Olite, Manolin had entered that village with forty horse and two companies of guides. No time was to be lost. They would soon get wind of their prey. As soon as night fell I remounted my reckless charger, and having gained over the majority of my oficiales to the project of reaching Valtierra that night, we set out by moonlight with the same military order as before, followed by the same dispersion; and after a piercing cold ride and no small misgivings, met a patrol of the Urbanos of Valtierra at the entrance of the town. Now we were safe. The supper, got at one in the morning, was detestable, but savoured richly to our rescued palates. Nobody was the worse for the expedition save a regimental surgeon, whom we were obliged to keep to leeward during the transit. Leaving my fellow-travellers to their own way of journeying onwards, I pushed for Tudela, lying in the snowy shadow of the Moncayo Mountains, and arrived in time not to be left behind by the canal boat, starting for Zaragoza. The rest of the voyage was European and tranquil, yet I was rejoiced when I got into a chinky tartana at the Casa Blanca, and with bag and baggage entered the famous city of Zaragoza,—and here, gentle reader, we must separate.

CLEVELAND.¹

HIS reverie was interrupted by the gipsy woman, who demanded, with some asperity, "Have I not said that one of the men will confess? And will not that justify your conduct, and protect you against even the possibility of injury?"

"Mighty fine, all that you have said, no doubt; only it may chance that every word of it is false. But the charge *must* be investigated, and the best way to commence the investigation will be to detain you as a prisoner until the truth or falsehood of your statement shall be put entirely beyond doubt. You shall be treated with all the kindness that may consist with your safe custody; but detained you must be."

And as the magistrate decided upon this course—obviously the most reasonable one he could adopt under the circumstances—he extended his hand to lift a small silver bell which lay upon the table before him. But before he could reach it, the gipsy woman seized it, threw it to the furthest extremity of the room, and vaulted from the bay window which opened on the lawn; a feat which—easy as its performance was rendered by the circumstance of his worship's study being situated on the ground-floor—fairly astounded him by its being so sudden and unexpected.

As soon as he recovered his presence of mind, he summoned the whole of his male servants, and dispatched them in various directions, with orders to seize upon the gipsy woman, and, if necessary, forcibly compel her to return. The men took their departure with all due zeal and celerity; but their exertions had no other result than that of furnishing them with a couple of hours of very wholesome exercise, and firmly impressing them with the belief that the especial member of the fair sex, for whom they had so zealously and so vainly made search, had either had a vehicle in waiting for her, or was upon far more intimate terms than would be good for her with the prince of the powers of darkness in *propria persona*.

Though infinitely annoyed in learning the ill success of his emissaries, and more than ever convinced, by the precipitate flight of the woman, that her whole tale was a falsehood, founded, indeed, upon a knowledge of the time at which the murder was committed, but trumped up with some sinister view as to himself, or with the view of procuring some pecuniary advantage, the magistrate was, however, too well acquainted with his magisterial duty, and, both from principle and long habit, too zealous in the discharge of it, to allow the matter to rest without investigating it as carefully and completely as the circumstances would allow.

It was perfectly true, he considered, that the murder was a matter of too much notoriety to render the mere knowledge of the date of its commission at all corroborative of the tale told by the gipsy; for no matter how distant she was from the county on the night of the murder, she could scarcely have pursued her gipsy avocations in the

¹ Continued from p. 336.

neighbourhood at a subsequent period, without hearing so horrible an occurrence very frequently and minutely canvassed among the peasantry.

But, on the other hand, he felt that the charge was of so grave a nature, and that the apprehension of the ruffianly perpetrators of the murder was so important to the cause of justice and to the interests of society, as to render it imperative upon him to lose not an instant in testing the truth of the woman's statement.

For this purpose, the gout rendering all locomotive exertion quite out of the question, he transmitted to the metropolis a very full and minute statement of what had passed between himself and the gipsy woman. This statement was acted upon by the metropolitan authorities, who, simultaneously with it, received still further information in an anonymous letter. The immediate consequence we have already seen, in the arrest and incarceration of that amiable gentleman, Jack the Lagger.

The shackles and restraint of the unities, to our great comfort and convenience, we pleasant story-tellers have no concern with. From the squalidness of the metropolitan gaol to the fair presence of rural beauty we leap at once, and without even apologising to our readers for the transition; and from the contemplation of crime, and the dark cloud of terrible retribution suspended over the head of the criminal, presto! we pass to Love, joyant in hope, and eloquent in the beaming eye and the low, soft tones of the lover.

Enough has already been told to the reader to make him or her—for we chiefly delight in exerting our unquestionable skill—hem!—for the delectation of the softer sex—quite prepared to learn that Cleveland's love for Marianne was openly avowed, and that he was her accepted, as well as declared, lover.

Such, in fact, was the case; and if Mr. George Elford did still in his heart of hearts wish Cleveland anywhere but at Springton, he had yet too much real love for his niece to pain her by any further demonstration of his dislike of the union, upon which it was evident that she had positively and immutably determined.

An accepted lover is certainly a person very much to be envied. Sacred to him, and to his exclusive usufruct, is the seat beside his mistress; and she treats us all as if we, forsooth! were not of the same clay with the man she delighteth to honour. No matter what nonsense he talks—if a man in a fit of real love can talk nonsense—for him alone has she eyes, or ears, or understanding. Does he perpetrate what he supposes to be humour? She fails not to make as near an approach to a hearty laugh as a lady can be permitted to make. Does he elaborate certain fustian in "linked dulness long drawn out," in the deluded belief he is not to be despised in the way of eloquence? O how grave is that lately laughing countenance, and how earnest that deep blue eye! And yet the man's as prosy as an old almanack. No matter: *our* wit and *our* pathos, which we flatter ourselves are rather superior to his, are stark thrown away; nay, when we have for one brief moment interrupted the twaddle-torrent of the favoured puppy—his hair certainly is red, though she and he too, call it auburn—she favours us with a look which plainly

enough tells us that we are *de trop*: Never mind; or *nabochiski*, as an Irish patriot would phrase it, we shall live to see her but too pleased to listen to our words; and as for him, only let us catch him spouting at the county meeting, as he infallibly will—see if we do not set him down in fine style! Not that we are at all jealous: indeed, silent meditation is our hobby.

In the felicitous situation we have jointly, and *currents calamo*, described in the foregoing paragraph, was Cleveland. His love was avowed, sanctioned, and on the very point of being sanctified by marriage. Blessed time of a man's life, if any part of it is. A time which makes the meanest man less mean than his wont, and exalts the gifted and the noble-spirited man to something between Apollo and Hercules.

A party had assembled at the pretty parsonage of Springton. Marianne was present, the new inhabitants of the parsonage being among the most valuable of her friends, and the parsonage itself being so endeared to her by a thousand delightful reminiscences, that some great event, indeed, must have occurred, had she seen two sons set without paying it a visit. Having said that Marianne was there, it needs not to be added that Cleveland was of the party.

Leaving our readers to imagine for themselves the various gallant and tender things whispered by Cleveland to the not reluctant Marianne, and skipping, with a disinterested heroism which ought to produce us much laud, that choicest of all the materials for the art and mystery of plethoric book-making, the whole course and circumstantiality of a formal dinner, we beg to present the party, not seated formally round tables groaning with choice viands, but walking by twos and threes in the delightful little orchard, now admiring the beauty of the heavily-laden trees, and now relieving the branches, pendant with too luxuriant produce, of at least a portion of their weight.

Cleveland had just commenced a very pretty speech by way of accompaniment to a fine peach he had gathered for Marianne, when two men entered from the house, having inquired for Cleveland, and stated their business to be too urgent for an instant's delay. The servant had consequently shown them to the orchard. They advanced immediately to Cleveland, and produced their warrant to apprehend him as "Cleveland, *alias* Bischoff, charged with the wilful murder of Charles Smith!"

As she heard these terrible words deliberately addressed to Cleveland, Marianne gave one long and piercing shriek, and fell insensible to the earth; and when she had been removed to the house, her insensibility so long continued to defy the remedies administered by her friends, that it was not until the medical man of the village had been summoned, that they could be satisfied that she had not for ever passed away. Their fears were certainly justified by appearances; but her heart was not of that kind that breaks at one pang, be that pang fierce and fell as it may.

For Cleveland, when the officers produced their warrant, and stated its purport, he turned, for one brief moment, to the terrible pallor of death; and as Marianne was borne insensible towards the house, his

deadliest foeman might have pitied the fierce pang that wrung his heart, and was obvious in the convulsion of his features. But the instant that she was out of sight, the calm and haughty aspect which he usually wore was resumed ; and in a brief and almost abrupt manner he signified to the officers his readiness to accompany them forthwith ; and without addressing a single syllable to any of the astounded and terrified acquaintance whom he passed as he quitted the house, Cleveland left Springton, never again to revisit it ; never again to gaze upon the lovely and loved countenance which had so lately been turned towards him, bright, and beaming in love, confidence, and admiration.

We have infinitely too good an opinion of the memory of our reader to doubt, for a moment, that he distinctly recollects our having spoken of a certain public-house, known by the sign of the Magpie and Stump, and chiefly frequented and accustomed by knights of the cross, videlicet, thieves of various grades, from mere pickers of pockets and explorers of areas, even up to those soaring and dashing blades who, at that time of day,

“ On the high toby spice flashed the muzzle
In spite of each gallows old scout.”

The rigorous fidelity we have voluntarily prescribed to ourselves forbids us to change the name of any place or person. Else we should have found another name of multi-syllabical and aristocratical euphony for Charles Smith ; also we should have substituted the Eagle and Eyrie for the Magpie and Stump, and we should have located that respectable establishment in Cavendish Square, at the very lowest penny. But we pay no half homage to virtue, and having swallowed several camels we shall not choke at a gnat now. For the information, then, of all whom it may concern, we confess that the Magpie and Stump stood—nay, perhaps it still stands—in the very nastiest and narrowest part of the lane ycleped *Drury*, and very nearly opposite to the buildings called Craven—the said buildings occupying, in two long rows of squalid brick-and-mortar domiciles, the site on which beauty erst walked the stately Pavin in the hall of dance of the magnificent mansion of the Lords Craven.

Those who are learned in the topography of London are aware, and those who are not so will be courteous enough to take our word for it, that, from the part of Drury Lane to which we have alluded, to the Police Office of Bow Street, is but a short five minutes' walk, and might very easily be accomplished on an emergency in somewhat less than the moiety of that space of time. And when the individual called Dumby had left his companion stretched upon the floor in the deep sleep of utter intoxication, he hastily accomplished this short walk, and left a brief note at the police office, giving strict charge to the porter to whom he gave it, to cause it to be immediately delivered to the chief magistrate.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Victims of Society. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. 3 vols.

We read these excellent volumes through at once, eagerly though not hastily, pausing over those parts that required a deeper consideration, applauding much, and approving of the whole. Though it treats of modern manners, and of the frivolous actors on a frivolous though lofty stage, there is something very poetical, grand, and even awful in the construction of this tale. In its commencement it is blythe with creations, light, gay, and happy; the feast is crowned with mirth, wit sparkles, and there is a sort of graceful revelry among perfumes and flowers, but very early we see the serpent creeping from place to place, withering everything by its trail. A blight falls on these bowers of joy, a wanness steals over the countenances of all, and, at last, the drama closes in an atmosphere darkened by horrors, and on a scene defiled by blood. Such is a general outline of the "*Victims of Society*." It is not only pathetic, but eminently tragic. The moral is blazoned forth with a fearful vividness—like the flash of lightning, felt through the closed, the wilfully closed, eyelids. It tells distinctly to even the deafened ear of the sensualist, that indiscretion almost always leads to vice, vice to crime, crime most certainly to a never-failing misery; and, that each is the more difficult to retrace, as it approaches the dread climax of woe that must terminate either in despair or death. But, to enter more into particulars, we must tell the reader that the "*Victims of Society*," are rather the victims of some of the errors that seem to be inseparable from it. Highly civilised society may be compared to a rich soil, and which, if it were not rich, could not produce so many goodly flowers and fruits; but this very richness will, and must, foster into a most rampant luxuriance, all poison-bearing weeds. To repress, if they cannot wholly eradicate, the latter, is the office of the divine, the legislator, and the moralist. Society itself is not to blame, if unfortunately, some be thrown into contact with its henbane and its night-shade. Society, strictly speaking, has no victims, but to the vices inherent on it there are very many. The whole scene of the story before us is laid in what is called high life. The first and the most beautiful victim is the Lady Augusta Vernon, a radiant and loveable being, and the sweetest of all the sacrifices. When she is scarcely more than sixteen, a gay widower, the Earl of Annandale, pays her attention; bewildered by the novelty of her position, and vanity filling her heart instead of love, she

accepts him—and repents. She wishes to retrograde, but now the evil enchantress steps forward in the person of a Miss Montessor. She had fallen, together with a French friend, La Marquise de Villeroi, when they were merely children, by the arts of a chevalier Carency, who afterwards deserted her very cavalierly. This Miss Montessor is perfectly demoralised—a complete female Iago. Under her control, Lady Augusta turns her folly into something very like a crime, by marrying a man that she almost loathes. That the reader may have some idea of this Montessor, we will give an extract from one of her letters to La Marquise, the former partner of her folly.

“ You would have smiled, as I did, *en cachette*, had you witnessed the dinner given in honour of the nuptials; and the host and hostess, between smiles and tears—the latter, however, greatly preponderating—doing the honours to guests who, with the exception of Lord Nottingham and myself, might have served as specimens for a zoological garden, if one was formed, to exhibit the *lusus naturæ* of the human race, instead of animals. In France, where there are no old people, either in dress or mind, you have nothing like the antediluvian figures that every country neighbourhood in England produces. In your gay land you have old children, who have only exchanged, but not thrown by, their rattles; while here, most, if not all the aged people, give one the idea that they never could have been young children.

“ In the innocence of my heart, I attempted a few *plaisanteries*, at the expense of some of the lame, blind, and deaf, who formed a part of the *Hôpital des INCURABLES* assembled round the dinner-table: but the pragmatistical Lord Nottingham maintained a look of immovable gravity; nay, rebuked me with a remark, that he never saw any thing risible in the infirmities of age. I have now described the delectable pleasures of an English wedding to you; and bestowed my tediousness half in pity to your expressed curiosity, and my own want of a more agreeable occupation. Write to me how you amuse yourself: that’s the best way of telling how you are; for one is never ill when amused. Adieu, *chère Delphine*!

“ *Votre amis affectionnée,*

“ CAROLINE.”

This young lady becomes domesticated with the newly married couple, and the Marquis of Nottingham and the Countess of Annandale, owing to her machinations, fall madly in love with each other. This part of the story will be very acceptable to those who affect scenes in fashionable life. They will find everything appertaining to it, described gracefully, wittily, and truly. As, in all cases among barbarians and heathens, who sacrificed human victims, so it appears to be in modern society, the immolating are always more guilty than the immolated. We are now introduced to a very brilliant batch of the sacrificial priestesses, all women of loose character, and of no morals at all—and yet, because they are still sanctioned by their husbands, they are not only admitted into good society, but actually lead, and control it. These victimizers are excellent agents for forwarding the designs of Miss Montessor, which is simply the transferring the Annandale coronet from the brows of her young friend to her own. Annandale grows jealous, Miss Montessor contrives to lock his wife and the Marquis of Nottingham in a room by themselves, and then turns the servants upon them—which leads to an explosion, and the earl sends his strictly virtuous yet disgraced wife home to her parents, and commences an action against the marquis. All this glanced at thus rapidly, must appear meagre to our readers, but in the narration it is on the contrary most felicitously told, abounding with touches of grace and humour, and involving many exquisite incidents. The first victim then retires to her parent’s mansion in the country, leaves her unsuspected destroyer four thousand pounds, takes her leave of all the domestics, and the sacrament, quite *en règle*, and dies—not certainly the victim of society, but of her own waywardness, and the villany of a supposed friend. To those who love to weep over the pathetic, all this death-bed scene

will be a high treat. For ourselves, we must confess, that we thought it too powerfully portrayed, and we hurried through it as rapidly as we could. The plot now grows almost painfully interesting. The wily Montessor leaves the earl's house, and retires to that of her aunt. Here that small but undying worm, remorse, begins to prey upon her heart, and the pang is made the more bitter, when she learns that her victim had died, and dying had left her so noble a bequest. Whilst living in the virtuous seclusion of her aunt's mansion, her seducer, in the character of a disgusting and ruined debauchee, traces her, and demands her in marriage, or that she must buy his silence with unlimited supplies of money. This completely bewilders her usually acute mind—she admits him into the house at midnight, in order to give him all her jewels. He, taking advantage of her temporary absence, finds his way to her aunt's bedroom, murders her, and plunders her escritoire of jewelry and cash to a large amount. All this is very horrible—and, alas! for humanity—very natural. The niece knows not of this till next morning—her agony produces mental aberration. The steward is hung for the murder—Miss Montessor is disinherited, and has but a small annuity left her; and then the curtain falls upon a portion of her life. We next find her at the summit of her ambition, the cherished wife of the Earl of Annandale—and we find her most miserable. She becomes repentant, and in all humility turns her face to the foot of the throne of mercy, and no sooner does a ray of peace begin to gild her desolate heart, than the villain Carencey again appears. We shall trace the story no farther. Its conclusion has all the impetuosity and almost the sublimity of an ancient tragedy. Retribution is dealt around with a hand as unsparing as it is powerful; and even the most hardened in vice must close the book startled, if not reformed. We will now speak of the merits of these volumes as a literary composition. With all our admiration of it, we must confess that it commences feebly, giving but little promise of the beauty and energy that is to follow. This story is told in letters, and advantageously told. So well and distinctly is the character of each writer preserved, that we know to whom the correspondence belongs by reading only the first sentence. The title is the worst, indeed the only, objectionable part of the work. Society is, throughout the volumes, nobly vindicated, whilst the vicious faction that is attached to it like a leprous sore, is courageously and energetically stigmatised. Is the countess right when she attributes the saying to Madame de Staël, that English society is like a pot of porter, the top all froth, and the bottom all dregs, whilst all it possessed of virtue was to be found in the middle? It is of no consequence, for it is not very true—not even *generally* true enough for an aphorism. English society is much more like a pine-apple not in the best state of preservation. The stem at the bottom, and the—but we see no just reason why we should throw away an excellent simile upon a notice even of Lady Blessington's spirited productions. We shall conclude by boldly stating, that, though the nature of her subject compelled the authoress to imbed many Gallicisms in her narration, that no one writes English with greater purity and elegance, of which we may be permitted to adduce the following specimen, in a critique upon the singing of Madame Malibran.

“ The only amusements I enjoy in London are the theatres, and the opera. One of the divine Shakspeare's tragedies, with Macready to personate the chief character, can always charm me; and at such representations I forget my chagrin and myself. I have always had, as you know, an inordinate passion for music; but it has greatly increased since I have been accustomed to listen to the heart-stirring voice of the inspired Malibran, or the dulcet tones of la Grisi.

“ The first inimitable songstress draws me continually to Drury Lane, where she is engaged; and it seems to me, that I listen with increased delight to her the

more I become acquainted with the power and pathos of her voice. The low notes of it produce an effect on me that no others ever did. The sound appears to emanate from a soul thrilling with sublime emotions; and its deep harmony causes mine to vibrate. There is something mysterious, something magical, in its influence on me. It haunts me for many succeeding hours; and seems to me as if it arose from an inspired, passionate, and despairing heart, in an intensely profound consciousness of the insufficiency of mortal powers to satisfy the aspirations of an immortal spirit to a release from its earthly trammels, and to the fulfilment of a wider and nobler destiny.

"I have avoided becoming personally acquainted with Malibran, because, I am told, she is the most animated and gay person imaginable, giving utterance to the liveliest sallies, and most naïve observations. For this peculiarity, which draws a flattering homage around her, I shun her society; because I would not have the associations with which she is mingled in my mind, disturbed by a light word or heartless jest from lips that seem to me only formed for the creation of the most sublime sounds. Those deep eyes of hers, too, have a profound melancholy, even in their flashing lustre; and I have never so perfect a sympathy with my compatriots, as when I hear those divine notes of hers followed by the plaudits of hundreds, too enthusiastically expressed to leave a doubt of the sincerity of the heart-felt admiration that excites them.

"Malibran, in my opinion, seems to inspire her audience: they are no longer a vast crowd assembled to be amused; no, they assume a much more imposing aspect. They are carried away by passionate emotion, by generous impulses, and they feel within themselves capabilities, of the existence of which they were previously ignorant. She ceases to be a mere singer, or paid actress, in their eyes; she becomes an inspired sybil that reveals to them gleams of a purer, brighter world, which they had forgotten, but to which her divine tones summon them to return.

"Grisi's voice, charming as it is, produces no such effect on me; it is round, liquid, limpid, and perfectly harmonious, always creating pleasurable emotions, but rarely sublime ones. It never awakens an echo in my heart—never lifts my thoughts from earth; but, like the music of birds, it makes the earth more delightful, and the ear loves to drink in its dulcet tones. The voice of Malibran affects me as does sacred music; and I should dislike hearing it employed in singing light airs, as much as I should hearing a cathedral organ playing a waltz or contredanse.

"Lablache's is also a voice that has great charms for me. It comes pealing forth, grand and powerful as a choir in some lofty temple; while Rubini's always reminds me of the plaintive, never-to-be-forgotten chant of the *Miserere* in the Sixtine chapel at Rome, which, though heard while I was yet only a child, I remember as distinctly as if it had been but yesterday."

The Star of Seville. A Drama, in Five Acts. By Mrs. BUTLER,
(late Miss Kemble.)

This lady, judging from all appearances, past and present, is destined to play a conspicuous part among the worthies of her country. As an authoress, she has already far surpassed her reputation as an actress; and each succeeding work that she produces, seems to excel the last in the same ratio. This before us is decidedly the best; indeed, it stands at a vast distance above every work that she has yet produced. The plot of this tragedy turns upon the royal licence that a young and too amorous king of Spain takes with the beauty of his country. This Alphonso, having been nurtured with the hero, Don Carlos, and having also, at the peril of his own, saved his life, becomes, in time, without any quarrel, estranged from him, and attached to the licentious company, and listens to the immoral advice of his bastard cousin, Don Arias. The king, in his progress through his dominions, visits Seville, where he is dutifully met by Carlos, who is handsomely received by his sovereign. Passing through the streets the latter sees and loves Estrella, the lady whom Don Carlos is to marry that night. The king takes counsel with

Arias, and at his instigation, and, that of his own lust, whilst Carlos is absent to make preparations for the reception of his bride, surprises her sleeping in her apartment, and she is only rescued by the timely intervention of her own much-attached and noble-minded brother, Don Pedro. He disarms the disguised king, and degrades him by a blow. The monarch retires, burning with all a Spaniard's desire for vengeance. His couriers overtake Don Carlos, and the king then mentions the insult, concealing the circumstances that led to it, reminds the Don of their boyish friendship, of his saved life, and of his unswerving loyalty; and thus instigated, this Carlos consents to kill an unknown person. A royal and a Spanish morality, truly, but quite in character with the nation. The name of the victim is given him in a folded paper, which he is not to read till away from his presence. He reads, and finds it is the brother of his bride that he is to slay. Tossed by a whirlwind of contradictory passions, he seeks to drown his consciousness in wine, and when in a state of madness, he meets Pedro, will listen to no explanation, and slays him on the spot. The rest may be imagined. His bridal night sees him imprisoned as a murderer. His guilt is too apparent, and the monarch but weakly interfering in his behalf, he dies on the scaffold. Estrella dies near him. The reader will perceive that this plot gives the amplest scope for all that is tragical and appalling, and the authoress has availed herself of them beautifully. Many of the scenes are replete with tenderness and poetry. Indeed, every character speaks its proper language, whether of terror, impassioned friendship, or still more passionate love. There is a second plot, of a comic caste, that has but little to do with the principal, but which evinces great talent on the part of the amiable writer. Had we space, we should most eagerly quote many bursts of genuine poetry that adorn this play. Our contemporaries having more room, have availed themselves of the opportunity most liberally, but not more than the beauties of the pieces selected deserved. What station this lady may hereafter take among our first-rate dramatists, it would be presumptuous in us to pronounce; but we may say, that we do not despair of the resuscitation of the legitimate drama whilst she lives.

A Practical Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Lungs, illustrating the different kinds of Coughs. By G. HUME WEATHERHEAD, M.D. &c.

When we reflect on the great prevalence of diseases of the chest, and the fatal issue they so often produce, we at once perceive the importance of a treatise embracing their consideration. It would appear from the bills of mortality, that more than one-fourth of the total number of deaths are from diseases of the lungs.

Dr. W. has taken a very complete review of these various affections; for we find that the work before us, commencing with a common cold or cough, comprehends an account of the symptoms and treatment of all those diseases giving rise to difficulty of breathing, attended with cough, as dry, humid, and spasmodic asthma, dropsy of the lungs, water in the chest, liver and stomach coughs, gout in the lungs, croup, whooping-cough, and consumption, of which latter disease we have a development of new and interesting views respecting its origin; and a valuable reference, from the author's personal observation, to those places in the south of France and Italy, usually resorted to by the consumptive invalid. Does the general reader know, that scarcely any subject above forty years of age, that has been dissected, had his lungs perfectly free from disorder? We are speaking, of course, of the inhabitants of the temperate zones;

for between the tropics and far north, diseases of the lungs do not so much prevail. Ought not, then, the greatest enemy to life, known in modern times, to be most scrupulously guarded against? And does not that person deserve our unbounded gratitude who best arms us against it? Not only is this work valuable to the medical practitioner, but also to the general reader: the latter will not find it too abstruse to be understood. As a universal caution, it cannot too often be repeated, that every complaint of the chest ought to be carefully attended to from its very commencement, and scrupulously watched by some professional gentleman, who, like Dr. Weatherhead, has made such disorders his peculiar study, until it be finally and completely removed.

Illustrations of Human Life. By the Author of "*Tremaine*," and "*De Vere*." 3 vols.

We must confess that it is with no small degree of reluctance that we proceed to give an opinion upon these volumes. That they are the production of a man of much learning, a considerable deal of taste, and of strong moral and religious principles, every page that they contain most amply testify; yet, the work is, to us, altogether unsatisfactory. We trust, for the author's sake, that these "*Illustrations*" will become the fashion to read, for it is our conviction that nothing but respect for the author's name, or the caprice of a strong party, can save them from an oblivion that we fear they only too much merit." Mr. Ward calls his three volumes of conversational prolixity "*Illustrations of Human Life*." Everything that concerns humanity may, in some measure, and equally justly as this work, be called "*Illustrations of Human Life*." But how small and exclusive a portion of life these volumes pretend to illustrate the reader shall shortly see. About one half of the first volume is occupied by a continuous dialogue, divided into portions by the means of letters: the end of all these wearying and interminable "*said I's*" and "*said he's*," is to prove that a retired secretary of state, with a good conscience, a good fortune, and good health, can be happy in the country. Is this an illustration of human life? Perhaps: but of how minute a portion!—how many secretaries of state have retired under similar predicaments since the days of red tape and extravagance of sealing-wax? If anything, this dreamy dialogue is merely an exemplification of a principle that a man, with all the accessories to happiness, may possibly be happy. The next piece is called "*St. Laurence*," the beginning of which is puerile as well as prolix in ghost stories, which serves only as an introduction to a long argument on predestination and free-will, interspersed with various intimations that a work entitled "*Tremaine*," by the same author, may be perused with much advantage. Against all this we most vehemently protest. The immense good that the author thinks that he is doing, can only be equalled by the extent of the reality of the harm he may inflict. He knows that there are thousands who will go to his volumes for their divinity—thousands whom he will make rash thinkers—and thousands more whom he will confuse into a maze of perplexities, until at last they will take refuge in scepticism. In his attempt to reconcile the most rigid predestination, with the most perfect free-will of the agents who are to work out this predestination, he has, with a wonderful complacency for a thinking man, fallen alternately into opposite absurdities. When he speaks of the fiat of the Almighty, pronounced from all eternity, and worked out through all eternity by a succession of causes and effects, in the long concatenation of act operating upon act, there is no possibility of wedging in the minutest particle of free-will on the part of human agency—he is then a stringent fatalist; and,

when, on the other part, he tosses the reins of his conduct into the hands of the possessor of mortal reason, he does it with the curious contradiction of saying to him, "You *may* drive where you like, and you think that you *are* driving where you like, but you *will* and you *must* go only in that course that has been preordained to you from all eternity." But you must not, he says, charge this compulsion upon the first cause, but upon second causes only; therefore, though these second causes are urgent and unavoidable upon you, in working out the mandate of the first cause, your will is free, and you are not to charge upon the first cause the necessity of your actions. All this, as may be readily surmised, leads the author unconsciously into the most daring impieties. We well know that Mr. Ward did not intend to go beyond the humility befitting a Christian when he talks of examining "the archetypal ideas that were in the Creator's mind when his work was contemplated." These the author assumes to know, for he says to his fancied antagonist, "the difficulty will vanish if you go high enough, that is, to the archetypal," &c. This is going high enough, surely—a rending of the veil before the temple: but this is not the place for us to be polemical any more than these volumes, that are sold as novels, should be the place to discuss such subjects as these. The other two volumes of these "Illustrations" are occupied by a discursive essay, called "Fielding, or Society." It begins with great spirit, shows much knowledge of the most dignified classes of society, and is not without wit. Fielding goes in search of the different degrees of happiness that are to be found in our different natures. Though this begins so well, it flags considerably as it proceeds—for pages and pages we feel as if we were travelling over a dreary heath, compelled to listen to the vapid prosings of an old-womanly old gentleman. How fond the author is of disquisition! and in seeking out pegs on which to hang musty arguments—and then his repetitions—sometimes almost in the same words—more than once actually so. Were we to deprive the work of its overwhelming mass of quotations, its arguments on divinity, its resuscitated and contorted Joe Millers, we should then have remaining a very excellent because a very *little* book; and, in that little, we should find many beauties of expression, many feeble sentiments elegantly rendered, and much common-place dignified by magniloquence. From the very nature of the work, the reader must imagine that many characters are brought forward in the course of the author's narrative; and so there are, but they are merely sketches, and anything but vigorous ones, a strong likeness running through them all, and all of them mawkishly genteel—even the yeomanry and peasantry smack of my lord's kitchen. As to this uncertainty of outline in the pictures that abound in his last volume, they remind us of reflexes upon gently-ruffled waters, faint on account of the medium through which they are seen, and broken up and disturbed by the surface on which they are reflected. Notwithstanding all these imperfections that we have enumerated, most of which will not only not be called faults, but will even be estimated as beauties by Mr. Ward's admirers, and they are many, even these admirers must confess that there is one great prevailing want throughout these volumes—that is, a want, a total absence of, originality: excepting in his absurd hypotheses, by which, through the means of second causes, he endeavours to reconcile predestination with free-will, and his bold impiety, by which he assumes he was let into the secret of the Almighty mind before the Creation—we do not think there is an original thought in the work; and the thoughts of others, as far as we are able to judge, he has not been able to render striking. The most prominent feature in these "Illustrations" is the lawyer's bill, and that is only an old and a thousand-times-repeated story, exaggerated without being improved. However, after all that can be said against these volumes, none but an amiable man and a gentleman could have written them; and for our own parts, we are glad that they have been published,

for they are the exact sort of pabulum in which amiable men, who think but a little, and mere gentlemen, who don't think at all, delight; and as this class is extremely populous, at least the latter division of it, we say, long may the author live to furnish happiness to his admirers in the shape of his three volumes per annum.

Indian Reminiscences, or the Bengal Moofussul Miscellany, chiefly written by the late G. A. ADDISON, ESQ.

This is at once a very amusing and instructive work, and will prove to the English reader full of originality, as it often treats of manners, scenes, and events of our Indian empire. It appears that Mr. Addison, who was collaterally descended from the great man of the same name, showed much early genius, and died prematurely, at the age of twenty-two. From the specimens here adduced, his must have been a mind of no common order. It is but a waste of time to moralize upon the untimely deaths of those who seem born to delight and inform their fellow men—over such dispensations we can only lament. As this miscellany embraces a vast variety of subjects, and most of them well handled, even the epicure in literary matter cannot fail to find more than one dish that must suit his palate. We recommend these “Indian Reminiscences” to the general reader, as a fund of amusement that he will not exhaust until he have read to the last page.

Gallery of Practical Science. First Division. Comprising Mechanics of Fluids and Hydraulic Architecture, Descriptive and Constructive; the whole illustrated by scientific and appropriate Diagrams, engraved by Mr. G. VESEY.

This work, being bound up in magazine form and dated March the 1st, we presume is to be a periodical, on which we may fairly offer our congratulations to the public. The work, we understand, is to be composed entirely of original matter, the productions of professional, scientific, and practical men. This is as it should be, and we doubt not, if the views of those that have originated this work be fully carried out, that the benefit to society at large will be of the greatest extent. This first part, as the title that we have quoted indicates, treats solely of fluids. The first chapter will be found to enlarge upon the definitions and obvious properties of watery fluids, with the preliminary elementary principles of hydrodynamics, for estimating the pressure of incompressible fluids; the work then proceeds to discuss the pressure of non-elastic fluids on planes, and on the sides and bottoms of cubical vessels, and thence, with the limit to the requisite thickness of floodgates. When all this is made sufficiently clear, the scientific author shows the method of finding the centre of gravity in the space included between any parallelogram and an inscribed parabolic plane, the usefulness of which is well understood by all mechanists. But we have no space to follow the writer, step by step, through all his subjects. The experiments at the end of the volume will be found very amusing even to the most unscientific. We think that this periodical has supplied a public desideratum, and we hope that its success will be commensurate with its utility and the talent that it promises to display in the conducting of it.

Crichton. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq., Author of "Rookwood." 3 vols.

The remark that no man is a hero before his own valet has, by this time, become almost too trite for use. Yet this very fact affords the strongest testimony of the truth of an adage, which gains in applicability the higher we ascend in the scale of society. In the case of kings it is peculiarly just and striking. Those mighty personages—the "gods of day"—with some few exceptions, on being closely scrutinised, appear to have been not only common mortals, but *very* common mortals indeed. Of course we say nothing of the incomparable kings and princes now reigning, or likely to reign, in Europe: *they* are far beyond the comments of puny critics like ourselves. But of those "buried majesties," who having paid the only debt which royalty cannot evade—the debt of nature—we may speak freely, knowing,

"That the earth, which kept the world in awe,
May patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Three several works, published within the last few months, convince us that we are not wrong in our estimate of "crowned heads;" each of these works having so direct a tendency to bring the regal character into contempt, that we are somewhat surprised the Attorney-General has not interfered, *ex officio*. We allude to Mr. Ainsworth's "Crichton"—Mr. Bulwer's "Duchess de la Vallière"—and Lord Wharncliffe's "Life and Writings of Lady Mary Montague." The first of these productions portrays Henry Trois of France; the second, Louis Quartorze; the third, George the First of England; in colours by no means calculated to exalt the "order" in general estimation. At present, we have only to do with the first; and, in truth, one of such worthies at a time is enough. Henri Trois is almost as prominent a person in the romance of "Crichton," as the hero after whom the work is named. This monarch, of whom Voltaire said,—

"Il est vaillant, mais faible, et moins roi que soldat;
Il n'a de fermeté qu'en un jour de combat;
Ses honteux favoris, flattant son indolence,
De son cœur à leur gré gouvernaient l'inconstance;"

is hit off to admiration. His perfidy, baseness, effeminacy, and bigotry, are brought out with historical truth; while, as it is natural enough in a romance, the voluptuous pleasures of his court are depicted with a prodigal hand. Mr. Ainsworth has consulted Brantôme, Thomas Artus, and the journalist, Pierre L'Estoile, to good purpose: his sketch of the royal Sybarite is more faithful than the elaborate portraits of Vitet and Dumas, and this is no slight praise to an English writer. To eclipse a coxcomb like this, even though a king, did not require the numberless graces and accomplishments lavished on the admirable Crichton. That such a person, the foremost man in the contested field of love or chivalry, should have distanced his royal rival, in the race for a lady's favour, is very natural. To pursue them through the several stages of this *franche passion* for the youthful Princess of Condé, would be to go through the whole romance; for Mr. Ainsworth has, with great skill, contrived to interweave the story of Crichton's love with all the more stirring passages of the book. Henri Trois is enamoured of the princess; Henri of Navarre is attached to her on account of her consanguinity and her religion; Catherine de Medicis endeavours to make her instrumental in the furtherance of certain Machiavelian schemes; while Marguerite de Valois regards her with malignant hatred for having effected

the conquest of Crichton, till then her Majesty's devoted lover. These two queens are sketched with great discrimination and effect. The political mischief of the romance is entrusted to the wily Catherine de Medicis. It clearly could not be in better hands. In female portraiture Mr. Ainsworth has approved himself a perfect Lawrence of the pen. His delineations of Eclairmande, Princess of Condé, and of the ill-starred Gelosa, each exquisite in its way, both

" Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Nor is he less successful in his treatment of the poets and wits of the time. As it is not our intention to detail the plot of this work, which is, we may state, constructed with singular skill, we shall pass by a vast variety of dramatic incidents, hair-breadth 'scapes, inglorious orgies, at which the king of France assists, and a glorious tavern carouse, in which the king of Navarre figures. We will now proceed to the jousts. An amusing scene occurs between Henri of Navarre and his queen before he enters the lists with Crichton. The Béarnais has rashly visited the tilt-yard in disguise for the purpose of trying his knightly skill against the admirable Scot, who, as has already been mentioned, had been numbered among the lovers of Marguerite before he became enamoured of the Princess of Condé. The conflict between Henri and Crichton is brought to a close without compromising the chivalry of either. We must not omit to state that an Englishman named Blount, and his bulldog Druid, make a very conspicuous figure throughout this work. In the third volume, Druid, after being very roughly handled for assailing the steed of the Vicomte de Joyeure, is placed in requisition for a bull-fight, the freedom, and indeed life, of his master, depending upon the issue of the conflict. The admirable Crichton extricates all sorts of people from all sorts of difficulties and dilemmas. He frustrates the schemes of Catherine de Medicis for his destruction; and though he is a Catholic, and the Princess de Condé a Protestant, Mr. Ainsworth manages to bring him through, conducting him safely to the bridal bower in the following ingenious manner. Crichton has proved the protector of Henri of Navarre, and has saved the life of Henri of Valois, attempted by the queen-mother on account of her son's dethronement. The two Henris are thus disposed to waive the point of etiquette in favour of one so "admirable," and every way invincible. An obstacle, however, exists in an oath uttered by the princess before a Huguenot preacher not to wed a Papist. The Gordian knot is cut as follows. Henri of Valois thus addresses Crichton.

" 'Hold!' ejaculated the King, checking the movement of this faction, 'I am unhurt. Messieurs,' continued he, addressing the guard, 'we command you to attach the person of the Duc de Nevers, whom we accuse of lèse-majesté and treason—Madame,' added he, turning to Catherine, 'you will answer us on the same charges.'

" 'At once, and boldly, my son,' replied the Queen-Mother. 'You are deceived. The sole traitor stands by your side. I will prove Chevalier Crichton guilty of the crimes you have imputed to me.'

" 'Let Cosmo Ruggieri stand forth,' said Crichton.

" At this summons the astrologer forced his way through the crowd.

" 'What hast thou to advance against me?' demanded the Queen, imperiously.

" 'That you have conspired against the life of the king your son, and against his crown,' returned Ruggieri firmly; 'and that the Duc de Nevers is your accomplice. Will your Majesty deign to regard this scroll?'

" 'It is thine own condemnation, Ruggieri,' said Henri, glancing at the document; 'thou art deeply implicated in this conspiracy.'

" 'I deny it not,' replied the astrologer, 'let equal justice be dealt upon all who have betrayed you.'

" 'Ruggieri,' said the king, 'thy doom is the gallies. De Nevers shall lose his head. For you, madame,' added he, looking at the Queen-Mother, 'we will reflect upon your sentence.'

" 'I am content,' said Ruggieri, with a look of gratified revenge; 'one of these accursed Gonzagas will fall by my hands.'

" 'Away with him,' said Henri. 'Chevalier Crichton,' added he, embracing the Scot, 'you are my preserver, and henceforth my brother.'

" 'Sire!'

" 'I have played the tyrant and the libertine long enough. I will now endeavour to assume the part of the generous monarch. The hand of the Princess of Condé is your's—ha! what means this hesitation?'

" 'Sire! a greater obstacle than you have raised divides us,' replied Crichton, 'our creeds are different.'

" 'What of that?' said Henri of Navarre, who had joined the group, 'Marguerite de Valois is a Catholic. I am a Protestant.'

" 'An excellent example, certes,' said Chicot, screaming with laughter.

" 'There is one favour which you *can* confer, Sire, and which I can accept,' said Crichton.

" 'Name it.'

" 'The freedom of the king of Navarre.'

" 'It is granted,' replied Henri, 'on condition that he takes his queen with him.'

" 'Excuse me, Sire,' replied the Bourbon. 'I have too much consideration to separate her from the Admirable Crichton. Fair Cousin of Condé, you will accompany me. His Majesty has promised you a fitting escort.'

" 'I have,' replied Henri, 'but I would rather find her a fitting husband.'

" 'Crichton,' said Esclairmonde, blushing towards her lover, 'have I your dispensation if I break my vow?'

" 'From the bottom of my heart,' replied Crichton, passionately. 'And I begin to find I am not so stanch a Catholic as I fancied myself when I quitted Florent Chrétien's cell.'

" 'I would be of any *creed* for the woman I love,' said the Bourbon.

" 'And I,' said Henri III.

" 'And I,' added Crichton.

" 'Then no more need be said about the matter,' cried Chicot. 'Let us send for a priest at once. He will remove every difficulty. Points of faith are easily settled where love plays the umpire.'"

This is a plenary indulgence worthy of the Pope himself.

In the romance, which we have thus rather noticed than reviewed, there are proofs of a skilful hand—now gentle—now vigorous—as occasion may require. We have thought it more just to the author, as it certainly is more suited to our limited space, to let him speak for himself in a vivid extract, than to go through a laboured analysis of a work which, if we are correctly informed, is in everybody's hands. Distributed throughout the work we have been reviewing are many lyrical pieces. These, as might be expected from the author of "Rookwood," are full of spirit; but they are more highly polished, and may, therefore, prove more generally attractive than their predecessors. This work, we have no doubt, will be as popular in France as in our own country.

Observations on the Preservation of Health in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age, with the best Means of improving the Moral and Physical Condition of Man. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Author of "Observations on the Preservation of Sight," "On the Preservation of Hearing," &c. &c.

This work is from the fertile and talented pen of Mr. Curtis, the celebrated aurist, and will tend materially to increase his already widely-spread reputation as a skilful physiologist. In the work before us he has thrown under one comprehensive view, a digest of all that is worth knowing as to a general rule of life, so as to prolong it to the utmost in activity and in health. Many new doctrines it cannot, of course, be expected that he has broached; but he has strongly enforced, and most ably explained, the old ones. As this work must be a matter of interest to all classes, and should be attended to by all ages except the very earliest, the book must become extremely popular. It is far preferable to the larger and more technical treatises, the affectation of profound learning of which bewilders the mind of the general reader, and the expense of which deters a vast number from purchasing. Mr. Curtis does not pretend to do away with the necessity of medical advice: he only shows how best to avoid the misery of frequently wanting it. These doctrines of health are laid down in a lively and pleasant manner, engaging the attention, and striking into the memory. It is also full of anecdote, so full, indeed, that a person, who reads only for amusement, would find himself highly gratified by a perusal. It is a singular fact, that, at present, owing to the impudence of quackery, and the supine credulity of the great mass of mankind, it is now much easier to cheat a man out of his life, than to defraud him of a shilling; and, whilst the latter act might be visited by the punishment of the laws, the perpetrator of the former crime escapes, not only with impunity, but often finds his homicidal villanies rewarded by an ample fortune. The work before us will do much to open the eyes of the public on this subject. We wish that we had space for extracts, for from no work could we be furnished with better ones. We must, however, shortly conclude by stating, that the book ought to become a family one, and as necessary to a household as Mrs. Glasse's treatise on cooking, so that the mischief that the good dame's recipes might cause, should find a ready antidote in the excellent advice of its companion.

Piso the Præfect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts. 3 vols.

This is a most singular work, and one of a very meritorious description. The learned author—for very learned he must undoubtedly be—has, apparently, after many years of study and of earnest contemplation of the old Roman character, come to the conclusion, that the inhabitants of Rome were no Romans at all, in the generally-received and chivalrous notion of the word. The author has chosen, for the epoch of his tale, that period when the Roman empire had, already in its decline, manifested its internal weakness and mal-organisation, whilst its frontiers lay nearly open with impunity to barbarian aggression. That the author's estimate of the character of these vaunting masters of the world is correct, the world can have no means of proving; but it must always be borne in mind, that, out of their own mouths has he plucked the judgment that he passed upon them; for there is not a vice, a folly, or an extravagance, which he has recorded against them, that is not fully authorised by some passage in their own historians, dramatists, or satirists.

It may be objected against him, that he has treated the whole with too much levity, and thrown an air of burlesque, approaching to caricature, upon some of the best associations of history. To this it may be fairly answered, that he sought not to see these Romans arrayed in their holiday dresses, marching in a triumph, or thundering forth fine sentences from the rostrum. He tore the veil from before the absurdities, and even the atrocities, of their domestic lives; and, when he had done this, he found but two courses open to him—either to execrate or to laugh—he chose the latter and the better. The hero of this very original and risible romance is Calphurnius Piso, the very last of the race of the truly patrician order. He has received his education at Athens, and, at the age of twenty-one, the opening of the story finds him entering Rome, which is, at this moment, under the government of Vitalianus, the emperor Maximin's præfect. This præfect is an excellent specimen of the debauched Roman of the declining empire. He concentrates, in himself, all the several vices of the most depraved of the emperors; and that the accessories of his character may be complete, he has appended to him a monstrosity of a wife, a counterpart of which could only be produced by such a society as could originate and tolerate a Messalina. We then have shown to us the boudoir of a lady of fashion, morning calls of young ancient'exquisites, with gossip quite fashionable on the circus and the drama, and court scandal, that, for its bitterness, might almost be tolerated in our own circles. Then comes a grand dinner—rather a disgusting affair, certainly, followed by the accustomed orgies of the night. There is, also; a very good plot, with a green-eyed, white-haired barbarian for the heroine, who is very simple and very innocent, for a princess. The mist of ridicule that hovers over and distorts all the incidents, and throws all the characters into such contortions, is irresistible. To all who are in search of amusement, we heartily recommend the work. It will not do for the grave, and the learned, and the self-satisfied as to the perfection of their education; for every page will be found to be a disturber of gravity, to throw down the gauntlet of disputation to the learned, and hint to the self-styled classically educated, that they have a very great deal to unlearn indeed. We exhort this very pleasant author not to mind the sarcasms of the critics, nor weary himself by dwelling upon their dulness, for he is well assured that they know nothing about the matter, when they presume to sit in judgment upon his work. We prophesy that his book will be read, and, as thus, the great end in writing it will be answered, that same answer must serve for all the illnatured commentaries that may be launched against it.

The Library of Fiction, or Family Story Teller; consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character. Written expressly for this Work, by eminent Authors. No. XIII.

The contents of this thirteenth number are, "A Word or Two about Godfrey Gooch, by Mr. Whitehead," which word or two is and are very much to the purpose, and may well be precursors to many more on the same subject. "A Leaf from the Life of Alcibiades Bond" is but a shrivelled and *fade* affair. "The Lover's Seat," by Mr. James Ollier, is, however, more than an indemnity for the mediocrity of the preceding article, whilst "Davy Dixon's Coat, or Coatless Davy," is quite good enough to sell the number of itself. We may fairly pronounce, that, taken altogether, this number is a great improvement upon the two or three last ones. We think that, by engaging the best writers only upon this periodical, its circulation might be increased to almost any extent.

is it, that Mr. *Hogg* furnishes Mr. Bell with some valuable information on the subject. There is, also, an excellent derivation of the word "pig." We like etymology, and like it best when it is a far traveller. He must be but a poor scholar who would stoop to pick up a derivation, even for a pig, that might lie at his feet—but it is something to go to ancient Rome for it. This work is a most valuable one.

Cosmo de Medici; an Historical Tragedy. By R. H. HORNE, Author of the "Exposition of the False Medium," &c.

We have read this production with the most respectful feelings and the greatest attention, and are truly sorry to confess that we think it a failure. From the strong common sense that Mr. Horne has displayed in his other works we argued most favourably of this, for, after all, common sense is the only solid substratum upon which genius can build up either an epic or a tragedy. We think that in the production before us there are none of the attributes nor the solemn harmony of keeping that should always characterise tragedy. The incidents rush upon us harshly, and the bursts of passion are always expressed in language so overstrained as to seem almost unnatural. The comic portions of this play are no relief to it—they seem not to belong to it—they lead to nothing, and are in themselves vapid and spiritlessly jocular. We grieve to be compelled to say this; and hasten most gladly to state, that it abounds with stringent, elevated, and poetical passages. We do not think that it would act well, notwithstanding the author has taken much care to make it sufficiently melodramatic. We will give in this our short notice neither specimens of the beauties nor the defects of this play, as we think that the sooner it is forgotten altogether the better will it be for the fame of the author. All the sterling thoughts and grand images it contains should be employed by him upon some other attempt; for though his present edifice be, as a whole, so faulty, yet the materials with which it is constructed are too precious to be thrown heedlessly away.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

At times, we are almost inclined to wish that the spirit of these papers would flag a little, that we might have a little repose, and thus gain the necessary breathing space to enable us to pick out a few Pickwickian faults. But Boz gives us no such cessation of interest. We find the Papers always all too short, read through at speed, and so rapidly that we have had no time to pick up the errors that perhaps really lay on the road. In this, the thirteenth number, we, in company with this renowned club, visit Bath, a place where there is no possibility of either age or ugliness finding a local habitation. We are also introduced to a Mr. Dowler, the very Ajax of bullies; but, as yet, we are left in the dark, as to the real quantity of valour that actually exists beneath so much froth. This paper is quite as amusing as are any of its predecessors. We hope that when the whole shall be completed that it will read equally well as it does in detached parts.

The Pictorial Bible ; being the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version, illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, representing Historical Events, after the most celebrated Pictures, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, chiefly explanatory of the Engravings.

It is now our duty to notice the fourteenth part of this work, which includes the whole of the sublime and beautiful Book of Job with the beginning of the Psalms. This portion of the Holy Scriptures is amply and very curiously illustrated, and the copies of ancient paintings and sculptures tend to throw no small light upon the text. We have often before expressed our admiration of this work, and, as it continues still to exhibit those advantages that, at first and unintermittingly, have challenged our commendation, we can only say, that if we do not repeat our expressions of satisfaction, it is merely because we would avoid being thought tautologous.

We may just mention here that we have received the second number only of a Pictorial History of England. We shall refrain remarking upon it until we receive the first.

Transportation and Colonisation ; or the Causes of the Comparative Failure of the Transportation System in the Australian Colonies ; with Suggestions for securing its Future Efficiency in Subserviency of Extensive Colonisation. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., Principal of the Australian College and Senior Minister of the Church of Scotland in New South Wales.

We have given the title of this work at length, in order that the reader may judge upon what authority the data in this book are put forth. It ought not to be enough, either in a political or moral point of view, to rid ourselves of our superabundant and proved rascality ; we should strenuously endeavour to reform and to turn evil at least into the rudiments of future good. That our present system of transportation does not effect this, but a cursory glance at this able work will sufficiently prove. The voice of philosophy is loud in calling the public attention to a question so momentous as that which embraces a future provision and territory for a redundant and an ever-increasing population. It is therefore to the legislators in both houses of parliament that we particularly recommend this volume. No one, from his position, aided by his undoubted talent, could have been more able than Dr. Lang to point out error and suggest remedies on the subject. The book will also be found to be generally interesting to all readers, as it is full of detail, and brings us intimately acquainted with Australian manners in very many of their modifications.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Old Friends in a new Dress. By R. S. SHARPE. Fifth Edition, enlarged, corrected, and now first embellished with eighty-three woodcuts.—Esop looks well in his new dress—it is at once simple and becoming.

Flowers of Ebor. Poems. By THOMAS CROSSBY.—These poems are quite good enough to publish, though we do not think to live long, should
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they even escape being still-born. He who now writes poetry to succeed, must do so with a giant's hand.

Evening Hours. Poems and Songs. By ROBERT ALLAN, Kilbarcan.—These are really very good, and we trust that this little volume will not be swamped into oblivion by the much published that is so bad.

Poems. By BENJAMIN STREET, Esq.—Spirited but imperfect, no lack of the poetic fire, but some want of polish, and many evidences of carelessness.

The Philosophy of Manner ; or, a Sequel to "The Laws of Etiquette." By ΑΣΤΕΙΩ.—Considering the promise of its title, this is a failure.

St. Agnes' Fountain, or the Enshrined Heart ; an old English legendary narrative Ballad. By T. W. KELLY, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."—The poetry in this little work is more than respectable.

The Narrow Way ; or Cautions and Directions for the Young. By WM. DAVIS, Minister of the Croft Chapel, Hastings.—Excellent morality strengthened by religion.

The Science of Botany. By HUGO REID.—Succinctly and philosophically treated.

The Little Villager's Verse Book ; consisting of Short Verses for Children, &c. &c. By the Rev. L. BOWLES, Canon Residentiary of Sarum, &c. &c.—This is the second series of a very useful and well-achieved work.

The Pocket Guide to Commercial Bookkeeping, &c. &c. By ROBERT WALLACE, A.M., Blythwood Hill Mathematical Academy.—Quite an improvement upon the many cumbrous treatises upon this useful subject.

Grandmamma's Sampler, with some other Rhymes for Children, affectionately inscribed to the Misses Eliza and Catherine Y——. By Mrs. G. G. RICHARDSON.—It appears to us, that the children of the present day get more talent devoted to their amusement than the grown-up folks. Nothing could be more suitable to the purpose than is this very little and very pretty book. Of this sampler many samples should be disseminated.

Arithmetic illustrated by Wood-cuts, by which System the Principle of Arithmetic may be acquired as an Amusement. Invented and arranged by ARTHUR PARSEY, Author of "Perspective Rectified," and "The Art of Miniature Painting."—Good for the very youthful beginner, and the very stupid of all ages.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Williams's (Rev. J.) Narrative of the Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands. 8vo. 12s.

Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, (Geology and Mineralogy.) Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 35s.

Graham's Modern Domestic Medicine. Seventh edition, enlarged. 8vo. 16s.

An Analysis of the British Ferns and their Allies, with Plates of every Species and Variety. By G. W. Francis. 8vo. 4s.

Turton (Dr. Thomas) on the Eucharist, in Reply to Dr. Wiseman. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Truth and Error Distinguished: Seven Lectures on the Points of Distinction between Protestant and Romish Churches. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. Vol. I. 8vo. 21s.

Bacon's First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindûstan. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences. 3 vols. 8vo. 42s.

Flora's Gems. Imp. 4to. 42s.

Cottle's Early Recollections of Coleridge. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Huntington's Select Works. 5 vols. 8vo. 62s. 6d.

Gentleman Jack. By the Author of "Cavendish," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Hunter's Works. By Palmer. Vol. II. 8vo. 17s. 6d.
 The Complete Book of Trades. 8vo. with plates. 14s.
 Comedias Escogidas de Don P. Calderon de la Barca. Fcap. 5s. 6d.
 Richardson on Warming and Ventilation of Buildings. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Southey's Cowper's Works. Vol XII. (Iliad, Vol II.) Fcap. 5s.
 The Life of the Rev. H. Martyn. Thirteenth Edition. 17s. 6d.
 Lessons on Objects. Sixth Edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
 Hayes's Questions on Major's Latin Grammar. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Parsey's Arithmetic illustrated. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Darkin's Greek Testament. New Edition. 12mo. 5s.
 Sumner's Exposition of St. Matthew and St. Mark. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 2 vols. 12s.; 8vo. Fourth Edition, 9s.
 Sumner's Sermons on Faith. Ninth Edition. 12mo. 6s.
 Lyra Apostolica. Second Edition. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Inglis's Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. Third Edition. Post 8vo. 12s.
 Inglis's Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo. 9s.
 Wrightson on the Punishment of Death. Third Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Gregory's Conspectus. By Dr. Steggall. 18mo. Fourth Edition. 10s.
 Hoare on the Vine. Second Edition. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's "ATHENS" is now published: it did not reach us in time for notice in our present number, but from the slight glance we have had of it, we promise ourselves much pleasure in its perusal. We shall take an early opportunity of directing our attention to this important work, meanwhile we commend it to the especial regard of our readers.

Miss Martineau's "SOCIETY IN AMERICA" is to be published on the 10th of the present month; we understand the strongest interest is evinced for its appearance both here and in America. From the high character of this lady's former productions, we may safely predict that this work will possess a value beyond that of any other that has yet appeared on the subject.

The "PICARON," by the author of "Makanna," is just announced. "Makanna" was indeed a work of great promise, which we have no doubt we shall find the present work amply fulfil.

A delightful series of rural tales, by Miss Mitford, is in the press, and nearly ready, entitled "COUNTRY STORIES."

A new series of that popular and entertaining work, "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," is just ready for publication.

Mrs. Thomson, the author of "Constance," has nearly completed the printing of her new novel, "THE LADY ANABETTA."

THE LA FAYETTE MANUSCRIPTS.—The Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General La Fayette, published by his Family, have been long in preparation, and may be expected to appear in the course of the present month. Arrangements have been made for the publication of editions in French and English in this country.

A delightful little work, entitled "THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS," uniform with "The Language of Flowers," with coloured plates, is on the eve of publication.

Mr. David Lester Richardson, who has lately been appointed Professor of English Literature in the Hindu College of Calcutta, is busily engaged in preparing for the press, a volume of Selections, to consist of one thousand octavo pages, from pure English poetry, beginning with Chaucer, and coming down to the present time. This work will, we understand, be chronologically arranged, and must, from the well-known poetical taste of the selector, be cordially welcomed by the public. We understand that it is to be printed at the expense of government, who have ordered no fewer than two thousand copies. A prose work on a similar plan, selected by Mr. Macaulay, is also in the course of preparation under the same auspices. The two works will be admirable companions to each other, and are sure to find their way into the leading seminaries of English literature, for which, we believe, they are intended as class-books.

Mr. Babbage has a work upon Natural Theology, nearly ready for publication.

An Arrangement to read the whole Bible in the course of the Year, pointing out the Portion for Morning and Evening Worship, and for Private Meditation.

Family Prayers, from the Book of Common Prayer of the United Church of England and Ireland, compiled after the plan recommended by the late Rev. Thomas Scott, A. M.

A new and splendid edition of Mr. Burke's work on the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, which has been many years out of print, will be published about the middle of May.

Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age ; with the best Means of improving the Moral and Physical Condition of Man, By John Harrison Curteis, Esq., Author of " Observations on the Preservation of Sight," " On the Preservation of Hearing," &c. &c.

Dedicated (by permission) to Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., Tales from the Note Book of a Surgeon, consisting of a Series of Domestic Tales and Sketches from Real Life. By George Thomas Fisher, jun.

FINE ARTS.

Historical and Literary Curiosities, consisting of Fac-Similes of original Documents, the Scenes of remarkable Historical Events, Interesting Localities celebrated in Poetry, and the Birth-places, Residences, and Monuments of Eminent Literary Characters ; with a variety of Reliques and Antiquities connected with the same subjects. Engraved by CHARLES JOHN SMITH.

The title-page of this work forms a goodly bill of fare, and yet the contents will answer to the promise that it sets forth. This is the fifth number that has been published, and each is in merit and interest equal to the other. The present one contains, in the first place, a view of the residence of Abraham Cowley, at Chertsey, in Surrey, with a fac-simile of the beginning of the autograph manuscript poem of " The Garden," a very curious document. We have then a view of the house occupied by the Royal Society, in Crane Court, from the year 1678 to 1760, and a very excellent engraving it is. This is followed by a view of Sir Isaac Newton's residence, in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square. All these views are executed in the happiest manner and in the best of styles. We have no room to enumerate the other rarities, fac-similes of choice specimens of antiquity. A more amusing work we cannot conceive, and one much better adapted to wile away the wearisome minutes that will intrude into the drawing-room than any album, annual, or sketch-book. Indeed, it is a work that deserves the most unbounded patronage, and is not without manifold uses as a commentary upon dates and facts of past times, and no little help to the elucidation of history.

NEW MUSIC.

OLE BULL.—The rival, and many think superior, to Paganini, having made a most successful tour in the provinces, is about to take his leave of England in a farewell grand concert at the King's Theatre.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—We never take up the writings of the late Mr. Coleridge, without being more and more struck with the acuteness of his mind, his profound acquaintance with human nature, and his nice and subtle division and estimate of the motives of human actions. As a critic, he most assuredly realised his own standard of excellence ; he truly followed with the eye of imagination the imperish-

able yet ever-wandering spirit of poetry through its various metempsychoses, and consequent metamorphoses. With what a delicate yet decided hand has he delineated the character of Richard III. Pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard, carried to the extent of even boasting to his own mind of his villainy whilst others are present, to feed his pride of superiority. Shakspeare here, as in all his great parts, develops in a tone of sublime morality the dreadful consequences of placing the moral, in subordination to the more intellectual, being. In Richard there is a predominance of irony, accompanied with apparently blunt manners to those immediately about him, but formalized into a more studied hypocrisy towards the people as represented by their magistrates. Frequently we have admired the passage, but never did it come so completely home to us as when witnessing Mr. Macready's representation of Richard III. The versatile and consummate hypocrisy of this odious tyrant have called forth the greatest exertions of those masterly performers, Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, and Kean; but never, we venture to assert, with greater effect than the delineation of Mr. Macready. To all, but not the imitated excellencies of Kean in this character, Macready adds that dignity and air of artificial authority, in which that great performer was deficient, and drops that exuberance of manner, those pointed transitions and pantomimic evolutions, which rendered Kean's Richard something less than perfection. Mr. Macready labours under a disadvantage, which in the metropolis, at least, Mr. Kean never knew; he is altogether unsupported; he may without the least exaggeration say, "I am myself alone." "The Duke of Buckingham," says the play bill, "Mr. Thompson;" and truly something human, with voice and action, fully competent to damn an indifferent melodrama, did personify that character; whilst an actor with a voice like a penny whistle, squeaked out the words set down for the Lord Mayor of London. The only person, Mrs. W. West excepted, who aided Mr. Macready, was a little child who played, with much good sense and humour, the young Duke of York; and ought to have shamed "the children of a larger growth." The dramatic corps of Covent Garden Theatre is able to afford a much better cast for Richard III. than that which has been presented: then why should it not do so? Mr. Vandenhoff would make a respectable Buckingham, and Lady Anne would find a good representative in Miss Helen Faucitt; great as may be the abilities of these actors, their dignity would not be lowered one iota by playing in the most indifferent characters that are contained in Shakspeare's plays. We trust no mean and petty jealousy, no false consideration that they sometimes perform in the highest characters of Shakspeare, prevents these performers from giving their aid, and rendering as perfect as mere acting will permit, the representation of Shakspeare's plays. If not, then the play of Richard III. ought to be far otherwise cast than it has been this season; but even as it is, Mr. Macready's performance of the crooked-backed tyrant will amply recompense all who go to Covent Garden.

Amongst the novelties of the month at this theatre, a new drama has been produced, entitled *Brian Boroihma, or the Maid of Erin*, written by Mr. Sheridan Knowles. It is stated to be, and it has all the appearance of being, the production of his early years; and it certainly will not increase his well-earned popularity. The success of this piece, like that of all of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's plays, owes much to the actors. There is a want of well-defined characters in the drama, and a redundancy of pantomimic action; and the scenes follow each other without much arrangement or connexion: these faults are scarcely redeemed by two or three beautiful poetical passages. The characters which rendered this little piece successful are that of an old veteran, admirably played by Mr. Vandenhoff, and that of *Erina*, the heroine, sustained with more than usual judgment by Miss Helen Faucitt. Of Mr. Vandenhoff we like to speak favourably, and on no occasion can we do so with more honesty than the present; in him the hardy old soldier, whose years and actions give his tongue the privilege of freely delivering his thoughts, and who detests cruelty and injustice as much as he loves and admires glory and honour, found a most faithful representative; and it is only to be regretted that the character had not to sustain a more active part in the developement of the plot than it does. The drama was well got up, and received the fiat of approval from a well-filled house; and will doubtless have a considerable run.

With great submission to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, we doubt much whether the subjects of his later plays are well suited to his peculiar powers; certain we are, that they are not equal to his earlier historical dramas, neither is there so much scope in them for great acting. We wish he would return to his former class of subjects. Surely he who so well discriminated the story of the victim of Roman

tyranny, *Virginia*, and the public virtue of *William Tell*, could do equal justice to the patriotism of *Andrew Hofer*.

The manager at this theatre has at length, we think, seen the folly of bringing out what are called *Spectacles*, in which, like the projector that Addison tells us of, he disposed all the remarkable shows about town among the scenes and decorations of his piece, with the same kind intention of preventing the public from having the great trouble and inconvenience they were put to in travelling to the different parts of the town in which they were exhibited. The "*Modern Orpheus*," we think, is but the commencement of a long series of light and pleasing farces which we shall have at this house; and if so, an excellent commencement it is. Mr. W. Farren and Mrs. Glover have both admirable characters, which they support with infinite good taste. It is impossible to excel the subdued quiet of Mrs. Glover's acting; not a movement too violent or a word too loud. This farce was well received and is worthy of a lengthened run.

DRURY LANE.—MUSIC.—In reality there has been but little alteration or improvement in the style or condition, or the opinion relating to the music of English composers for the last century. Such was the remark that occurred to us after again attending the performance of "*Fair Rosamond*;" and, on our return home, taking up a volume of the "*Spectator*,"* a paper, from which the following are extracts, opportunely turned up, which elevated our opinion into conviction. The reader will, we are sure, thankfully peruse the following, and forbear wishing for a criticism of "*Fair Rosamond*." "There is nothing that has more startled our English audience than the Italian recitativo at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music." "The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers, *solus*,' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, [Malibran, in the "*Maid of Artois*," to wit,] or a princess in her closet, to speak anything unaccompanied with musical instruments."

"But, however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation [and which yet prevails:] the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas."

"I must observe that the tone, or, as the French call it, the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence." For this reason the recitative music in every language should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well that the cadences in the recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical or tuneful." "I am humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitativo too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and *dying falls*, (as Shakspeare calls them,) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to them whom he professes to imitate. It is to be observed, that several of the singing birds of our country learn to sweeten their voices and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising from those that come off from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English."

The correctness of some of the positions laid down in the following, may perhaps be questionable; and from this fact, which (pardon us, ye Gods! for the supposition) Addison does not appear to have been conscious at the moment of; that although there may be and is a standard of style, there is no standard of taste. "I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music," [which is here placed amongst its proper companions,] "architecture, and painting, as well as

poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste." [A clear conception of style would surely have dissipated this notion; style ought, we think, to conform to the art, and styles ought to be kept as distinct and pure as the various orders of architecture are, or rather were.] "Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."

We are glad to be able to announce the return of Mrs. Wood, who is by far the first of our female singers, to her proper position—the metropolitan boards. She made her first appearance at this theatre in *La Sonnambula*: this was a bold step, but one worthy of her extraordinary powers. Although Mrs. Wood probably will find it impossible to eradicate the recollections of the enchantress Malibran in this opera, from the minds of her audiences, yet her Anina is a fine, chaste, and powerful performance, abounding with all her characteristic beauties, and has few faults; and completely free from any servile imitation of the "departed one." She has since taken Malibran's part in the *Maid of Artois*; this performance we have not seen, nor do we wish to see it. It was an opera unworthy of Malibran, and is unworthy of Mrs. Wood. Mr. Balf is composing a new opera, in which it is said that both Mrs. Wood and Madame Schroeder Devrient will appear. There is something spirited in this, if it be correct. Let Mr. Bunn adhere to music, and leave the legitimate drama to the other house, and he will be successful; his musical taste is undoubted; his dramatic taste equally so—the one excellent, the other execrable.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THAT we are working, painfully working our way through much mercantile distress, is too evident to be denied by the most obstinate optimist. What is the cause of this? is the general cry. It is not so easily answered. There are as many different faiths in political economy, as there are in religion—and few, we believe, hold fast to the perfectly true one in either. But, however people who think on the subject may differ on minor causes, there are two constantly operating to our commercial disadvantage—over-trading, and a wild and reckless extension of the circulating medium. Every one should not be allowed to coin money. Were the currency but once well regulated, much of the over-trading that at present exists, could not possibly take place. To speak more in detail, in the beginning of last month commercial credit received a slight shock from the failure of an eminent firm of supposed great wealth, and also from another London banker having fallen into difficulties. The Bank of England promptly yielded aid to the extent of 300,000*l.*, which has placed it in a state of present security. This is, we believe, the fourth establishment in London which has received assistance from the Directors. The extent and precise nature of the advances to the American merchants is not yet understood, but from the sluggishness of the cotton market we may assume that those advances are not for such a lengthened time as to prevent the sale of the stock in hand from being pressed. Unusually large proportions are expected from the East Indies, and the last crop in the United States was the greatest that has been raised there. If any excess of supply beyond the demand might be supposed to regulate the value of the article, we might look for a decline in the price of cotton; but a revival of credit, competition, and speculation, may produce a different result. All this was gloomy enough; but towards the middle of same month matters looked much worse.—We quote from the Dispatch.

"Great interest has been excited in the Money Market by the arrival of a deputation from Liverpool and Manchester to crave assistance from the Government or the Bank. The deputies were directed to represent

that 'the distress of the mercantile interest is intense beyond example, and that it is rapidly extending to all ranks and conditions of the community, so as to threaten irretrievable ruin in all directions; that the merchants of Liverpool know better than to ask for any assistance which could restore high prices; and all that was desired was so much assistance as would save immense numbers of all classes from total ruin, from the impossibility of selling their property at the present moment.' The Government referred the deputies to the Bank; and the Directors, after due consideration, declined making the required advance on the proffered security of the produce itself. It was too apparent that, notwithstanding the merchants disclaimed the intention of upholding high prices, the object was to avoid making sales of cotton below the present rates. There would be no difficulty in selling cotton, which is now quoted at 8*d.* per pound, at the reduced price of 6*d.*, and this is about the extent of reduction which must ultimately occur, if it be true that the crop in the United States has been large beyond all precedent, that the fall of 30 per cent., which has already occurred on this side of the water, will compel the Americans to make heavy remittances to England, and that they must sacrifice the stock on hand at any price to fulfil their engagements. If the Bank were to take this cotton now as security for an advance equal to 9*d.* per pound. who would bear the loss if the price should fall to 6*d.*? The imports of cotton into the United Kingdom during the past three months have been 340,230 bales against 296,030 bales in the corresponding months of 1836, and 276,460 bales in 1835. The present stock in the ports is estimated at 361,120 against 188,760 at this time last year.

Of tobacco the accounts are not more cheering. In London the present stock is 18,800 hogsheads against 16,700 in 1836, and 10,000 in 1835. Attempts to prop up the American houses, under such circumstances, would be hazardous indeed. With respect to cotton, it is a material feature that the bulk of the stock is American, and not English property; and though the owners may have induced the English consignees to accept bills for its anticipated value at higher rates, the difference between the real price and the expected price must be remitted (probably in specie) from the United States as soon as the balance can be ascertained. The idea that it is not desirable that the Americans should be obliged to send back our gold, the absence of which has caused so much alarm, is worthy of the speculators in American produce. If the Bank will now do its duty to the country, and steadily refuse all further help to greedy speculators, a considerable fall in the value of all commodities must immediately ensue. A sale of about 4000 chests of indigo was attempted.

Towards the latter end of April failures were spreading, and everything tending downwards. We trust that the severity of the times will eat away only the gangrenous parts of the commercial community, and thus leave the healthy portion more unencumbered, and a fairer field for advance.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 204 half.—Three per Cent. Consols 90 seven-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced 89 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 97 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 41 p.—India Bonds, 30*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 47 three-quarters.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 one-eighth.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 22.—Spanish, Passive, 5 five-eighths.

In the beginning of April the funds were steady, and the premium on exchequer bills had attained 40*s.* Shares in Railroads, Mines, and Joint Stock Banks, have

been exceedingly depressed. The Greenwich Railroad Shares have been quoted at at 2 discount, and the Birmingham at only 20 premium. The Westminster Bank Shares have fallen below par. Consols have been found to be actually scarce, the public buying freely. The discounting of bills has become more difficult, and in some instances as much as 25 per cent. has been given to obtain accommodation for a short term.

About the middle money had become more abundant, and exchequer bills maintained a high premium. From a Parliamentary Return, just published, it appears that the Savings Bank Commissioners applied a million sterling of the new deposits, in the last year, to the purchase of exchequer bills, which have since been cancelled, and an equivalent amount of newly-created Three per Cent Stock placed to the Commissioners' credit. We presume that the whole amount of Exchequer Bills will appear to have been diminished to the extent of the cancelling referred to; if not, this covert mode of increasing the National Debt in a time of peace cannot be too soon exposed and stopped. To the depositors, however, it is of no importance that the Commissioners employ the money unfairly or disadvantageously, because the Government is bound by law to return, with high interest, the precise sums received from each Savings Bank.

Towards the close of the month, the difficulty of finding safe investments for money occasioned a slight advance in the value of the English funds, and exchequer bills are especial favourites with the public. The premium has advanced to 44s. In the Foreign Market a considerable improvement has occurred in the value of Portuguese Bonds, it having been ascertained that a part of the money to pay the next dividend has already come to hand.

The Foreign Exchanges were drooping, and some apprehension is felt that the crash which has commenced among the mercantile houses in the United States will lead to a further importation of specie from this country. Although we may have to pay less to America for cotton and tobacco than we did last year, a convulsion which will materially reduce the price as well as the demand for English manufactures, may cause the value of our exports to fall below that of our imports, and leave a balance to be remitted in specie. A great quantity of gold has reached the United States in the last three years, but it is still exceedingly scarce, much of it having been hoarded from its rareness. The above was the prices of the funds on Wednesday, the 26th instant.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 21, 1837, TO APRIL 21, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

March 21.—A. H. Merriman, Leadenhall Street, trunk and packing-case maker.—J. C. Joel, Bishopsgate Churchyard, upholsterer.—G. Harvey, Springfield, Essex, carpenter.—H. J. Goter, New Bond Street, Hanover Square, fishmonger.—W. Buckland, Hillingdon, Middlesex, corndealer.—F. W. Paddon, Plymouth, common carrier.—W. P. Georges, Devonport, wine merchant.—T. Jackson, Liverpool, hemp, flax, and linen merchant.—A. Lyon, Birmingham, gilt toy maker.—J. Brooks, Norwich, leather merchant.—J. Green, Birmingham, shopkeeper.—T. E. Wall, Stroud, Gloucestershire, coal dealer.—W. C. Jennings, Bristol, corn factor.—W. Gale, Brighton, victualler.—H. Halliday, Wakefield, Yorkshire, dyer.—W. Gough, Wem, Shropshire, tanner.—J. Kidd, Stockport, Cheshire, iron roll maker.—G. Goodwin, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.—R. W. Openshaw, Prestwich, Lancashire, common brewer.—T. West, Keel Cotes, Lincolnshire, draper.

March 24.—I. Solly, jun., St. Mary Axe, merchant.—W. Catliffe, Wisbeach, draper.—J. Stirling, Conduit Street, Bond Street, silk mercer.—W. P. Evans, Millbank Street, Westminster, coal merchant.—J. and R. Williams, Houndsditch, coppersmiths.—D. Mather, Manchester, merchant.—S. Holmes, Derby, silk dealer.—A. N. Lea, Birmingham, builder.—

E. S. Merrington, Downham Market, Norfolk, flourseller.—W. Rostill, Birmingham, tortoiseshell box maker.—J. Evans, Kidderminster, cordwainer.—J. Brearley and J. S. and J. Wood, Wellfield Mills, Lancashire, corn millers.—T. Lewis, Glanginwidd, Montgomeryshire, cheesefactor.—L. Biggs, Goodrich, Herts, shopkeeper.—J. Sumner, Edgbaston, Birmingham, carpenter.—J. Ward, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

March 28.—G. Richardson, Quadrant, Regent Street, linen draper.—C. T. Jones, Pitt's Head Mews, Park Lane, horse dealer.—E. Salisbury, Blackburn, Lancashire, sizer of cotton twist.—D. Harris, Birmingham, fruit dealer.—J. H. Neild, Morley-bank, Altringham, Cheshire, brewer.—G. Hough and J. Hough, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, silk spinners.—J. Wrigley, Wrigley Mill, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant.—W. E. Edwards, Cradley, Worcestershire, nail maker.—A. Kendall, Hunslett, Leeds, cloth dresser.—J. Shucker, Shrewsbury, grocer.—B. Raybould, Sedgley, Staffordshire, victualler.—W. Tomlinson, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, maltster.

March 31.—L. Hill, Fleet Street, shopkeeper.—T. Rayson, Romford, Essex, innkeeper.—G. Barbidge, King William Street, fancy stationer.—A. Taberner, Longinore Farm, Solihull, Warwickshire, huckster.—T. Chapman—

and J. and J. T. Brown, Birmingham, coach makers.—P. James, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, coal merchant.—J. Beard, Gloucester, coal merchant.—W. Colwell, Bromsash, Herefordshire, timber merchant.—L. Flitcroft, Manchester, publican.—H. Reynolds, Liverpool, druggist.—M. Kerr, Maslingden, Lancashire, draper.—G. Horrocks and W. Martin, Salford, Lancashire, finishers.

April 4.—P. Westley and A. H. Davis, Stationers' Hall Court, booksellers.—S. Yates, Bury Court, St. Mary Axe, bill broker.—W. Cotton, Deptford, victualler.—J. H. Wheeler, Hoxton Square, baker.—J. Garner, Liverpool, wine merchant.—R. Lenten, Bath, stationer.—T. T. Squier, Exeter, brush manufacturer.—W. Bailey, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, plumber.—J. Bowering, Bristol, butcher.—J. Marston, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, chemist.—J. Johnston, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.—G. R. Gitton, Bridgenorth, Shropshire, printer.—J. Hadley, Birmingham, mercer.—T. Fowler, Basingstoke, Southampton, victualler.—T. Crane, Loughborough, grocer.—J. Whitaker, Manchester, packer.—L. M'Kay, Dublin, merchant.—H. Wrigley, Halifax, silk waste-spinner.—H. Bartlett, Redditch, Worcestershire, builder.

April 7.—W. Fraser, Cleveland Court, St. James's.—W. Simpson, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, victualler.—T. Wilcox, Deptford, Kent, victualler.—R. Gillett, Sen., Prince's Street, Lambeth, flour factor.—A. Wildeboer and J. Kuck, London Street, Fenchurch Street.—J. Papps and D. Sitlington, Stroud, Gloucestershire, woollen cloth manufacturers.—W. J. Cockerill, Poultry, music seller.—A. Bailey, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, grocer.—S. Norman, Prince's Street, Leicester Square, silversmith.—R. Smart, Southampton Street, Islington, victualler.—H. Potts, Valentine Terrace, Blackheath Road, builder. T. Hind and C. Clayton, Nottingham, lace manufacturers.—M. E. Gillespie and W. J. Hall, Chester-le-Street, Durham, common brewers.—J. Fraser, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Duckett, Whaplode, Lincolnshire, farmer.—R. Jeunings, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—C. H. Gray, Bath, provision merchant.—S. Cakbread, Warwick, stonemason.—T. Hopkins, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—J. Davenport, Derby, colour manufacturer.

April 11.—T. Ellison, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, wine merchant.—T. Ralne, Highgate, perfumer.—J. Holt, Bolton, Lancashire, innkeeper.—J. S. Robertson, and J. Todd, Manchester, linen manufacturers.—C. Perkins, Manchester, smallware manufacturer.—E. Jones, Manchester, drysalter.—R. Collett, Middle Row, Holborn, ironmonger.—S. Kay, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, victualler.—H. Ashcroft, Liverpool, victualler.—C. Ryland, Birmingham, iron merchant.—R. Hudson, Birmingham, currier.—R. Cornes, Manchester, ironmonger.—R. Weatherill, Manchester, ironmonger.—F. Fry, Bath, butcher.—J. Brook, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer.—C. W. Daires, Bishopscastle, Shropshire, mercer.—P. Rimer, Southampton, provision merchant.—J. J. Schenck, Nottingham,

lace manufacturer.—T. Vertue, Woodbridge, Suffolk, merchant.—R. Leng, Birmingham, victualler.

April 14.—P. Sangrouber, Old Compton Street, Westminster, licensed victualler.—J. L. Stevens, Fleet Street, printer.—J. Chapman, Tonbridge, Kent, grocer.—J. Benjamin, Jewry Street, Aldgate, watch manufacturer.—S. Savaker, Great Ealing, linen draper.—J. Arthur, Colyton, Devonshire, paper manufacturer.—J. Ramsey, Penrith, Cumberland, spirit dealer.—W. and W. Bentley, Liverpool, merchants.—R. L. Courtney, Walsall, Staffordshire, ironmonger.—C. W. D. Bishopscastle, Shropshire, mercer.—N. Gough, Salford, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. Paget, Birmingham, hosier.—J. Threlfall, Leeds, stuff merchant.—J. Gilloft, Masbrough, Yorkshire, timber merchant.—S. Hodges, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, veterinary surgeon.—M. Midin, Cirencester, innkeeper.—G. Wood, Lyme Regis, linendraper.—W. Constable, the Hay, Breconshire, grocer.—R. Perry, Aston, Warwickshire, dealer and chapman.

April 18.—T. Rankin, Epping, draper.—D. P. Stitt, Taunton, Somersetshire, linen draper.—J. T. Bryson, London Wall, baker.—J. M. Adams, Strand, jeweller.—J. Carter, Great Baddow, Essex, wine-merchant.—E. Alexander, Mill Street, Hanover Square, wine-merchant.—T. Scott, Bow Church Yard, commission agent.—J. and A. Emmett, Old Kent Road, market gardeners.—J. Halford, George Street, Lisson Grove, victualler.—H. Poulton, Torquay, Devonshire, cabinet maker.—C. R. Henszell, Aldermanbury, stock manufacturer.—G. Seager, Cornhill, tailor.—J. Webb, High Street, Southwark, linen draper.—G. Turnbull, Howdon Dock, Northumberland, grocer.—W. and T. Turnbull, Howdon Dock, Northumberland, timber merchants.—J. Cooper and J. M'Leod, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Capner, Birmingham, malster.—R. H. Bowerman, Witney, Oxfordshire, dealer.—R. Cornes, Ashton-under-Line, ironmonger.—S. Cowan, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Lomax, Stockport, paper manufacturer.—G. K. Pearson, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—J. S. Fletcher, Portsea, grocer.—H. P. Watkins, Bristol, corn factor.—T. P. Marston, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, carpenter.—G. Carthew, Redenhall with Harleston, Norfolk, banker.

April 21.—J. W. Ringer, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, victualler.—R. B. Ellam, Russia Court, Milk Street, warehouseman.—J. R. Anderson, Quadrant, Regent Street, publisher of music.—E. L. Vestris, otherwise L. E. Vestris, Prince's Court, Storey's Gate, Westminster, bookseller.—S. Pott, Edinonton, glass dealer.—F. Langan, Regent Street, wine merchant.—C. Coppock, Strand, hosier.—J. H. Tyre and S. Lightfoot, Great St. Helen's, merchants.—J. West, Itchlingborough, Northamptonshire, baker.—T. Kearsley, Birmingham, bone merchant.—J. Furness, Openshaw, Lancashire, hat manufacturer.—J. Clabour, Sheffield, tea dealer.—A. Magin, Ruthin, Denbighshire, linen draper.—W. Finch, Worcester, scrivener.—H. B. Lloyd, Hay, Breconshire, malster.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Robinson, of North Shields, Northumberland, Engineer, for a nipping lever for causing the rotation of wheels, shafts, or cylinders, under certain circumstances. February 28th, 6 months.

D. Stevenson, of Bath Place, New Road, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a new method of preparing writing-paper, from which writing-ink cannot be expunged or abstracted without detection. Being partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 2nd, 6 months.

T. B. Whitfield, of New Street Square, Lamp Manufacturer, for improvements in producing parallel motion to the piston rods of pumps for lamps and other purposes, which improvements are also applicable to machinery in general where parallel motion is required. March 4th, 6 months.

S. Stocker, of Bristol, Gentleman, for improvements in pumps. March 4th, 6 months.

C. F. E. Aulas, of No. 38, Grande Rue Verte, Paris, in the kingdom of France, Gentleman, but now of Cockspur Street, Middlesex, for an improvement or improvements in preparing writing-paper so as to prevent the discharge of the ink therefrom without detection and to prevent the falsification of writing thereon. March 6th, 6 months.

H. Backhouse, of Walmsley, in the parish of Bury, Calico Printer, and J. Grime, of Bury, both in Lancashire, Engraver, for certain improvements in the art of block-printing. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Shaw, of Rishworth, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, Book Keeper, for improved machinery in preparing wool, and also in preparing the waste of cotton-wool for spinning. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Consitt, of Manchester, Lancashire, Mechanist, for certain improvements in the machinery used for spinning, doubling, and twisting cotton, and other fibrous substances. March 8th, 6 months.

C. W. Celarier, of St. Paul's Chain, in the city of London, Esquire, for certain improvements on lamps, particularly for causing the oil to ascend; which improvements or parts thereof are applicable to the raising of water and other liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 10th, 6 months.

N. Snodgrass, of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, for improvements in steam-engines, and other mechanism of steam-boats. March 15th, 6 months.

H. C. Windle, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Merchant, J. Gillot, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Metallic Pen Manufacturer, and S. Morris, of Birmingham, aforesaid, Artisan, for improved means of giving elasticity, freedom of action, and durability to certain parts of pens or instruments used in writing, as also of obtaining a supply and flow of ink to the same. March 15th, 2 months.

C. F. E. Aulas, of No. 38, Grande Rue Verte, Paris, in the kingdom of France, Gentleman, but now of Cockspur Street, Middlesex, for a new and improved method of cutting and working wood by machinery. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 15th, 6 months.

R. Macnamara, of Hunter Street, in the borough of Southwark, Gentleman, for certain improvements in paving, pitching, or covering streets, roads, and other ways, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. March 15th, 6 months.

H. Davis, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Engineer, for certain improved apparatus or machinery for obtaining mechanical power, also certain improved apparatus or machinery for impelling or raising fluids. March 15th, 6 months.

W. Maugham, of Newport Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. March 15th, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge Mills, in Warley, in the Parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, Woollen Manufacturer and Frizer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing and finishing of woollen and some other cloths. March 21st, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in making fermented liquors. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 21st, 6 months.

R. Neilson, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Gentleman, for a machine for preparing and cleaning coffee from the pod or husk, and separating the different qualities so as to render it better adapted for the purposes of roasting and consumption. March 21st, 2 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery for beckling or combing and preparing, and roving hemp, flax, tow, and other vegetable fibrous materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 27th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevalling Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevalling Weather.
Mar.					
23	39-19	29,63-29,66	S.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
24	38-15	29,75-29,65	N.b.E.&E.b.W.		Generally clear.
25	41-23	29,74 Stat.	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
26	45-34	29,75-29,67	W. b. N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in even.
27	40-15	29,92-29,89	N.W.		Generally clear.
28	47-27	29,89-29,82	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
29	52-31	29,63-29,63	S.W. & N.W.		Generally cloudy, with rain at times.
30	47-29	29,73-29,65	N.	,125	Generally clear.
31	55-16	29,85-29,80	N.E.		Generally clear.
April					
1	51-21	29,84-29,83	N.W.		Generally clear.
2	47-20	29,83-29,71	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	49-29	29,47-29,45	W. b. S.	,03	Generally clear, a little rain in the morning and
4	46-24	29,62-29,51	N.E.	,0125	Generally overcast. [evening.
5	46-28	29,62-29,51	N.E.		Generally overcast.
6	47-25	29,88-29,80	N. b. E.		Generally clear. [the afternoon.
7	40-23	30,17-29,97	N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, a little hail in
8	45-27	30,25 30,21	N. b. E.	,0125	Generally clear. [otherwise generally clear.
9	43-22	30,21-30,16	N.E.		Morning cloudy, snow in the morn. and evening,
10	43-19	30,05-29,88	N.		Generally clear, snow in the afternoon and even.
11	44-17	29,61-29,57	S.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
12	42 16	29,67-29,60	N.E.		Generally cloudy, snow at times.
13	41-20	29,83-29,76	N.E.		Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
14	49-28	29,82 29,77	S. b. E.		Generally cloudy.
15	50-20	29,65 29,51	S E.		Generally clear.
16	39-27	29,42-29,37	N.W.&W.b.N.	,0125	Suowing and raining generally the whole day.
17	49-28	29,74-29,55	N.		Cloudy, a little snow in the morning.
18	45-31	29,87-29,77	N.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
19	55-36	29,88 29,80	N.		Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
20	55-23	29,76 29,73	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
21	43-22	29,72-29,72	S.W.	,0125	Cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.
22	50-20	29,52 29,50	N.W.	,2	Generally cloudy, rain at times.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

THE PATENT SOLID SAFETY CHANNEL FOR SHIPS. By CAPTAIN CROUCH, R.N.—
The history of valuable improvements would be a singular document. Some have been universally acknowledged and adopted at once, others have worked their way but slowly with mankind, thwarted by base private interests, or opposed by stubborn prejudices. Yet what is true in science, and beneficial in application, always will ultimately triumph, and that such will be the case with Captain Crouch's invention, we may most safely predict. Though the first naval power in the world, till very lately we have been behind every other nation in naval architecture; and even now so dilatory are those in office, and so great is the undue influence at the dock-yards, that the most valuable suggestions of private individuals are too often treated with studied neglect, or abruptly repelled with little courtesy. We make this remark with no particular reference to Captain Crouch's improved channel, but upon other facts that have come under our observation.

The Patent Solid Safety Channels describe themselves very well in the title that

the gallant captain has given them. The following are a few, a very few, of the advantages that they possess.

"1st. It will, in case of contact, (particularly in action,) be sufficiently strong to protect itself, and be a complete Fender, as I would have the dead-eyes and chain-plates cased in the Channel. I am fully impressed with this advantage, from the recollection of the *Armide* frigate coming on board the *Acasta*, in the Bay of Biscay at night, with a long swell, on opposite tacks, when one of our main-deck guns was screwed up to the half-deck, which took some time to get down, and carried away an anchor from the main Channel; and, but for the fortunate circumstance of the two ships being on different tacks, they both were likely to be dismasted from the present way the Channels are fitted.

"2nd. It will enable the Main and Quarter-deck and Forecastle guns to be used with the greatest advantage, from the chain-plates coming where the tee-plates are, eleven inches above the lower sill of the port; and from the spread of the rigging being reduced two feet.

"3rd. It will be of the greatest advantage in gales of wind, when heavy seas are striking with incalculable force and concussion, under and against the Weather Channel, at the critical time when the ship is lurching heavily; and again, the sea catching the Lee Channel before the ship recovers, the Channel being shelving must of course carry all clear.

"4th. It will obviate the danger of the Channel being injured, as it happened in the *President* frigate, in cutting away the sheet anchor; when, by the stopper being cut before the shank painter, several feet of the after-part of the Channel were carried away, with dead-eyes, &c.

"5th. It will possess the advantage of being less exposed in case of being dismasted, from its great strength, less breadth, and being fitted in independent pieces, and getting clear of the wreck by the upper bolt breaking the strap of the dead-eyes, &c.

"6th. It will be of much advantage in small vessels, in not dragging the chain-plates in the water, consequently their sailing must be improved; and in all ships, men and boats preserved in communicating.

"7th. I consider the additional spread given to the ships in the upper frame, as they are now built, to what they formerly were, will remove the least objection to the Channel being reduced as now suggested, as a section of the *Hindustan* building, and *Union* cutting down, proves the former to possess four feet more spread than the latter; consequently, the same spread of the rigging is strictly maintained as before.

"8th. The Channel being fitted in distinct pieces, in consequence of the ports, will possess the great advantage of being repaired without the least detriment to any service the ship is performing, as spare pieces, already fitted at hand, can be replaced with the greatest facility."

Now the testimonies to the efficacy and superior advantages of this invention, are almost as numerous as are the characters who give them remarkable for knowledge and great nautical experience. We will, however, mention a few, first of all, from naval men. Captains Pym, Montague, Delafons, Hayes, Cole, Skipsey; Admirals Douglas, Maitland, Stopford; but we might, in this way, run almost through the navy-list. However, as the gentleman, whose letter we are going to quote, has made some noise in the world, we will give it at length.

"London, Feb. 28, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If I were not obliged to leave town almost immediately, I should have made a point of calling on you, to recommend to your particular notice an invention of my friend, Captain Crouch, R.N., which appears to me of considerable importance to the shipping interest of this great maritime nation.

"This invention consists in a 'solid channel,' the model of which Captain Crouch is to show to Mr. Wigram, at Mr. Pirrie's house, on Friday next, at eleven o'clock. The advantages of this invention appear to me to be as follows:—in case of the lower mast being carried away, all danger from the ship striking on the wreck, and especially of the rudder and stern-post being injured by it, is completely avoided, because either the strap of the dead eye must give way, or if it does not, the lanyard is retained in a position which gives the utmost facility for cutting it away.

"We know of many instances of ships foundering, or being seriously damaged, for want of being able to effect this. The strength of the channels is thus also increased tenfold, both as regards the danger of the sea blowing them up, or of their being shaken by the firing of guns. It is obvious, also, that there must be infinitely less risk of damage from shot, in whatsoever direction they strike the 'channel.' The rounding off of the 'solid channel' makes it indeed more than likely that a raking shot will glance off from it altogether.

"The additional strength of resistance, in the case of broadside shot, gives, of course, great security to the 'quarters' in that particular part of the ship. There is also much less danger in boats coming alongside with the 'solid channel,' when blowing strong at sea. To merchant ships, I should think the 'solid channel,' will often give great additional security, when laying alongside each other, when they have any motion, as must occasionally be the case.

"If you can assist my friend, Captain Crouch, in bringing his plan into notice with the 'shipowners,' I have no hesitation in saying you will be doing a public service, and will be conferring an obligation on, my dear Sir,

"Your's, very faithfully and sincerely,
W. E. PARRY.

"To C. Wigram, Esq., &c. &c."

But the testimonies from the mercantile navy are, if possible, much more numerous than from those holding rank in his Majesty's service. These come, not only from commanders of vessels, but from shipbuilders and shipowners. Why then, it may be asked, is not this patent improvement universally adopted? The only safe reply that we can make is, that the progress of these things is always slow, yet sure. We have no doubt but that it will be taken up in the yards of his Majesty's navy, and thence gradually spread over all the vessels of the marine of the country.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MARCH, 1837.

HOUSE OF LORDS, March 20.—A large number of petitions were presented in favour of Church-rates. A few petitions of an opposite tendency were also presented. The Wills Bill was read a third time and passed.—Adjourned.

March 22.—The Royal Mint Bill was read a second time, and the Transfer of Aids Bill and some private Bills were read a third time, and passed. Their Lordships then adjourned.

March 23.—The Transfer of Aids Bill, the Worcester County Halls Bill, the River Dee Roadside Bill, the Runcorn Gas Bill, and some other private Bills received the Royal assent by Commission. The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Shaftesbury.—The Royal Mint Bill went through Committee, and it was ordered that the report be received on the first day of meeting after the recess.—A great many petitions in favour of Church-rates were presented by the Archbishop of York.—Some Railroad Bills were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.—The Earl of Shaftesbury presented some petitions in favour of Church-rates, and their Lordships then adjourned till Thursday, the 6th of April.

April 6.—There was a numerous attendance of Peers.—The Duke of Wellington presented a very great number of petitions against the abolition of Church-rates from parishes in Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, from St. Michael's parish, Derby, and from the borough of Lambeth, and also from parishes in Kent and Sussex. The Irish and Scottish Vagrants Bill was read a third time, and passed; several private Bills were forwarded, and their Lordships then adjourned.

April 7.—A great many petitions were presented in favour of Church-rates, and a very few against them.—The Royal Mint Bill was read a third time and passed. On presenting some Petitions from the North of England, complaining of the cruelty and severity of the Poor Law Act, the Bishop of Exeter entered into a prolonged analysis of that measure. His own opinion remained unaltered as to the objectionable nature of many of the provisions of the new law, but still he could not go the

length of some of the petitioners in calling for its total abolition.—Lord Melbourne contended that the Act complained of had raised the moral character of the labourer, and relieved the rate-payer to a great extent. The success with which it was attended had surpassed the most sanguine anticipations that were formed. After a few observations from the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, and other Noble Lords, the conversation dropped, and their Lordships adjourned.

April 10.—The Bishop of St. David's, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis Camden, (from the University of Cambridge,) &c. presented an immense number of petitions against the abolition of Church-rates.

April 11.—After a great number of petitions had been presented, some in favour of Church-rates, and a number from different Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, against the Oxford and Cambridge Statutes Bill, upon which a good deal of conversation took place, the Earl of Radnor moved the second reading of that Bill. His Lordship entered into a variety of statements, to show that the Colleges had mismanaged their funds, and violated the statutes under which they existed.—The Bishop of Llandaff maintained that in all cases the general spirit and intention of the founders were strictly adhered to. The Right Rev. Prelate concluded by moving, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—Lord Melbourne admitted that much had been done of late years to remedy the evils which prevailed, but a great deal yet remained to do; and, believing that it could not be done by the University itself, he should advocate the proposed inquiry, which would be alike beneficial to the Universities themselves and to the country.—Lords Abinger and Wynford opposed the Bill, contending that the allegations of the preamble had not been proved.—After some discussion the amendment was agreed to without a division, and the House adjourned till Thursday.

April 13.—The Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, which had been brought up from the Commons, was read a first time; and Lord Melbourne proposed the second reading for Tuesday, the 25th inst.—The Duke of Wellington observed that the King's speech had referred to measures regarding Municipal Corporations, tithes, and poor laws for Ireland, but as yet only one of them was presented to their Lordships. He thought that it would be advisable to have all the Government measures regarding Ireland, previously to being called upon to decide on one of the Bills. His Grace, therefore, hoped that there would be no objection to defer the second reading till a more distant day.—Lord Melbourne stated that, as one of the other measures was already before the Commons, and as a notice would be given shortly respecting the other—the tithes—he saw no reason for altering the day proposed. All the measures would be before the House as soon as possible.—The second reading of the Bill was then fixed for the 25th inst.

April 14.—Nothing of importance.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—March 21.—In answer to a question, Lord John Russell stated his intention to defer the Church-rate Bill till after Easter.—The Canada resolutions were postponed till after Easter; and the Registration of Voters Bill shared the same fate.—The House at length went into Committee on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill.—The only division took place on the 96th clause, when Mr. Sharman Crawford moved, as an amendment, that there should not be any powers in the Lord Lieutenant to reject the Sheriffs elected by the town councils.—The numbers were—for the amendment, 5; against it, 65.—The Members on the Conservative side of the House did not vote: they went out in a body immediately before the division. The Report was then brought up, and the third reading fixed for the 10th of April.—The House afterwards went into Committee for the further consideration of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill. The only point in the discussion worthy of notice was the proposition by Mr. Wason, acting for Mr. Tooke, of an amendment, withdrawing from Members of Parliament the exclusive privileges proposed to be extended to them by this Bill. The Attorney and Solicitor General and Sir J. Hobhouse in vain urged the retention of the clause. On a division it was lost by 39 to 27.

March 23.—Nothing of consequence.

March 24.—There was a good deal of discussion on several Railway Bills.—A new writ was ordered for the counties of Ross, &c.—Mr. Tooke asked Mr. Warburton, the only Fellow of the London University in that House, whether they had yet opened their charter, where they proposed to hold their meetings, and how soon, and whether they had fixed upon any course for enabling students to take out a college degree?—Mr. Warburton answered that the London University had opened its

charter, that the Government had given them rooms in Somerset House, and that they had appointed a committee to consider all regulations connected with the taking out of degrees.—Lord J. Russell moved for leave to bring in Bills to amend the Criminal Laws agreeably to the several recommendations of the Commissioners on the Criminal Laws. In doing so his Lordship went into very extensive details on the present state of the Criminal Laws, and particularly on the disproportion between the sentences and the execution of those sentences. Leave was given to bring in the Bills, which were read a first time.

March 3.—Nothing of importance.

March 5.—Mr. Collins took the oaths and his seat for Warwick.—Several private Bills were forwarded in their respective stages.—A petition from Nottingham, signed by 1700 persons, was presented by Mr. Galley Knight, against the Poor Law Act.—Mr. Ewart rose to renew the motion which he made in vain last session, that landed property should be made subject to the same laws as personal property, and that in case where the deceased left no will (and where there was no settlement to the contrary,) landed property should, like personal property, be equally distributed among the children, or the next relations of the deceased. The hon. Member entered into some details showing the operation of the present law, and concluded by moving for leave to bring in his Bill.—The Attorney General opposed the motion, observing, that although he was bound to give credit to the hon. and learned Gentleman, the Member for Liverpool, being actuated by the best intentions in bringing this question before the House, he thought that he might better employ his talents and industry in the investigation of real grievances, capable of practical relief.—The House then divided, when the numbers were—for the motion, 21; against it, 54.

March 5.—The House went into Committee of Supply, and Lord Howick brought forward the Army Estimates. The Noble Lord stated that the aggregate charge for the year coincided with that of last year within 10,375*l.* The expense of effective service is increased 27,875*l.*, while in the non-effective service there was a diminution of 38,100*l.* The principal increase was under the new head of “good conduct money.” The Noble Lord concluded by moving the first item—viz., that there be granted to his Majesty a sum of 3,111,652*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* to provide for the charges of his Majesty’s land forces at home and abroad, exclusive of India.—The remaining grants, after much desultory conversation, were gone through, the House resumed, and the Chairman reported progress, and asked leave to sit again.

April 6.—The House went into Committee on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—On a division the 12th clause was agreed to; the numbers having been, for the clause, 71, against it, 22. Another clause was then discussed; and a motion having been made that the Chairman should report progress, on the ground of the thinness of the attendance and the lateness of the hour, a division took place.

April 7.—On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Major Fancourt moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the present system of corporal punishment in the army. In the course of the discussion, an incidental allusion to the vexatious charges against Colonel Arthur, produced a triumphant refutation of them from Lord Howick, and the strongest testimonies to his humanity and general merits from several Hon. Members. The motion was lost by 167 to 72.—The Mutiny Bill and Marine Mutiny Bill both passed through Committee.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply, and the Navy Estimates were voted. In the course of the discussion Sir Edward Codrington spoke for some time on the hardships imposed on naval officers by the system that at present obtains in the service.

Married.—At St. Pancras Church, Francis, son of Sir F. M. Gmmanney, to Julia Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Metcalfe, of Fitzroy Square, and Lincoln’s Inn, Esq.

At St. James’s Church, Edward Strutt, Esq., M.P., to Emily, youngest daughter of the Right Rev. William Otter, D.D., Bishop of Chichester.

At St. George’s, Ramsgate, Captain Caldwell, 92nd Highlanders, nephew to Major-General Sir Alexander Caldwell, K.C.B., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Towneley, Esq., of the same place.

At Maidstone Church, Peter Richard Hoare, Esq., eldest son of Peter Richard Hoare, Esq., of Clayton hall, Lancashire, and of Kelsey, in the county of Kent, to the Lady Sophia Marsham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Romney.

Died.—At Braunfels, in the 79th year of his age, and 54th of his reign, the Prince of Solms Braunfels.

At Harmsworth Lodge, near Winchester, in the 68th year of his age, John Trueman Villebois, Esq.

At his house in Fitzroy Square, Mr. Constable, the Royal Academician.

At Barton Lodge, in her 100th year, Mary, relict of George Birch, Esq., late of St. Leonard’s Hill, Berks.

At Willoughby House, Cheltenham, the Countess of Moray.

David Jones, Esq., aged 67, for 40 years in the Engrossing Office of the House of Commons.

At St. John’s Wood, the Hon. Miss Hill, sister of Lord Hill.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Society in America. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." 3 Vols.

This is unquestionably the most important publication on the condition and prosperity of America that we have yet seen. At the close of a long work, which she completed in 1834,* it was recommended to Miss Martineau to travel for two years, and she chose America, from the strong desire she felt to witness the actual working of republican institutions. Her active mind, aided by every facility on the part of distinguished residents, has enabled her to furnish such a body of facts and observations on American manners, politics, and literature, as will, we think, furnish ample data for all future reasoners on those important subjects. But we will give Miss Martineau's own account of her means of information.

"I went with a mind, I believe, as nearly as possible unprejudiced about America, with a strong disposition to admire democratic Institutions, but an entire ignorance how far the people of the United States lived up to, or fell below, their own theory. I had read whatever I could lay hold of that had been written about them; but was unable to satisfy myself that, after all, I understood anything whatever of their condition. As to knowledge of them, my mind was nearly a blank: as to opinion of their state, I did not carry the germ of one.

"I landed at New York on the 19th of September, 1834: paid a short visit the next week to Paterson, in New Jersey, to see the cotton factories there, and the falls of the Passaic; and passed through New York again on my way to stay with some friends on the banks of the Hudson, and at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. On the 6th of October, I joined some companions at Albany, with whom I travelled through the State of New York, seeing Trenton Falls, Auburn, and Buffalo, to the Falls of Niagara. Here I remained nearly a week; then, after spending a few days at Buffalo, I embarked on Lake Erie, landing in the back of Pennsylvania, and travelling down through Meadville to Pittsburgh, spending a few days at each place. Then, over the Alleghanies to Northumberland, on the fork of the Susquehanna, the abode of Priestley after his exile, and his burial place. I arrived at Northumberland on the 11th of October, and left it, after visiting some villages in the neighbourhood, on the 17th, for Philadelphia, where I remained nearly six weeks, having very extensive intercourses with its various society. My stay at Baltimore was three weeks, and at Washington five. Congress was at that time in session and I

* The work here alluded to is, we believe, Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy," of which we understand upwards of ten thousand copies were sold. One of the most surprising instances of extensive demand for the work of an unknown author, as she then was, perhaps on record.

enjoyed peculiar opportunities of witnessing the proceedings of the Supreme Court and both houses of Congress. I was acquainted with almost every eminent senator and representative, both on the administration and opposition sides; and was on friendly and intimate terms with some of the judges of the Supreme Court. I enjoyed the hospitality of the President, and of several of the heads of departments; and was, like everybody else, in society from morning till night of every day; as the custom is at Washington. One day was devoted to a visit to Mount Vernon, the abode and burial-place of Washington.

"On the 18th of February I arrived at Montpelier, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, with whom I spent two days, which were wholly occupied with rapid conversation: Mr. Madison's share of which, various and beautiful to a remarkable degree, will never be forgotten by me. His clear reports of the principles and history of the Constitution of the United States, his insight into the condition, his speculations on the prospects of nations, his wise playfulness, his placid contemplation of present affairs, his abundant household anecdotes of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, were incalculably valuable and exceedingly delightful to me.

"The intercourse which I had with Chief Justice Marshall was of the same character, though not nearly so copious. Nothing in either delighted me more than their hearty admiration of each other, notwithstanding some wide differences in their political views. They are both gone; and I now deeply feel what a privilege it is to have known them.

"From Mr. Madison's I proceeded to Charlottesville, and passed two days amidst the hospitalities of the Professors of Jefferson's University, and their families. I was astonished to learn that this institution had never before been visited by a British traveller. I can only be sorry for British travellers who have missed the pleasure. A few days more were given to Richmond, where the Virginia legislature were in session; and then ensued a long wintry journey through North and South Carolina to Charleston, occupying from the 2nd to the 11th of March. The hospitalities of Charleston are renowned; and I enjoyed them in their perfection for a fortnight; and then a renewal of the same kind of pleasures at Columbia, South Carolina, for ten days. I traversed the southern States, staying three days at Augusta, Georgia, and nearly a fortnight in and near Montgomery, Alabama; descending next the Alabama river to Mobile. After a short stay there, and a residence of ten days at New Orleans, I went up the Mississippi and Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland river, which I ascended to Nashville, Tennessee. I visited the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and spent three weeks at Lexington. I descended the Ohio to Cincinnati; and after staying there ten days, ascended the river again, landing in Virginia, visiting the Hawk's Nest, Sulphur Springs, Natural Bridge, and Weyer's Cave; arriving at New York again on the 14th of July, 1835. The autumn was spent among the villages and smaller towns of Massachusetts, in a visit to Dr. Channing, in Rhode Island, and in an excursion to the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. The winter was passed in Boston, with the exception of a trip to Plymouth, for "Forefather's Day." In the spring I spent seven weeks in New York; and a month in a farmhouse at Stockbridge, Massachusetts; making an excursion, meanwhile, to Saratoga and Lake George. My last journey was with a party of friends, far into the west, visiting Niagara again, proceeding by Lake Erie to Detroit, and across the territory of Michigan. We swept round the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to Chicago; went a long day's journey down into the prairies, back to Chicago, and by the Lakes Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair, to Detroit, visiting Mackinaw by the way. We landed from Lake Erie at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th of July; and travelled through the interior of Ohio till we joined the river at Beaver. We visited Rapp's Settlement at Economy, on the Ohio, and returned to New York from Pittsburgh, by the canal route through Pennsylvania, and the rail-road over the Alleghanies. I sailed from New York for England on the 1st of August, 1836, having then been absent just two years.

"In the course of this tour, I visited almost every kind of institution. The prisons of Auburn, Philadelphia, and Nashville: the insane and other hospitals of almost every considerable place: the literary and scientific institutions; the factories of the north; the plantations of the south; the farms of the west. I lived in houses which might be called palaces, in log-houses, and in a farm house. I travelled much in wagons, as well as stages; also on horseback, and in some of the best and worst of steam-boats. I saw weddings, and christenings; the gathering of the richer at watering-places, and of the humbler at country festivals. I was present at orations, at land sales, and in the slave-market. I was in frequent attendance on

the Supreme Court and the Senate; and witnessed some of the proceedings of state legislatures. Above all, I was received into the bosom of many families, not as a stranger, but as a daughter or a sister. I am qualified, if any one is, to testify to the virtues and the peace of the homes of the United States; and let it not be thought a breach of confidence, if I should be found occasionally to have spoken of these out of the fulness of my heart.

"It would be nearly impossible to relate whom I knew, during my travels. Nearly every eminent man in politics, science, and literature, and almost every distinguished woman, would grace my list. I have respected and beloved friends of each political party; and of nearly every religious denomination; among slaveholders, colonisationists, and abolitionists; among farmers, lawyers, merchants, professors, and clergy. I travelled among several tribes of Indians; and spent months in the southern States, with negroes ever at my heels. Such were my means of information.

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"This is not the place in which to speak of my obligations or of my friendships. Those who know best what I have in my heart to say meet me here under a new relation. In these pages, we meet as writer and readers. I would only entreat them to bear this distinction in mind, and not to measure my attachment to themselves by anything this book may contain about their country and their nation. The bond which unites us bears no relation to clime, birth-place, or institutions. In as far as our friendship is faithful, we are fellow-citizens of another and a better country than theirs or mine."

The following is a specimen of Lynch Law, of which the accuracy is vouched for by the author.

"Certain merchants and lawyers of Boston held a meeting there, in August, 1835, for the purpose of reprobating the meetings of the abolitionists, and denouncing their measures, while approving of their principles. The less that is said of this meeting,—the deepest of all the disgraces of Boston,—the better. It bears its character in its face. Its avowed object was to put down the expression of opinion by opprobrium, in the absence of gag laws. Of the fifteen hundred who signed the requisition for this meeting, there are many, especially among the younger and more thoughtless, who have long repented of the deed. Some signed in anger; some in fear; many in mistake; and of each of these there are some who would fain, if it were possible, efface their signatures with their blood.

"It is an invariable fact, and recognized as such, that meetings held to supply the deficiency of gag laws are the prelude to the violence which supplies the deficiency of executioners under such laws. Every meeting held to denounce opinion is followed by a mob. This was so well understood in the present case that the abolitionists were warned that if they met again publicly, they would be answerable for the disorders that might ensue. The abolitionists pleaded that this was like making the rich man answerable for the crime of the thief who robbed him, on the ground that if the honest man had not been rich, the thief would not have been tempted to rob him. The abolitionists also perceived how liberty of opinion and of speech depended on their conduct in this crisis; and they resolved to yield to no threats of illegal violence; but to hold their legal meeting, pursuant to advertisement, for the dispatch of their usual business. One remarkable feature of the case was that this heavy responsibility rested upon women. It was a ladies' meeting that was in question. Upon consultation, the ladies agreed that they should never have sought the perilous duty of defending liberty of opinion and speech at the last crisis; but, as such a service seemed manifestly appointed to them, the women were ready.

"On the 21st of October, they met, pursuant to advertisement, at the office of their association, No. 46, Washington Street. Twenty-five reached their room, by going three-quarters of an hour before the appointed time. Five more made their way up with difficulty through the crowd. A hundred more were turned back by the mob.

"They knew that a hand-bill had been circulated on the Exchange, and posted on the City Hall, and throughout the city, the day before, which declared that Thompson, the abolitionist, was to address them; and invited the citizens, under

promise of pecuniary reward, to 'snake Thompson out, and bring him to the tar-kettle before dark.' The ladies had been warned that they would be killed 'as sure as fate,' if they showed themselves on their own premises that day. They therefore informed the mayor that they expected to be attacked. The reply of the city marshal was, 'You give us a great deal of trouble.'

"The committee-room was surrounded, and gazed into by a howling, shrieking mob of gentlemen, while the twenty-five ladies sat perfectly still, awaiting the striking of the clock. When it struck, they opened their meeting. They were questioned as to whether Thompson was there in disguise; to which they made no reply.

"They began, as usual, with prayer; the mob shouting, 'Hurra! here comes Judge Lynch!' Before they had done, the partition gave way, and the gentlemen hurled missiles at the lady who was presiding. The secretary having risen, and begun to read her report, rendered inaudible by the uproar, the mayor entered, and insisted upon their going home, to save their lives. The purpose of their meeting was answered: they had asserted their principle; and they now passed out, two and two, amidst the execration of some thousands of gentlemen;—persons who had silver shrines to protect. The ladies, to the number of fifty, walked to the house of one of their members, and were presently struck to the heart by the news that Garrison was in the hands of the mob. Garrison is the chief apostle of abolition in the United States. He had escorted his wife to the meeting; and, after offering to address the ladies, and being refused, out of regard to his safety, had left the room, and, as they supposed, the premises. He was, however, in the house when the ladies left it. He was hunted for by the mob: dragged from behind some planks where he had taken refuge, and conveyed into the street. Here his hat was trampled under-foot, and brick-bats were aimed at his bare head; a rope was tied round him, and thus he was dragged through the streets. His young wife saw all this. Her exclamation was, 'I think my husband will be true to his principles. I am sure my husband will not deny his principles.' Her confidence was just. Garrison never denies his principles.

"He was saved by a stout truckman, who, with his bludgeon, made his way into the crowd, as if to attack the victim. He protected the bare head, and pushed on towards a station house, whence the mayor's officers issued, and pulled in Garrison, who was afterwards put into a coach. The mob tried to upset the coach, and throw down the horses; but the driver laid about him with his whip, and the constables with their staves, and Garrison was safely lodged in jail: for protection; for he had committed no offence.

"Before the mayor ascended the stairs to dismiss the ladies, he had done a very remarkable deed;—he had given permission to two gentlemen to pull down and destroy the anti-slavery sign, bearing the inscription, 'Anti-Slavery Office,'—which had hung for two years, as signs do hang before public offices in Boston. The plea of the mayor is, that he hoped the rage of the mob would thus be appeased: that is, he gave them leave to break the laws in one way, lest they should in another. The citizens followed up this deed of the mayor with one no less remarkable. They elected these two rioters members of the State legislature, by a large majority, within ten days.

"I passed through the mob some time after it had begun to assemble. I asked my fellow-passengers in the stage what it meant. They supposed it was a busy foreign-post day, and that this occasioned an assemblage of gentlemen about the post-office. They pointed out to me that there were none but gentlemen. We were passing through from Salem, fifteen miles north of Boston, to Providence, Rhode Island; and were therefore uninformed of the events and expectations of the day. On the morrow, a visiter, who arrived at Providence from Boston, told us the story; and I had thenceforth an excellent opportunity of hearing all the remarks that could be made by persons of all ways of thinking and feeling on this affair.

The excursion to the northern lakes proves Miss Martineau to be strongly imbued with the sacred fire of poesy. She is vividly alive to the romantic and the picturesque; and with her enthusiastic, though strictly schooled temperament, her enjoyment amidst these animating scenes must have been exquisite. The agriculture, the markets, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country, are all very ably treated. Much food for reflection for us, Englishmen, who pride

ourselves upon our perfection in all these, is laid before us. All this is very profitable reading. On the section that treats on slavery, its debasing effects and the demoralizing power on the enslaver, it is impossible to be too panegyric. Nobly does she stand forward and vindicate the rights of outraged humanity. It shows the Americans, as plainly as truth can be portrayed, that, even in the most sordid and money-making view, the existence of slavery in this land of the free, is most prejudicial to her interests. This cancer in her southern extremities, may yet eat its way to the heart of the American republic, and destroy it. Already has it endangered the integrity of the empire. Nullification possesses no terrors equal to this.

We have already said so much upon the first two volumes, that we have but little space to remark on the last, and yet this last volume will be the most interesting to the general reader. It treats of the civilisation and the religion of our over-the-water brothers and sisters. A nice, a most delicate point, and well handled. It will not satisfy the Americans; but must be read by them, as well as by the English, with intense interest. This book should be the property of every one who would wish to acquire a just notion of the American character. As the writer of a clever, scientific, and even philosophical work, it will tend much to elevate the literary character of the authoress. With one or two trivial exceptions, the "Society in America" has our warmest approbation, and we predict for it a most extended, and along-enduring, popularity.

Sermons on the History of Joseph, preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Wimbledon. By the Rev. WILLIAM EDELMAN, A.B., Curate of Wimbledon, and Author of "Sermons preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea."

Among all the emphatical and sublime incidents that are so numerous in the Holy Scriptures, we know of none, with the exception of those that personally relate to our blessed Saviour, that surpass the history of Joseph, in deep interest, and in its fulness of moral and divine instruction. Upon this subject Mr. Edelman has preached, and now very properly published, a series of plain, clear, and unaffected sermons—sermons, not vain-gloriously constructed to dazzle the congregation by their eloquence, or surprise the learned by their subtlety—orations that are meant to honour the creature more than the Creator, but such as the lowest may comprehend and the most refined enjoy. This is the sort of divine food for which the multitude so much hunger, and with which they should be more amply supplied. The sentiments, throughout, breathe the true spirit of Christianity, and the language, in its elegant simplicity, comes home to the heart. The preacher has made every fact, as it arose, applicable to the moral purposes of life, either as an example to be imitated, or as affording an occasion for the promulgating a precept to be obeyed. It would be an injustice to the author to quote a limited portion of these sermons, for their great beauty lies in the intensity of the purpose to salvation that animates the whole. This being our candid opinion, any further recommendation of them to our readers would be superfluous. To the author himself we would say, "Enlarge the sphere of your labours. Make your volumes of greater bulk, if you write always as you have done in this too small volume; come your reward early, or come it late, come it must."

The Arethusa. By CAPTAIN CHAMIER. 3 vols.

A twelvemonth has now elapsed since we were called upon to review "Ben Brace," and in that review we pronounced the work to be one of the best of its kind; we have now the gratification of recommending to the public "The Arethusa," as superior to any book yet produced by its author; and in giving the work this recommendation, we act, as we have ever acted, conscientiously. The object of the work before us is to show the benefits which arise from naval discipline; it places before us a boy who, in early life, had fallen to such a depth of vice as to be irreclaimable even at a public school: he is proud, yet mean—he is selfish, avaricious, passionate—a liar—a thief—he disregards the advice of his father, and attributes all his evil propensities to the fondness of a mother who countenanced him in his idleness. His father offers him his choice of a profession, and Murray, the hero of the tale, selects the navy. He is forthwith shipped on board the "Tribune," and in two days becomes fully sensible that his conduct must be altered: he sees around him boys of his own age, all actuated by honourable feelings—he is sneered at for his falsehoods, rebuked for his pride, ridiculed for his folly, thrashed for his impertinence, and ultimately cured of his vicious propensities. He shortly learns the great lesson of naval discipline—that before a man can command he must learn to obey. In obedience to his superiors, he is instructed in his duty and becomes an active seaman. He is placed under the care of a midshipman named Hammerton, who is exactly contrary in disposition to himself, but for whom he conceives the most violent hatred because he has received a blow from him. In a heavy squall a man falls overboard; Murray, although young in the service, and very inadequate to the task he imposes on himself, jumps into the quarter-boat, and volunteers to risk his own life to save the seaman, who is seen struggling against his fate. Hammerton desires Murray to leave the boat, who, in his endeavours so to do, slips overboard. Hammerton instantly jumps after Murray, and succeeds in saving him, although he himself drifts away from the ship. The boat is lowered, and pulls after the seaman—a heavy squall, accompanied by a thick mist, shuts her from the sight of the "Tribune," and the frigate, driven to leeward by the wind, parts company with the boat, which is left at a distance of three hundred miles from the land—the crew of which, after struggling against innumerable difficulties, die one by one, until Hammerton alone remains—he is rescued at the last gasp by an American trader, and carried to the house of one Jonathan Corncob, on the banks of the St. James River. In the meantime, the "Tribune" is lost off Halifax. We fearlessly say that no book has more faithfully described the horrors of a shipwreck than the work before us; it is, in fact, as the author says, a true account of what really occurred, and will be read by the seaman with a creeping fear, as he sees faithfully portrayed the very dangers and difficulties he may have himself surmounted, and will bring back to his recollection scenes of misery and distress which his generous heart cannot forget. Captain Chamier, in all his late works, has struck out a new path; he has endeavoured, and not fruitlessly endeavoured, to revive in the reader the recollection of the great and daring feats of the British navy, by giving in his novels a true historical account of different actions. Thus, in "Ben Brace," the greater victories of Lord Nelson are given from the tongue of a foremast man; and in the "Arethusa" the splendid and unequalled achievement of Sir Edward Hamilton, in the cutting out of the "Hermione," the nobly-contested action between the "Phoenix" and the "Didon," and one of later date, which occurred at the close of the war, between the "Eurotas" and "Clorinde," are most glowingly detailed. It is in this

manner, by introducing great naval actions in a work of an amusing description, that Captain Chamier endeavours to do a great national good, by keeping alive in the memory of his older readers the recollection of the past, and instilling into the minds of his younger readers a knowledge of those events which have contributed to raise the British navy to the exalted state in which we knew it at the close of the war. Thus he hopes his labours may not be in vain, that his works may contribute to exalt the profession of which he is a member, and to record in the recollections of all Englishmen the names and the deeds of the gallant fellows who have fought and bled for their country. Our limits will not allow us to make lengthy extracts from the work, though we feel inclined to offer a particular passage, embarrassed as we have been in our selection. The book *must* be read—it *must* succeed, for its object is truth—its ground-work, history. It is by far the best of Captain Chamier's productions, and may fairly be placed yard-arm and yard-arm alongside of any naval novel of the present day. It is a work which the most strict in morals may peruse to their benefit, and from which the idle and the dissolute may learn that the proper employment of time leads through a youth of beneficial service to an old age of honour and respect. With this tribute of applause we take leave for the present of "The Arethusa," trusting before long to pass again within hail of the gallant frigate, when she hoists the commodore's pendant of a second edition. We give the following extract, not as being, by far, the best selection we could make, for when all is good, as we before hinted, selection is difficult, but as one among many a choice morceau.

" 'We do not near her an inch,' he said, addressing the midshipman. 'Do you see her plainer than you did?'

" 'No, sir: on the contrary, I begin to think she draws away from us.'

" 'I expect it's the sea-serpent,' said Corncob; 'and if you make the tail by daylight, you'll have to go a hundred miles before you get upon its broadside! I calculate it's either the Flying Dutchman, or the devil on an alligator cutting off his scales to make fire-proof shoes!'

" 'Do you think, Turner,' said Captain Murray, 'that we near her?'

" Turner took off his hat, and replied, 'Not a fathom, sir, since we bore up.'

" Mr. Jones came forward: he was of the same opinion.

" 'It's confoundedly against my inclination; but it must be done! Shorten sail, Mr. Jones; furl everything; round to on the starboard tack, and put her under the fore and main staysail and tryails: mind what you are about in rounding her to.'

" 'Hands, shorten sail!' cried Mr. Jones.

" Every sail was reduced in a seamanlike manner; and watching a time when the sea was more moderate in its height, Mr. Jones ordered the master to round her gently to. The man at the helm hardly put the wheel two spokes a-lee; the frigate flew up to the wind; and in spite of the master's warning voice, who, standing on the gangway, saw that a sea would strike her before she had her bow to it, and had cried out, 'Right the helm!' a tremendous sea came foaming and towering along, burst right on her beam, and spent its whole force on the broadside of the Arethusa. The ship shook fore and aft as if she had struck the bottom; the bulwark by the main-channels was washed away so far as to endanger the mainmast, and the mainmast itself was supposed to be sprung; the foremost quarter-deck carronade broke adrift; four men were washed overboard. It was a moment of considerable anxiety. Mr. Stowage called out that the ship must be wore instantly, to save the mainmast; whilst some anxiety was expressed by the carpenter in regard to the injury.

" In the confusion which occurred, the captain was missing: but he was heard in the larboard-quarter boat, where he had jumped, and was urging the men to their utmost. He seemed suddenly to recollect that he was the captain, and required to give the orders; he left the boat, resolved at all hazards to make an attempt to save the poor fellows. The first lieutenant strongly urged him to relinquish the rash design; the sea ran high, and if the mainmast fell, more men must be sacrificed.

" In the mean time, the confusion increased. The gunner had secured his lost gun to leeward, which, fortunately, had brought itself up by running against its oppo-

site neighbour; and when Corncob tumbled in amongst the men, saying, 'Where can I be of service?' he received the consolatory answer, 'At your prayers!'

"The men who had gathered abaft held the boat's tackle clear for running, whilst some strained their eyes on the weather quarter to look for their lost ship-mates.

" 'Hold on—hold on the boat!' roared Mr. Jones; 'no boat can live in this sea.'

" 'All ready for lowering!' screamed Weazel, whose voice hardly reached the deck, so high was the wind.

"Not a trace could be seen of the poor fellows; the loud-bellowing sea breaking into foam lighted up the ocean, but not a mark was visible—no hat floated to give a hope, and the wide and wild surge sang the death-song of these seamen so suddenly snatched away.

"Murray turned his eyes away, for he could no longer see, and reproached his men: 'Had I not been captain, and my presence was required here, I had been there!' and he pointed to the boat.

"There were volunteers even then. 'I'll go, sir!' said Turner.—'I'm ready!' said Smith.—'And I! and I!' said others.

" 'Let's have one good try,' said Weazel: 'we can but be drowned; and my promotion is running to leeward!'

"It was useless now. The boiling surf had long since overpowered the strongest, or the spray blown from the top of the sea would have drowned them. They were gone—lost for ever, without an effort to save them—snatched from their companions, and in the pride and prime of life hurried into eternity."

Rowbotham's Guide to German and English Conversation.

Few authors have produced more or better philosophical works than Mr. Rowbotham. The work before us gives the greatest assistance to the pupil; and we cannot help admiring the very judicious arrangement of a book, by which, in our opinion, a vacuum has been filled up, and which will be found highly beneficial, from the circumstance of the German language being so universally studied as it is at present. Mr. Rowbotham is entitled to the thanks of merchants, &c. as he has furnished a very useful set of tables of German money, and explanations respecting the German coinage. This will also be found extremely serviceable to travellers on the continent; for we know many persons suffer in a pecuniary point of view, from an excusable ignorance on this subject. We are persuaded this is not the least important feature in this useful work, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to all those who study the language.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Vol. V.

This is a stray volume that has dropped in, unaccompanied by any of its companions. Lonely and forlorn as it looks, it is, however, for the sake of its revered author, heartily welcome. To commend Wordsworth's poems would be like painting the lily white, or gilding refined gold. This volume before us consists of detached pieces, numerous sonnets, and short poems, which the gifted author entitles, "Evening Voluntaries." Among these minor pieces, some of the richest poetical gems in our language are to be found. In a sequestered nook, let it be in any country, this little volume would form the best possible companion. It would be a feeding of the solitary mind with manna from heaven; filling it now with the noblest aspirations, now with the tenderest visions, thus almost bringing humanity to a level with what we may suppose is felt in a better state.

is brought, nor could be brought, prominently forward, we must confine our approbation to the effect produced upon us as a whole. We hope the exertions of this clever and intelligent artist will be amply rewarded by a visit from all those who either love the arts or Ireland, and we think that under these two classes are embraced all those who can afford to go to any place of amusement.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—A loud outcry has been made during the last month by the daily and weekly press against the Lord Chamberlain, for prohibiting the performance of Italian Operas at this theatre. Now although no one can more regret the non-performance of Madame Pasta than we do, nevertheless, we confess, that in our opinion, Lord Conyngham has exercised a sound discretion. The privileges of the patent theatres was given them for the encouragement and protection of national, not foreign, productions; and when a manager has by his own misconduct or mismanagement made Drury Lane an unprofitable speculation, he has no right to seek redemption for his losses by injuring those who have long and faithfully, and without adequate remuneration, been catering for the public amusement in the particular department of the Italian Opera. There is no body of men who deserve encouragement more at the hands of the public than the lessees of the King's Theatre: if the English taste in music has improved during the last twenty years it is to them we owe the improvement; and now, when one of them, having been previously ruined, is about to reap the reward, which his own exertions, and those of his predecessors, entitle him to, is it reasonable that all his hopes and just expectations should be disappointed by the perversion of the use of what Mr. Bunn, only twelve months ago, styled, *par excellence*, the National Theatre? The improved taste of the middle classes, added to the patronage of the upper, has made the King's Theatre a profitable affair; the intellectual may there enjoy a treat, unequalled, during the season, in Europe; but is it to be for a moment imagined that Mr. Laporte, or any other lessee, will bring over such a company as he now has, if he is annually to encounter the opposition of another Italian company? The encouragement given to, and the number of, the minor theatres, have done more to bring the legitimate drama to its present unfortunate position than any other cause. It by no means follows that because monopoly is bad in commerce it is equally injurious in theatrical matters. During the period when the metropolitan theatres were, in the strictest sense of the word, monopolies, the English drama shone forth in unrivalled splendour. In England theatrical amusements are not, as in France and Italy, necessities, but luxuries; and when the number of houses is large, audiences are so divided that it is no longer safe for any solvent man to be connected with one. What is the case at the present moment? Why, that scarcely a theatre in London is paying its expenses. But it may be said that this evil will cure itself, and that when theatres cease to be profitable speculations, they will cease to be taken; now, unfortunately, here the drama again gives the lie to the doctrines of the political economists, for although solvent and respectable persons cease to take theatres, the insolvent and disreputable do not. It is well known to every one in London, that metropolitan theatres have lately been opened by men not possessing one farthing of capital, who have risked the ruin of many industrious tradesmen, on the chance of their own success; and twelve months have scarcely gone by, since two minor theatres were in the hands of a band of gamblers, who made them accessory to their nefarious transactions in St. James's Street. A great deal has been written about the law having induced persons to invest thousands in Drury Lane Theatre, and that now the Lord Chamberlain steps in, and prevents them from reaping the fruits of their investment. Now the real fact is, that the investment has failed to yield any fair and legitimate harvest, owing to the folly of the investors, and they now turn round and say, because our speculation is unprofitable, we will endeavour to render our neighbour's equally so. This the Lord Chamberlain has wisely endeavoured to prevent, and for so doing deserves the thanks of all interested in the success of the drama.

During the last month Mr. Bunn has amply performed his promise; Madame Schroider Devrient, the prima donna of Germany, is now singing in the opera of *Fidelio*, and Mademoiselle Taglioni, exhibiting "the poetry of motion" in the beau-

tiful ballets of *La Sylphide* and the *Maid of Cashmere* on the boards of this theatre. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm and delight with which Madame Schroider Devrient is received every evening she performs; and fully indeed does she repay the additional outlay which the manager's increased expenses have obliged him to impose on the public. The *Fidelio* of Schroider Devrient is as different and distinct from the *Fidelio* of Malibran as possible; she gives the divine music of Beethoven as he himself would have given it, not as poor Malibran used to do, unemancipated from the spell of Rossini. The one is essentially German, the other was thoroughly Italian. Madame Schroider Devrient has overcome many of the difficulties of the English language with great facility; and although she pronounces it, as might be expected, with most of the faults incident to foreigners, there is nothing harsh, grating, or broken, in the pronunciation. To make a single remark on Taglioni is perfectly useless, she sets all criticism at defiance in her perfection. Who that has once beheld her dance does not sigh to witness her again?

As a substitution for the Italian operas proposed to be given at this theatre, Madame Pasta has appeared in a concert. We do not assert that Pasta's vocal powers are less perfect than when she was prima donna at the King's Theatre, but most assuredly the audience did not derive that gratification from her singing which they formerly did. The reason of this, in our opinion, is, that Madame Pasta is not a concert singer, but essentially an operatic singer; and those who have listened to her divine notes, when under the excitement of dramatic representation, cannot be enthusiastic when listening merely to those sounds.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mr. Macready gratified his admirers and the public by producing, on his benefit, a new historical tragedy, called *Strafford*, from the pen of Mr. Robert Browning, the author of "Paracelsus." As an acting play, *Strafford* will undoubtedly hereafter occupy a prominent place on the British stage, but will never, we think, be a favourite in the closet. *Strafford* is as devoid of any effusion of fancy, or flight of imagination, as any play can well be: it is unadorned by poetry, the blank verse is occasionally rough and halting, the sentiments and opinions are few and common-place, and, above all, the plot is somewhat obscurely developed to those unread in English history; and yet it was eminently successful. Its success was chiefly owing to the admirable conception, and, what is of more importance in an historical play, the faithful delineation of the characters, and the stirring action of the incidents. True to history, Mr. Browning has portrayed Strafford as a great and consummate statesman—as an unprincipled one, but still a great one—as one who, from ambitious motives, was a friend to despotism, but refused to advance to it through gross injustice and incautious courses, as one who having promised Charles to make him "the most absolute lord in Christendom," proceeded to realise the scheme with policy and strategy; as one in whom despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, her principles in their length and breadth. Radcliffe, who was Strafford's intimate friend, tells us, "he was naturally exceeding choleric, an infirmity with which he had great wrestlings; and though he kept a watchfulness over himself concerning it, yet it could not be so prevented, but sometimes upon sudden occasions it would break." This trait in Stafford's character Mr. Browning has done ample justice to; for instance, in the scene with Charles, when he finds all his plans ruined by the dissolution of the Parliament, in the scene in the lobby of the House of Lords, and in the scene previous to Hollis announcing to him his fate, when "his fiery soul" bursts out in short and broken complaints against Charles for not instantly releasing him. Mr. Macready's personification of Strafford was the most perfect realisation of history we ever beheld; the irritated, but powerful, mind of Wentworth in him shone finely through his "fretted tenement." He portrayed, to the life, the prudence and diligence of the minister set at naught by the imprudence and fickleness of the king. The consciousness that he was serving one who was ungrateful for his exertions and sacrifices, were finely drawn by Macready. But, perhaps, the masterpiece of this great actor was the concluding scene: the stern and simple character of his features completely accorded with the original, of whom the poet sung,

" On thy brow
Sate terror mixed with wisdom, and at once
Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance."

His face appeared dashed with paleness, and his body stooped with its own infirmities, even more than with its master's cares. His attention is absorbed in caressing

the objects of his dearest affections, his children ; but ever and anon he turns round abruptly to Hollis to inquire the reason of, and at the same breath to complain of, his continued confinement. And when at last he is made to comprehend that his faithless master, Charles, has assented to the bill of attainder, and that he must die forthwith, Macready's exclamation—"Put not your faith in princes," &c. was the most solemn and dreadful sound we ever heard uttered by man. The conclusion of the scene, when Strafford implores Pym by all their early recollections to befriend and save Charles from destruction, was peculiarly fine ; and in Macready's face, on leaving the stage for the place of execution, Pym having refused to bend himself, we fancied we could read the history of England for the next ten years. The lines of his countenance prophesied the fate of his sovereign, whom he had too faithfully served, and the reign of rebellion and anarchy in his beloved country. Mr. Vandenhoff's representation of the stern and inflexible patriot Pym was a judicious and correct piece of acting ; and Miss Helen Faucit's performance of the only poetic creation which adorns the play, was exquisitely beautiful. We do not hesitate to say, that in her hands the Countess of Carlisle received more complete justice than could have been rendered to it by any actress now on the stage, not even excepting Miss Ellen Tree herself, who, in our opinion, has never been rivalled in her realisation of female tenderness, grace, and beauty. The other characters were all tolerably well sustained, if we omit Mr. Dale's Charles I. Mr. George Bennett, as Denzel Hollis, was less offensive in his declamation than usual ; and Mr. Pritchard, as Rudyard, exhibited fewer of his peculiarly disagreeable antic movements. Miss Vincent looked and played the part of Henrietta well ; we always observe that this lady performs carefully in Shakspeare, and the more elevated ranks of the drama, whilst she is careless and forward in pieces of minor importance. The opening scene of Strafford is one of the most animated *tableaux vivants* we ever saw. We regret that the manager has been obliged, by the unexplained secession of Mr. Vandenhoff from his company, temporarily to suspend the performance of Strafford ; we trust it will be speedily resumed.

Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* has, during the last month, been revived at this theatre, with Mr. Macready as the representative of Cardinal Wolsey, and Miss Helen Faucit as Queen Katherine. Mr. Macready's representation of the proud, ambitious, but disappointed churchman, affords, if such were necessary, a living lie to the observation of Dr. Johnson, "that the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part might have been easily conceived and easily written." We have rarely witnessed a finer piece of acting than the close of the third act, which describes the pride and fall of Wolsey ; Macready there invested the proud, bad man, with a degree of helplessness, arising from the recollection of his past overbearing ambition, which rendered the whole scene eminently pathetic. He threw around the character, at the same time, a haughty consciousness of his superiority over the court flutterers, royal panders, who were insulting him, which was beautifully contrasted with the knowledge of his utter ruin after their departure. Macready's break out into the fine apostrophe, commencing

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness,"

was most melancholy and touching, particularly where he describes himself as left—

"Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me."

We confess we are unable to join in the general opinion which commends the Queen Katherine of Miss Helen Faucit ; she does not realise in our mind the most perfect delineation of matronly dignity, sweetness, and resignation, which the world ever saw. She attempts to excite sympathy and compassion by straining at effect. A picture of suffering and defenceless virtue, such as Katherine exhibits, cannot be conveyed by Miss H. Faucit's low moan, accompanied by sighing and panting of the breast. There is a graceful finishing in this character, which it is impossible to convey by the mere assumption of the gait of the Tragedy Queen. And yet Miss Faucit's personification of suffering innocence in the person of Queen Katherine is not without redeeming points, of which the close of the trial scene, after appealing to Rome, was the best ; there the indignation of a virtuous matron, about to be sacrificed to the ungovernable passion of her husband, broke forth into

a natural energy, and she carried the sympathies of the audiences most completely with her. Mr. George Bennett swaggered and blustered to his heart's content as Henry VIII. Shakspeare has sketched a very disagreeable portrait in this character, but his representative managed to make him still more disagreeable. Shakspeare's Henry is gross both in manners and appearance—blustering in manner, sensual in his appetites, and cruel in his means; but Bennett's Henry adds to all these characteristic faults, one for which he is indebted to his own imagination, a pot-house vulgarity. Mr. Bennett is an example of an actor, who often throws away the material of good acting in his determination to bring down the applauses of persons which ought to make the judicious grieve. Mr. Pritchard, as the Duke of Buckingham, ably assisted his worthy coadjutor, Mr. Bennett, in disgusting the audience. The scene of Buckingham led to execution is one of the most affecting and natural in Shakspeare, but in his hands persons wondered what it had to do with the play. Mrs. Glover's Lady Denny, and Miss Vincent's Anne Boleyn, were both very creditable performances, the latter perhaps not quite sufficiently coy and retiring in the early scenes.

Another historical play, entitled *Walter Tyrrel*, has been produced here with success during the month. With what propriety *Walter Tyrrel* is styled an historical play our readers will decide, when we inform them that in it, the hero is made to kill William Rufus, in revenge for his father's murder, and his betrothed's seduction—that the Saxons are introduced as Pagans, and that Peter the Hermit is himself brought on the stage as a proper villain, equally ready to poison the bowl, or handle the dagger, in his love of mischief. As a play, *Walter Tyrrel* is very offensive, as a dramatic poem despicable. There is no attempt in it to portray character or delineate passion; the author has merely dramatised a most absurd fiction, in which the characters all come together most conveniently, for the development of a plot, from which no moral lesson can be deduced, and the catastrophe of which delights an enlightened public with three deaths, which the author, we suppose, to show the extent of his fancy, varies; making the heroine die, after her last moments are stretched out to a length quite disgusting, by poison, accidentally administered (romantic and original idea) by her lover; the king is killed by the hand of Tyrrel, and Tyrrel himself gives up the ghost of no one knows what, except that it would have been awkward after the preparation of so much mischief, that he should make his bow at the fall of the curtain. The author appears to be a most industrious collector of worn-out metaphors, stale similes, and inappropriate tropes and figures, with all of which he has in the coolest spirit of appropriation overladen his play. For instance, the king's mistress is compared to a bird in a cage, and some obdurate old gentleman, who happens to be what the police reports call "obstrepulous," is said to have an *adamantine heart*. The acting and getting up of the piece were much better than its merits deserve. We regret that Mr. Elton should have been obliged to have made his first appearance at one of the large houses, in a character in which good acting is so completely thrown away as in *Walter Tyrrel*. Mr. Elton is a quiet, amiable, and unpretending performer, in whom there is no over-acting, no straining for the mere sake of effect; a few years ago he was a decided imitator of Kean, but from what we have seen of him lately we should say he has seen the folly of imitating the extravagances of that great actor, when unable to compete with him in genius, and has consequently adopted a more subdued style. Miss Helen Faucit made the most of the sorry part that was consigned to her, which obliged her to sacrifice largely to the taste usually displayed at Sadler's Wells; but Miss Vincent could scarcely force a smile herself at the pointless and garbled humour, which she and her lover, Mr. Webster, had to utter. Mr. Dale was the only performer who did justice, by his bad acting, to the real merits of the piece.

We are glad to observe the manager of this theatre steady in his adherence to Shakspeare; he has revived both *Cymbeline* and the *Winter's Tale*, neither of which plays have been performed for several years in London. This looks well, and merits success, which we are confident would be triumphant if Mr. Osbaldiston would only strengthen his company a little in the minor performers. We are sorry that Mr. Vandenhoff no longer appears. Surely if there be any quarrel between that gentleman and the manager, the public ought not to suffer by the loss of his services, which Mr. Elton, from physical, as well as other causes, is unable to supply.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Morris having determined to resign the management of this theatre, has let it for five years to Mr. Hooper, who was until lately treasurer of the Olympic. If, as has been said, Madame Vestris was greatly indebted to her treasurer in the getting up of her pieces, we should augur well of Mr.

Hooper's taste and judgment. The Haymarket has always been a favourite theatre with the public, and Mr. Hooper has only to engage an efficient company to make his undertaking a successful speculation. We sincerely trust that the public will do their duty towards him, by energetically supporting him, if he conduct the theatre with spirit.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

In the beginning of last month the accounts from the United States represented the distress of the mercantile community as being of the most intense description. In a few days the stoppages in New York alone amounted to upwards of thirteen millions sterling; and New Orleans and other places were in a condition almost as lamentable. The creditors of the English houses have nearly escaped the storm, and the loss of the London firms is not known to exceed 30,000*l*. If the Bank had not assisted these houses, bills upon them to the amount of four millions would have been returned to New York, and have greatly increased the distress. The East India trade was tottering, as a loss of two millions and a half will accrue upon the importations of the year. Only two stoppages have been announced.

We are compelled to state that the commercial world seems to be in a wretched plight. An attempt was made to sell 4,500 bags of East India cotton at the latter end of last month, but only 410 bags were disposed of, at prices from 3*d*. to 5*d*. per pound, according to quality. Sugar has dropped 1*s*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. per cwt. Low as the price has lately been, the consumption continues small, and the stock of British Plantation is larger by nearly 2,000 hogsheads and tierces than at this time last year. The stock of plantation coffee is accumulating greatly, being greater than at this time last year by 982 casks, and 1,613 bags and barrels. The stock of cotton on hand is prodigious and unprecedented. There are upwards of 2,000,000 bales of East India cotton in London, being more than twice as much as at this time last year. The stock of unsold cotton in the kingdom is estimated, at the present reduced rate, as worth upwards of three millions sterling. The stock of wool in the hands of the dealers is also understood to be immense. It is so evident that this excess of supply cannot be got rid of, but by a reduction in price, that no person will buy at the present quotations more than may be required for immediate consumption; and the longer the stagnation of trade continues, the greater will be the accumulation of stock, the more pressing will the necessity of the holders become, and the greater will be the fall in the value of goods. This further fall will necessarily lead to a new succession of heavy failures, and this course of events seems so inevitable that the period when the employment of capital in discount will be deemed a safe investment cannot be foreseen.

Several heavy failures in the manufacturing districts have been mentioned. The inhabitants of Manchester are now, we suppose, becoming satisfied, from what is passing around them, of the truth of the resolutions which were agreed to at a meeting of the merchants and traders, at the town hall of that place, on the 18th of December, 1828. It was then resolved that the introduction of local notes of 5*l*. value in that district would be extremely injurious, and that the inhabitants would not countenance such a circulation. That, if once countenanced, the issuing of such notes would be undertaken by "speculative tradesmen," tempted by a delusive hope of becoming rich through the instrumentality of capital suddenly and artificially obtained. That when loans and discounts are most wanted from bankers, from commercial credit being shaken, such relief cannot be granted by banks which are responsible for a large note

circulation; but, on the contrary, the crisis must be aggravated by the diminution of the usual accommodation; and that as loans in local notes require no present advance of actual capital, they would be granted in tranquil times with dangerous facility, thereby offering great temptation to over-trading, and to excess in speculation, to the destruction of those solid and prudent habits of business hitherto characteristic of the inhabitants of Manchester. How much mischief might have been averted if the people of Manchester had reiterated these opinions in 1833!

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 206 quarter.—Three per Cent. Consols 89 seven-eighth.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 89 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 97 half.—Exchequer Bills, 25 p.—India Bonds, 37s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 47 five-eighths.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 five-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 23 quarter.—Spanish, Passive, 6.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Considerable uneasiness was excited in the city at the beginning of last month. Some of the American houses again required assistance from the Bank, and it was a question whether, under the new aspect of affairs arising out of the introduction of a novel and mischievous description of American paper, the Directors could prudently afford any further aid. The American packets which have reached England during the last month were expected to bring remittances to the extent of five millions sterling; but, in fact, they have fallen short by nearly half that amount, and the English creditors have, therefore, been compelled to apply for help to sustain them for a month till the next arrivals.

The *Gazette* contained the official statement of the affairs of the Bank of England, by which it appears that its assets exceed its liabilities by 3,255,000*l.* The amount of bullion was set down at 4,190,000*l.*, (an increase of 120,000*l.* on the last report,) and the circulation at 18,480,000*l.* There was a decrease in the securities of 3,000,000*l.* since the 10th of February.

In the middle of the month money was abundant, notwithstanding the caution exercised by the Bank of England; but though the terms of discounting were lower, there was no greater facility in disposing of second-rate paper. The fall in the rate of interest was, however, favourable to the sale of the American Bank-bonds, of which a greater variety were coming into circulation; and it may be foreseen that the degree of favour with which they may be regarded will be the measure of the severity that will be used to contract the currency, and counteract their effect on the exchanges. We have now, besides the bonds of the United States and Morris Canal Banks, those of the Mechanics' Bank, the Farmers' Bank, and the Massachusetts Bank, and a loan of about a third of a million has been negotiated in London by the New Orleans Citizens Bank. The bonds which were sent from the United States to Holland and France are already finding their way to London, their true value being better estimated at Amsterdam and Paris.

The Consols Market was steady, with scarcely any money transactions. The premium on Exchequer Bills did not decline, and the Share Market was very flat. In the Foreign Market the renewal of active operations between the Carlists and the Christians occasioned considerable speculation; but the friends of the Queen were not so confident of her success as usual.

Money was plentiful in the stock-market, where it produced from 2 to 2½ per cent.; but the dislike to hazard capital by employing it in commercial speculations was not in the least abated. In this state of things capitalists purchased 3 per Cents., which were advanced to 91½ for money, and the premium on Exchequer Bills advanced to 35s. The high interest promised to be paid by the Americans on their yearly bonds do not tempt our capitalists. On the Continent they are altogether unsaleable, and in London the prices are beginning to give way. A bank (Messrs. Yeatman and Co.'s) which was deemed as stable as the United States Bank, and whose notes formed one-third of the circulation in Tennessee, has failed for an immense amount. The stoppages in New York alone, in the two months preceding

the 1st instant, are estimated at the enormous sum of above 20,000,000*l.* The accounts from New Orleans are as calamitous. The rate of discount for a first-rate bill of exchange is from 5 to 6 per cent. per month, or from 60 to 72 per cent. per annum! As much as 3, 4, or 5 per cent. discount is allowed for the exchange of a bank note of a distant town for one current in the neighbourhood where cash is required. Some bank notes are uncurrent at any rate, except at the place of issue. And yet all sorts of restrictions are imposed on the bankers there. They are mostly restrained from issuing paper to more than double the amount of their capital—the shareholders are compelled to pay up all the subscribed capital—their accounts are published half yearly, and commissioners are appointed by the Legislature to inspect their vaults and ascertain their stock of specie. This is a lesson for us that may be well read by any intelligent man.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 25, 1837, TO MAY 19, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

April 25.—J. Exley, Riches Court, Lime Street, corn-factor.—W. W. Greenhill, Cobham, Surrey, cattle dealer.—W. Jeffery, Little Chester Street, Belgrave Square, horse-dealer.—R. Gadsden and R. Percival, Upper St. Martin's Lane, printers.—J. Green, Bushey, Hertfordshire, cattle-dealer.—D. Riddick, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, tea dealer.—O. Him, Salisbury Square, City, hotel keeper.—J. Lees, Bilton, Staffordshire, draper.—J. McDougall, late of Buenos Ayres, merchant.—J. and J. Mither, Bradford, Yorkshire, tailors.—J. Britton and J. W. Briscoe, Darlington, Durham, linen manufacturers.—C. Parker, Haughton-le-Skerne, Durham, flax spinner.—R. and J. Heap, Caln and Trawden, Lancashire, cotton and worsted manufacturers.—W. D. Crow, Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, tanner.—G. Caswell, Kildermister, bookseller and stationer.—W. Burge, Wareham, Dorsetshire, tanner and currier.

April 28.—M. and J. Symons, Brighton, milliners.—W. Scott, Bristol, corn-factor.—F. Garfit, Swinton, Yorkshire, cast iron founder.—E. London, Manchester, bookseller.—W. Jones, Shrewsbury, shoemaker.—A. Fryer, Bury St. Edmunds, innkeeper.—D. Higgs, Wickwar, Gloucestershire, innholder.—J. Holden and Co., Manchester, cotton spinners.—J. Archibald, Manchester, tailor.—J. W. Evans, Birmingham, japanner.—R. Edmer, Southampton, provision merchant.—W. Stamper, Cockermouth, tin plate worker.—T. Banks, Greta Mills, Cumberland, valentia manufacturer.

May 2.—E. Fermor, Hastings, brewer.—J. M'Diarmid, King Street, New North Road, Islington, baker.—F. G. Francis, Adam's Court, Old Broad Street, wine merchant.—T. Smallwood, jun., Newport, Shropshire, scrivener.—E. C. Sandell, Oxford, apothecary.—D. Clive, Birmingham, victualler.—J. Manning, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—W. Willson, Manchester, smallware manufacturer.—J. Moss, W. Barrington, and J. Moss, Haslingden, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—T. Roach, Manchester, linen-draper.—J. Haworth, Rawtenstall, Lancashire, plumber.—W. B. Palmer, Birmingham, draper.—S. Kinsey, Badwell Ash, Suffolk, innkeeper.—H. Morgan, Balth, Breconshire, farmer.—J. Loosemore, Tiverton, Devonshire, scrivener.—E. Putzeker, Poole, timber merchant.

May 5.—M. H. Wray, Holborn Hill, chemist.—E. H. Gough, Dalston Rise, Hackney, dealer in wood.—J. Arnould, King William Street, West Strand, bookseller.—J. Harrison, Manchester, commission agent.—J. J. D. De-

neulain, Leicester Square, lodging-house keeper.—W. Davies, Queen Street, May Fair, tailor.—J. Tayler, Holborn, carpet dealer.—W. Harrison, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, goldsmith.—W. Smith, Leatherhead, Surrey, innkeeper.—W. Brown, Leeds, worsted spinner.—J. Horsfall, Leeds, stuff dyer.—B. Bachmann and D. Laird, Liverpool, merchants.—P. Walker, Hindley, Lancashire, cotton spinner. J. and E. Ramsbotham, Chew Moor, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Render, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Goff, Liverpool, grocer.—C. Abolow, Newbury, Berkshire, grocer.—R. Henyon, Cloughton, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. F. Brooks, Liverpool, merchant.—A. H. Loeu, Blissen, Staffordshire, iron master.

May 9.—J. P. Fryer, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, tavern keeper.—J. Poyuter, Wilmington Square, money scrivener.—J. Robinson, Melbury Terrace, Dorset Square, Marylebone, painter.—W. Mills, Little Britain, builder.—T. Martin, Pavement, Moorfields, victualler.—D. Barker, Queen Street, Cheapside, grocer.—J. Fisher, Liverpool, publican.—J. R. Neales, Plymouth, hatter.—J. Brown and W. H. Williams, Birmingham, paper colourers.—J. Heaword, Stockport, cotton thread manufacturer.—M. Lumley, Scriven with Tentergate, Yorkshire.—H. S. Sanderson, Tadcaster, Yorkshire, scrivener.—J. Mitchell, Exeter, victualler.—R. H. Hayley, Manchester, grocer.—J. Williams, Bangor, Carnarvonshire, draper.—S. Whitehead and R. Rowe, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Radman, Bath, fruiterer.—J. Smith, Birmingham, gilt toy maker.—J. Crampton, Tong, Yorkshire, scribbling miller.—J. Gollidge, jun., Frome, Selwood, Somersetshire, currier.

May 12.—T. Evans, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, apothecary.—J. Andrew, Gullford Steet East, Wilmington Square, licensed victualler.—H. Steains, Banhill Row, grocer.—S. C. Hall, Kensington, bookseller.—T. R. Drury, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, printer.—J. Foster, Lincoln's Inn Fields, horse dealer.—J. E. Noakes, Robertsbridge, Sussex, innkeeper.—J. Paul, Old Change, commission agent.—M. Binney, Manchester, corn dealer.—G. Mickle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.—J. Horsfall, Coventry, maulster.—J. Emanuel, Birmingham, jeweller.—H. Hardie, Manchester, merchant.—J. R. Evans, Carmarthen, linen draper.—R. Arnold, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, draper.—W. Edmonson, Liverpool, brush maker.—D. Magney, Wakefield, Yorkshire, hotel keeper.—R. Betts, Alford, Lincolnshire, wool merchant.—W.

Hodgetts, Birmingham, bookseller.—J. Hiam, Temple Balsall, Warwickshire, farmer.—G. East and G. P. Vincent, Aston, Warwickshire, glass makers.—W. Viney, Tiverton, Devonshire, carrier.—J. Parkyn, Devonport, linen draper.

May 16.—J. Mallitt, Abergavenny, tailor.—J. P. Williams, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, draper.—H. Goodhall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, upholsterer.—M. L. Sangrouber, Gerard Street, Soho, tailor.—R. Hughes, Addle Street, City, licensed victualler.—J. W. Addison, Southampton, provision agent.—J. Statton, Charing Cross, boot maker.—A. Dunn, George Row, City Road, chemical manufacturer.—J. Wilson, Lawrence Lane, City, woollen warehouseman.—J. T. Wright and N. Hackney, Burniam, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturers.—J. Harrison, Manchester, solicitor.—W. Perry, Bath, victualler.—R. Bussey, Leeds, plasterer.—J. Kelly, Merthyr Tydfil, and Tredgar, grocer.—J. Cartlisle, of Liverpool, stone mason.—C. Calvert, Manchester, picture dealer.—T. White, Manchester, innkeeper.—J. B.

Lambley, Bristol, spirit dealer.—S. Pearson, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—G. Lamley and W. Brown, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax spinners.

May 19.—A. T. K. Vale, Bromyard, Herefordshire, linen draper.—W. S. Warwick and T. W. Clagett, Billiter Square, City, merchants.—T. Vigers, George Place, Acre Lane, Brixton, brass founder.—J. Saunders, Watford, Hertfordshire, butcher.—E. Wood, Rochdale, Lancashire, money scrivener.—A. G. Ross, Bradford, Yorkshire, wool merchant.—G. Hough, Bradford, Yorkshire, ironmonger.—J. Adams, Banbury, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.—E. Taylor, Liverpool, colour manufacturer.—W. H. Sugden, Leeds, linen draper.—J. Askew, Liverpool, hotel keeper.—T. Gough, Michinghampton, Gloucestershire, cloth dealer.—T. Turner, Otley, Yorkshire, carrier.—J. Newton, Bilferne, Hants, builder.—B. Glover, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Lyon, Bristol, merchant.—J. Woolison, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plumber.—W. Pitts, Great and Little Hampton, Worcestershire, miller.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
April					
23	47-32	29,59-29,53	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, rain at times.
24	57-29	29,72-29,81	S.W.	,25	Generally overcast.
25	56-24	29,83-29,89	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening, with rain.
26	62-39	29,77-29,75	W.	,175	Generally clear, except the morning, with rain.
27	54-31	29,73-29,67	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
28	56-29	29,66-29,57	S.W.	,0125	Generally cloudy, rain at times.
29	52-35	29,53-29,31	S.E. & S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times. [aftern., otherwise clear.
30	66-43	29,51-29,35	S.W.	,1695	Morning cloudy, with rain, heavy fall of hail in the
May					
1	64-41	29,73-29,61	S.W.	,05	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
2	64-37	29,86-29,85	S.W.	,025	Generally clear.
3	64-39	29,77-29,65	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
4	61-37	29,86-29,73	N.W.		Generally clear, except the morning.
5	60-34	30,00-29,92	N.W.		Generally clear.
6	58-26	30,07-30,04	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	59-25	30,02-29,92	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
8	53-35	29,82-29,66	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
9	55-30	29,60-29,59	N.E.	,225	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
10	47-22	29,72-29,56	N.	,0125	Generally cloudy, with rain and hail at times.
11	53-25	29,93-29,86	N.	,0125	Generally clear.
12	57-31	29,83-29,74	S.E.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
13	59-27	29,77-29,76	S.W.	,1	Generally clear, rain at times. [the aftern.
14	59-28	29,87-29,73	N.	,05	Gen. cloudy, rain at times; rain, thun. and light. in
15	54-36	30,07-29,95	N.	,05	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
16	61-37	30,24-30,20	N.	,0125	Generally clear.
17	70-29	30,23-30,13	N.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
18	55-40	30,12-30,10	N.		Generally clear.
19	53-32	30,04-30,01	N.	,025	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, hail in the morn.
20	53-28	29,95-29,86	N.	,025	Cloudy, rain in the morning. [showers of rain.
21	49-30	29,73-29,70	N.	,025	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with frequent
22	53-27	29,82-29,70	N. & N.E.	,075	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise gen. clear.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Haley, of Manchester, Lancashire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in the machinery, tools, or apparatus for cutting, planing, and turning metals and other substances. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, in the county palatine of Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for turning, boring, planing, and cutting metals and other materials. March 28th, 6 months.

H. Stephens, of Stamford Street, Blackfriar's Road, in the parish of Christ Church, Surrey, Writing Fluid Manufacturer, for certain improvements in inkstands or ink-holders, and pens for writing. March 28th, 6 months.

M. B. Luras, of Lyons, but now residing in Leicester Square, Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements in steam navigation. April 4th, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Esquire, for improvements in the construction of locomotive engine-boiler furnaces; also to other furnaces. April 4th, 6 months.

W. Wynn, of Dean Street, in the parish of St. Ann, Soho, Middlesex, Clock Maker, for a certain improvement or improvements in apparatus for diminishing the evaporation of vinous, alcoholic, acetic, and other volatile vapours, and for preventing the absorption of noxious effluvia in vinous, spirituous, acetous and other fluids, such as wines, spirits, malt liquors, cyder, perry, and vinegar. April 4th, 6 months.

J. Amesbury, of Burton Crescent, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Surgeon, for certain apparatus for the relief or correction of stiffness, weakness, or distortion in the human spine, chest, or limbs. April 4th, 6 months.

W. Weekes, of King Stanley, Gloucestershire, Clothier, for certain improvements in the dressing or finishing of woollen and other cloths or fabrics, requiring such a process. April 4th, 2 months.

J. L. Roberts, of Manchester, Lancashire, Merchant, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in looms for weaving. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 11th, 6 months.

R. Bull, of Adam's Street West, Portman Square, in the parish of St. Marylebone, Middlesex, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in chimney caps, to facilitate the discharge of smoke, and to prevent its return. April 15th, 6 months.

H. N. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, in the United States of America, but now of Cornhill, in the city of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in spinning, twisting, doubling, or otherwise preparing cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 15th, 6 months.

H. Stephens, of Charlotte Street, in the parish of St. Marylebone, Middlesex, Gentlemen, and E. Nash, of Bross Street, in the parish of St. George in the East, Middlesex, Tallow Chandler, for certain improvements in the manufacturing colouring matter, and rendering certain colour or colours applicable to dyeing, staining, and writing. April 18th, 6 months.

D. Napier, of York Road, Lambeth, Surrey, Engineer, for improvements in letterpress printing. April 18th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottinghamshire, Machine Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of figured or ornamented bobbin-net, or twist lace, or other fabrics. April 18th, 6 months.

T. Hancock, of Goswell Mews, Goswell Road, Middlesex, Waterproof Cloth Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements in the process of rendering cloth and other fabrics partially or entirely impervious to air and water by means of caoutchouc or India-rubber. April 18th, 6 months.

E. Haworth, the younger, of Bolton, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in certain machinery or apparatus adapted to facilitate the operation of drying calicoes, muslins, linens, or other similar fabrics; for the further term of five years in pursuance of the Report of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. April 18th.

C. Farina, of Clarendon Place, Maida Vale, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved process, to be used in obtaining fermentable matter from grain, and in manufacturing the same for various purposes. April 18th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for bleaching or cleansing linens, cottons, or other fibrous substances. April 20th, 6 months.

W. Greatrix, of Springfield Lane, near Salford, Lancashire, Silk Dyer, for certain improvements in the process of bleaching or cleansing linens, cotton, and other fibrous substances, and also improvements in the process of discharging colours from the same, either in the raw material or manufactured state. April 22d, 6 months.

J. G. Ulrich, late of Nicholas Lane, in the city of London, but now of Red Lion Street, in the parish of St. Mary, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Chronometer Maker, for certain improvements in chronometers. April 22d, 6 months.

Sir G. Cayley, Baronet, of Brompton, near Malton, Yorkshire, for certain improvements in the apparatus for propelling carriages on common roads or railways, part of which improvements may be applied to other useful purposes. April 25th, 6 months.

J. Pim, jun. of College Green, in the city of Dublin, Banker, and T. F. Bergin, of Westland Row, in the same city, Civil Engineer, for an improved means or method of propulsion on railways. April 25th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for making or manufacturing bricks, tiles, and such other articles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 27th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing horse-shoes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 27th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—APRIL, 1837.

HOUSE OF LORDS, April 17.—The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Affidavits (Ireland and Scotland) Bills, and the Trial by Jury (Scotland) Bill went through Committee, after which the House adjourned.

April 18.—The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Millbank Penitentiary Bill, and the Leicester Small Debts Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—Adjourned till Thursday.

April 20.—The Duke of Cumberland was present to-day, for the first time, since the Session opened.—The Manchester and Sheffield Railroad Bill was read a third time and passed.—The second reading of the Scotch Small Debts Bill was postponed, after some conversation, till Tuesday next.

April 21.—The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Royal Mint Bill, the Vagrant's (Scotch and Irish) Removal Bill, and several private Bills, received the Royal Assent by commission.—Lord Alvanley moved an Address for a copy of Lord John Hay's despatch to the Admiralty, respecting the affair at St. Sebastian. His Lordship prefaced the motion by a speech, in which he reviewed and censured the foreign policy adopted by his Majesty's Ministers.—Lord Melbourne had no wish to withhold the despatch, but he complained that the Noble Lord should have waited for a moment of disaster to impugn the policy which had been acted on during the last two years. This was not fair, even as a party proceeding. He denied that interference had taken place. Supporting a government against rebels was not interference.—The Duke of Wellington declared that he was hostile all along to the course pursued by Ministers with regard to Spain. His Grace then stated his objections to the quadruple treaty, which had caused great embarrassment to himself when called upon by the Queen of Spain to carry it into execution. He also objected to the blockade of her own coast by the Queen of Spain.—Several Noble Lords delivered their sentiments, and the motion was agreed to.—Adjourned.

April 24.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Bill for the Improvement of Lands in Ireland.—After some debate the Bill before the House was read a second time.

April 25.—Several petitions were presented on various subjects.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Bill for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland.—After an observation or two from Lord Brougham, the Bill was read a second time without a division.

April 26.—Nothing of importance.

April 28.—A great number of petitions were presented against the abolition of Church-rates, and on other subjects.—The Order of the Day was then read for presenting the petition of the Protestants of Ireland, which was agreed to on the 24th

of January last, at the great meeting in the City of Dublin—The petition was ordered to lie on the table.

May 1.—The Consolidated Fund Bill went through a Committee.—The Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill was considered at some length in Committee. It was ordered to be reprinted as amended, and certain clauses and amendments were postponed until the further consideration of the report. On the question that the 15th clause stand part of the Bill, Lord Wyndford proposed as an amendment, that where the number of councillors were equal, and in consequence of which equality no election of Mayor or Aldermen could take place, the councillor who had the greatest number of votes should proceed to elect the Mayor or Aldermen.—The Lord Chancellor opposed the amendment, and after a few words from Lords Abinger, Denman, and Ellenborough, the Committee divided, when there appeared—for the amendment, 37; against it, 24; majority against Ministers, 13. The House then resumed, and adjourned.

May 2.—After the presentation of many petitions for and against the abolition of Church-rates, the Duke of Wellington stated, in answer to Lord Brougham, that he did not know he should have any amendments to propose to the Irish Corporations Bill.

May 3.—Several petitions were presented against, and one or two for, the abolition of Church-rates. Some Bills, brought from the Commons, were read a first time, and their Lordships then adjourned.

May 4.—Nothing of consequence.

May 5.—The royal assent was given, by commission, to sundry Bills.—Lord Melbourne moved that their Lordships resolve into Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill.—The Duke of Wellington moved the postponement of the Committee for five weeks—namely, till June 9.—Their Lordships divided on the amendment. The numbers were—for it, 192; against it, 115; majority in favour of the adjournment, 77.—The Committee on the Bill is consequently adjourned till June 9.

May 8.—Nothing of importance.

May 9.—Lord Glenelg brought under their Lordships' consideration the resolutions passed by the House of Commons respecting the Government of Canada. He entered into a long statement, detailing the history of these colonies, the state of parties therein, and the conduct pursued by the Government of this country with respect to them.—A long discussion followed, in which Lord Ripon, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, and other Noble Lords took part. The resolutions were eventually adopted.

May 10.—Several private Bills were brought from the Commons. The Small Debts (Scotland) Bill went through Committee, and, as amended, was ordered to be reprinted.

May 11.—The Irish Waste Lands' Improvement Bill was, after some discussion, referred to a Select Committee. The Milbank penitentiary Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 12.—No business of consequence was transacted this day.

May 18.—The House met this day pursuant to adjournment, when the agreement of their Lordships to the Commons' resolutions relative to Canada was communicated to the Lower House at a conference.—Many petitions were presented for and against the abolition of Church-rates.—Lord Duncannon presented the correspondence between the Board of Education (Ireland) and Dr. Crolly, on the subject of complaints preferred by that gentleman.

May 19.—Lord Canterbury presented a petition from 700 graduates and undergraduates of the University of Cambridge, against interference with the management of the Universities, so as to endanger their character and utility.—Their Lordships then proceeded to the consideration of the report upon the English Municipal Corporations' Act Amendment Bill. Several amendments were proposed and agreed to, and the Bill, with the whole of the amendments so agreed to, was ordered to be printed preparatory to its being read a third time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 10.—The order of the day for the third reading of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill having been read, Mr. Goulburn rose and addressed the House. He contended the Bill did not embody what was the unanimous feeling of the country, viz.—the total extinction of these Corporations.—Mr. Tancred was in favour, Mr. Hamilton against; Mr. Dillon Browne for, Col. Verner against; and Mr. Bellew in favour of the Bill, when (before nine o'clock) the gal-

lery was cleared for a division, but none took place. The gallery was re-opened, when Lord Stanley was on his legs resisting the Bill. The Noble Lord said that in the present state of Ireland, he objected to any corporate institutions at all, in the present condition of the Church. They were told that this Bill was intended to destroy the Church. He believed that, in the present state of the Church, such would be its effect; and, therefore, as a Protestant, anxious to maintain that Church, he would not give them the means of overthrowing it.—Mr. H. Grattan said the Noble Lord was as dangerous as well as a disagreeable opponent; but he had not urged a single argument against the Bill in the whole of his speech.—Mr. Gaskell said he could return the compliment which the Hon. Member for Meath had paid to the Noble Member for North Lancashire, by declaring that he had not made a single convert.—Mr. Serjeant Woulfe supported the Bill; and was followed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who urged the passing of the measure, maintaining that its rejection would be viewed by Ireland as an “insult,” as it would avowedly proceed on the ground that the people were incapable of managing their own affairs.—Mr. Shaw spoke earnestly against the principle and tendencies of the Bill.—Mr. Brotherton, amid loud cries of “divide,” moved the adjournment.—On that question the House divided. The numbers were—for it, 286; against it, 232; majority, 54. The other orders of the day having been disposed of, the House adjourned.

April 11.—After the presentation of some petitions, the debate on the third reading of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was resumed. Mr. Hume opened the debate by a speech in favour of the measure.—Mr. Gally Knight dissented from the Bill.—Mr. O’Connell spoke in its favour. The Protestants, he said, had robbed Ireland for centuries, and there he stood debating, and imploring a British House of Commons to do one general act of justice, by saying that Irishmen should be placed on the same footing as Englishmen and Scotchmen.—Sir James Graham opposed the Bill. It was said that the predictions of danger to the Church, now put forward, were the same as had been urged as objections to Catholic emancipation. They had granted liberally and trusted freely, and the result was bitter disappointment. War—open war to the knife was declared against the Church Establishment.—Lord John Russell then rose, and spoke in support of the measure. He considered that the question of establishing Municipal Corporations was one of justice and of peace—that the measure was likely to conciliate the affections of the people of Ireland towards general good government, and in so much was calculated to diminish danger to the institutions of the country. He contended that this was a measure of justice, and was brought forward by the Government from a strong conviction that such was the case; and the proposition for the abolition of Municipal Corporations having been negatived by so large a majority of that House, he hardly expected it would be brought forward again, and looked forward confidently to a triumphant issue to this question.—Sir Robert Peel resisted the Bill, and pointed out, with his usual eloquence, the pernicious and evil tendencies of the measure. The House then divided, and the numbers were—for the third reading, 302; against it, 247; majority, 55. The announcement of the numbers was received with loud cheers from the Opposition side. The Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 12.—Mr. Hume moved the second reading of the County Rates Bill, which called forth extended desultory discussion, and strong opposition on the part of many Members. It was proposed, as an amendment, that it be read that day six months.—Sir E. Knatchbull, Mr. Goulburn, and Lord Stanley, expressed astonishment that any men calling themselves the Government of the country should be absent on such an occasion, and should have no opinion to express on the Bill.—Mr. F. Maule doubted not that Lord John Russell would be able to explain the cause of his absence, but observed that the Government had not considered that the Bill was one which called for Ministerial interference.—Mr. Hume, in pressing the division, said that the magistrates ought not to vote, but to withdraw, as, if they remained, the measure being charged as a bill of indictment against the magistrates of England, they would be voting in their own cause.—A division took place. The numbers were—for the second reading, 84; against it, 177; majority against it, 93.

April 13.—Mr. Roebuck moved that the House resolve itself into Committee to consider the propriety of wholly repealing the duty on newspapers.—Mr. Wakley seconded it.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, on the ground that the experiment that had already been tried respecting the newspaper press, was so successful, and was proceeding so satisfactorily, that he would be no party to dis-

turbing the present arrangement.—After some remarks from Sir R. Peel, (who briefly opposed the motion,) &c., the House divided, and the numbers were, for the motion, 42; against it, 81—majority, 39.—Mr. Fox Maule obtained leave to bring in a Bill to improve the management of prisons in Scotland.—Sir Andrew Agnew moved for some returns, bearing on the business transacted in the Post-office department on Sundays. Some of these were granted, and the motion for the others postponed for a fortnight.—Adjourned.

April 14.—After some remarks from Sir R. Peel and Mr. Roebuck, concerning the present system of long speeches, and, consequently, adjourned debates and late hours, Lord J. Russell moved that the House resolve itself into a committee on the Canadian resolutions upon which so much has already been said in the House.—Mr. Roebuck proposed a plan which he thought would pacify the Canadas, namely, to abolish the Legislative Council, and to create an "Executive" Council, to be composed of the Attorney and Solicitor General, and ten Councillors, to be chosen by the Governor. They might revise and make amendments in Bills passed by the House of Assembly, but were to have no power of rejection. The Bills were then to be sent to the Governor, who might give or withhold his assent. The object was to concentrate the responsibility of the Governor, to get some person to whom he could point and say, "That is the man who has done this." He also proposed that the House of Assembly of each province should choose five delegates to constitute a General Assembly, and that there should be a permanent civil list, to include the Governor, the Judges, and ten of the Executive Council. If this plan were adopted the Canadians would be satisfied.—Lord J. Russell declared that he must persevere in the resolutions; that he could not forego the principle on which they were founded.—An animated and rather extraordinary debate ensued, in which Lord Stanley, in particular, led the way. He was followed by Mr. Ward and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Leader thought that the ministerial resolutions were too severe to pacify the Canadians, but too weak to coerce them. He strongly supported Mr. Roebuck's plan.—Mr. Roebuck, in reply, said that if the resolutions proposed by the Government were passed, non-intercourse between Canada and England would be the consequence. If his plan were adopted, peace and good-will would be established in the colony.—Lord J. Russell repeated that he should persevere in the resolutions, as he considered it his duty so to do, notwithstanding the threats that had been used. What the people of Canada had asked it was impossible to grant, in the present connexion of the two countries; but the resolutions he had proposed he believed would be of great benefit to Canada, and would give satisfaction.—Sir R. Peel opposed Mr. Roebuck's plan, and supported the ministerial resolutions, as likely to attain the purposes desired in the colony.—The Committee eventually divided on the original question; the numbers were, Ayes, 269; Noes, 46—majority, 223. The further consideration of the resolutions was then adjourned till Tuesday.

April 17.—Sir E. Codrington complained of a breach of privilege on the part of a morning paper, in misrepresenting what had taken place between him and Sir J. Graham, on Thursday night, respecting Sir P. Malcolm.—Sir J. Graham defended the conduct and eulogised the character of Sir P. Malcolm, whom he thought, had been hardly dealt with on the occasion referred to.—Sir H. Hardinge brought forward his promised motion for an address to his Majesty, "praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased not to renew the order in council of the 10th June, granting his Majesty's royal license to British subjects to enlist into the service of the Queen of Spain; which order in council will expire on the 10th June next; and praying also that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to give directions that the marine forces of his Majesty shall not be employed in the civil contest now prevailing in Spain, otherwise than in that naval co-operation which his Majesty has engaged to afford, if necessary, under the stipulations of treaty." The Gallant Officer charged his Majesty's government with compromising the high reputation and character of England by the course which they had pursued in reference to the war in Spain.—Lord Leveson resisted the motion, as did Mr. C. Wood, contending that the treaty had not been exceeded.—Mr. Brotherton then moved that the question be adjourned. Agreed to.

April 18.—The debate on Sir H. Hardinge's motion was resumed, and adjourned till Wednesday.

April 19.—The same debate.—Lord J. Russell, in resisting the motion, alluded to the taunts thrown out against the administration on a former evening, and said that whether the Ministers continued in power or not, they considered that the

country was better than they had found it; that there were now no apprehensions that every post would bring accounts of incendiary fires, and that if his Majesty received an invitation to dine in the City, the Ministers would not dissuade him from accepting it. The House, at half-past three o'clock, proceeded to divide on the motion. The numbers were—for the motion, 278; against it, 242; majority against the address, 36 only. At four o'clock the House adjourned till Friday.

April 21.—The debate on the Canada resolutions was resumed.—Mr. Leader moved as an amendment, that it be deferred for six months, in order to afford Canada the opportunity of considering what had been proposed.—The amendment was eventually negatived by a majority of 153; the number for it being 29, against it, 182. On the resolution relating to the land company being proposed, Mr. Roebuck said that he should move for an inquiry into the circumstances under which the charter of the Land Company was granted, and the lands of the company were acquired.—Mr. Bernal expressed a doubt whether the amendment could be put in the form in which it was proposed, and after a short discussion it was negatived by 166 to 6.—The original resolution was then agreed to.—The House resumed, and the Committee was ordered to sit again on Monday next.—The Dublin Police Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 24.—The House, once more, resolved into Committee on the Canada resolutions. The seventh resolution, that regarding tenures of land, was put. After some discussion, the Committee divided. The numbers were—for the resolution, 73; against it, 14.—The eighth resolution was next put.—Mr. Wason then moved an amendment to this resolution. The Committee divided. The numbers were—for the resolution, 116; for postponement, 32; majority in favour of the resolution, 84. The remaining two resolutions were adopted, without any division, namely, 9, for the surrender of the crown hereditary revenues, on the legislature granting a civil list; and 10, for the legislature of the provinces respectively to make provision for the joint regulation and adjustment of questions regarding trade and commerce.

April 25.—No business of any consequence transacted this day.

April 26.—Mr. Williams moved the second reading of the Freeman's Admission Bill. After some discussion the House divided, and the second reading was carried by a majority of 54; the numbers being, for the motion, 75, against it, 21.

April 28.—The report of the Canada resolutions was adopted; they are to be imparted to the Lords in a Conference, and their concurrence therein required.—The House went into Committee on the Small Debts (Scotland) Bill; the several clauses were agreed to, with some amendments, after a desultory conversation.

May 1.—The adjourned debate on the proposition for the adoption of poor laws in Ireland was resumed. Several hon. members approved of the principle of the Bill, although they could not sanction all its provisions.

May 2.—After a desultory conversation on Railways, Church-rates, and Poor Law petitions, Mr. Borthwick brought forward his motion on the subject of convocations of the Clergy. The House divided—For the motion, 19; against it, 24; majority, 5.

May 3.—Mr. Robinson brought forward his proposition to permit grain in bond to be converted into flour, for the purpose of exportation.—Mr. P. Thomson resisted the proposal, on two grounds; first, that much experience had shown that fraud could not be prevented; and, secondly, that it was an effort to get rid of the corn-laws by a side-wind. He was not friendly to the corn-laws; but if they were to be repealed, let it be done by a straightforward course. If the Hon. Member would move the repeal he would support that course; but the present proposition he must resist. The House divided on the question, and it was negatived by 43 ayes, and 108 noes—majority 65.—Mr. O'Connell moved the second reading of his Law of Libel Bill.—The Attorney-General admitted that the Law of Libel required improvement, but he did not consider that the measure proposed by the Hon. and Learned Member for Kilkenny was an improvement in the existing law. He moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. Several other Hon. Members having expressed themselves as opposed to the measure, the House divided, and the numbers were—for the second reading 47, against it 55; the Bill is consequently lost, by a majority of eight.

May 4.—Sir S. Whalley brought forward his motion regarding the window-tax, in the shape of a resolution declaratory that it was expedient to repeal the same.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, contending that there were many taxes, could the revenue afford it, which it would be more advisable to repeal

than this tax.—The House divided on the motion; which was negatived by 48 ayes, and 206 noes; majority against it, 158.

May 5.—Mr. Baines moved the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the payments on accounts of first fruits and tenths, and how far the same equalled what the law had contemplated for the benefit of poor livings.—Lord J. Russell resisted the motion, submitting that the payments were according to law, and that, if the law was to be altered, it ought to be done in the House, and not in Committee. The House divided on the motion. The numbers were—for the motion, 63; against it, 171; majority against it, 108.—Sir A. Agnew then moved for leave to bring in Bills to enforce the better observance of the Lord's Day. After considerable discussion the House divided on the motion. The numbers were—for the motion, 199; against it, 53; majority, 146.—On the motion that the House go into Committee of Supply, Sir W. Rae directed attention to the Commissioners' reports regarding the state of the Church of Scotland, and the want of adequate accommodation, proposing an address to his Majesty to take the same into consideration, with a view of affording means for the building or enlarging of churches.—Lord John Russell said that the Right Hon. Gentleman had brought forward a motion to obstruct and delay the granting of a supply to his Majesty.—A lengthened debate ensued, which terminated in the rejection of the proposition, the numbers being, on a division, 217 against 176.

May 8.—Mr. Baring presented the report of the Carlow Election Committee, which was, that Mr. Vigors had been duly elected.—On the first order of the day being read, Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt brought forward his motion for the repeal of the Septennial Act. The Hon. Member concluded a short speech by moving for leave to bring in a bill for making Parliaments triennial.—Lord J. Russell opposed the motion. He thought that the people were not very anxious about this question, and that it would be advisable in the House to apply themselves to measures of practical benefit and reform.—Mr. Wakley said that the Noble Lord would have a different opinion on this subject within twelve months. He (Mr. W.) was such a friend to triennial Parliaments that at the end of three years he should resign his seat for Finsbury.—Mr. Roebuck also expressed his approbation of the motion. He thought that there ought to be triennial Parliaments, but not dissolved by the Crown or any other power. The House divided. The numbers were, for the motion, 86; against it, 97;—lost by a majority of 11.

May 9.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved a resolution to the effect that any deliberative assembly, deciding by proxy upon any legislative enactments, was incompatible with every principle of justice and reason; that its continuance was daily becoming a source of serious and well-founded complaint among all classes of his Majesty's subjects; and that such resolutions be communicated to the Lords. The motion led to a lengthened discussion. The House divided on the motion that the House go into Committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill, Mr. Duncomb's resolution coming as an amendment. The numbers were—for the motion, 129; against it, 81; majority, 48.

May 10.—Mr. Duncombe moved the second reading of the Reform of Parliament Act Amendment Bill.—Lord J. Russell said that he felt bound to oppose this Bill, because he could not give up the principle of making the payment of taxes proof of qualification to vote. He moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—The House divided. There were, for the Bill, 73; for the amendment, 166; majority against the Bill, 93.—Mr. Robinson moved the second reading of the East India Maritime Officers Compensation Bill.—Sir J. C. Hobhouse opposed the Bill, observing that if it were carried, the Board of Control had no command of funds to meet the remuneration proposed by the Bill to be granted to certain officers.—Mr. Robinson inquired, if such were the fact, how came the committee of inquiry to be conceded? Was it to take the chance of getting a report against the claim of the maritime officers?—The House divided on the motion; the second reading was carried by 47 to 31, being a majority of 16 in favour of the Bill, and against the Ministers.

May 11.—The House resolved into Committee on the Poor Law (Ireland) Bill, in which many amendments were moved, and the desultory discussions on which occupied nearly the whole night.

May 12.—Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Ellice took the oaths and their seats—the former for Westminster and the latter for Huddersfield.—The House again resolved into Committee on the Irish Poor Relief Bill. Mr. Lucas moved that it be an instruction to the Committee to introduce into the Bill a provision for settlement, with

a view to the more justly apportioning the charge upon the rates for the relief of the poor. This gave rise to a protracted discussion, and terminated in a division, when Mr. Lucas's motion was negatived by a majority of 52.—Lord John Russell gave notice that he should move that the House resolve itself into Committee on Friday next.—The House then resolved into Committee of Ways and Means, when several votes were agreed to.

May 17.—Several Railway Bills were passed, some private business was transacted this day, but there was nothing of importance to occupy the attention of the House.

May 18.—After the presentation of several petitions, and the forwarding of private Bills, a conversation took place respecting the state of public business, but it had no result.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved for leave to bring in a Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to property in books, musical compositions, the acted dramas, pictures, and engravings, to provide remedies for the violation thereof, and to extend the term of its duration. It was time, he said, that literature should experience some of the benefits of legislation; for, at present, with the single exception of the boon conferred by the Hon. Member for Lincoln on the acting drama, it had received none. The Hon. Member concluded an effective speech by saying that he asked, on behalf of literature, not charity—he asked not a favour, but he only required that common justice which the coarsest industry obtained and received at their hands, and which, of all other kinds of industry, this was, perhaps, the most deserving.—The motion was then agreed to, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Mahon, and Sir Robert Inglis, were directed to bring in the Bill.

May 19.—Lord Melgund for Hythe, and Mr. Broadwood for Bridgewater, took the oaths and their seats.—The clause in the Glasgow and Ayr Railway Bill, prohibiting travelling on it on the Sunday, was again debated. It was negatived by 115 against the clause, and 83 for it. The Bill was then a read a third time and passed.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the several Bills introduced by the Government to diminish capital punishments in cases of forgery, &c., the series of Bills heretofore introduced on the motion of Lord John Russell. The Forgery Bill went through Committee, after some very interesting discussion.—On the question that the House resolve into a Committee on the Punishment of Death Bill, Mr. Ewart moved that it be an instruction to the Committee, to make provisions in such Bill to abolish capital punishment in all cases except murder.—The House divided on the proposed instruction. The numbers were—for it, 72; against it, 73; so that it was lost by a majority of *one* only.—The remainder of the sitting was chiefly occupied with the proceedings in Committees, &c., on the remaining Bills of the series.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE LATE LORD LYTTLETON.—This much-regretted nobleman, who died at the mansion of his noble brother-in-law, Earl Spencer, in St. James's Place, was in his fifty-sixth year, and succeeded his half brother, George Fulke, the second Lord, in 1828. His Lordship married, in March, 1813, Lady Sarah Spencer, eldest daughter of the late Earl Spencer, and sister to the present Earl, by whom he had a family of three sons and two daughters. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. George William (now Lord) Lyttleton, who, we believe, is a student at the University. The Lord-Lieutenancy of Worcestershire, to which the deceased peer was appointed on the decease of Lord Foley, has become vacant by his demise.

Married.—At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Earl Bruce, eldest son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, to the Lady Mary Herbert, second daughter of the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

At Kensington, Thomas King, M.D., of Maddox Street, Hanover Square, to Williamina, eldest daughter of the late James Mill, Esq., of the East India House.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Hon. Miss Macdonald, sister of Lord Macdonald, to Mr. Smyth, son of Lady Elizabeth Smyth, and nephew of the Duke of Grafton.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Flora, third daughter of William Mitchell, Esq., of Harley Street, to Alphonso Beral de Sédalges, second son of the Count de Sédalges, of Anbergne.

Died.—In the Regent's Park, Charlotte Sophia, wife of J. G. Lockhart, and daughter of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

At Mahon, Cardiganahire, in his 75th year, Colonel Lloyd Phillips, Governor of Fishguard.

At Clifton, near Nottingham, Sir Robert Clifton, Bart., in his 71st year.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Ann Stuart, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Earl of Moray, K.T.

At his house in River Terrace, Islington, David Marnie, Esq., in his 64th year.

At Kentish Town, James Sneath, Esq., late of the Bank of England, in his 69th year.

At Chelsea Hospital, General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., in his 68th year.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette.
Published by his Family. 3 vols. post 8vo.

The character of the single-hearted, and single-minded Lafayette, and the history of the momentous times in which he mingled largely in political affairs, are generally known through the writings of others who have, for the most part, given to their relations the strong bias of their own political opinions; rarely failing at the same time, however, and from whatever point they judged, to give the general full credit for singular honesty of intention, and a noble, though often a short-sighted zeal for the cause of liberty and the interests of the people. It is always interesting to see such a man's own account of the weighty transactions in which he was engaged, and of which, of necessity, he must have known more than the mere historian writing in the calm of his closet from the testimony of others; and although no partisan can be an impartial judge of his own party or of his own personal conduct, he may explain many a hidden motive, and has always a strong claim on the attention of those who would judge fairly of all parties by examining the evidence of each. It is this consideration which gives a value to the volumes before us; they consist chiefly of letters and other documents written by Lafayette on the spur of the moment, during the war of independence in North America, the convocation of the States General in France, the march of the French revolution, down to his own proscription and imprisonment in the Austrian fortress of Olmutz. A large portion of the letters written from America during the dangers and hardships of war, are addressed to his wife, and give a favourable notion of the feeling, tenderness, and generosity of his disposition: of those written from France during the most momentous struggles that ever agitated Europe, many are addressed to his friend the great Washington, the idol of his idolatry, and whose example induced Lafayette to believe that he could do in an old monarchy, and with the French people, what had been done in essentially different circumstances, and with a people as unlike the French as it is possible to be, in the young states of the American continent. "*Les Français ne sont pas des Américains*," was the truism frequently uttered by Napoleon at a period a little later, and yet it was, in part, from the want of perception of this most obvious fact, that Lafayette, and many of the well-intentioned reformers who acted with him in France between the years 1786 and 1792, not only woefully miscarried, but increased the sufferings

of the fiery ordeal through which the nation was passing, (*as we still trust,*) towards the attainment of a rational liberty. Although our horror at the atrocities committed must remain undiminished, the moment is gone by for considering that event an unmitigated evil, and men of all shades of politics seem to have become convinced of the existence, previously to that convulsion, of a most immoral and demoralizing state of things in France—of a political atmosphere so foul and surcharged with the worst of miasmata, as not to be purified except by a tremendous tempest. Proofs of this abound in all directions, but for a striking and unanswerable *resumé* of the whole, we would refer to Lacratelle's history of France during the eighteenth century—the work of a very clever and very moderate man, who had no greater liking for revolutions in the abstract than we have. It is difficult to allude to this great and absorbing subject without being led away by it; but we must spare our reflections, which would be in part melancholy and in part consoling, to return to him who rode on the whirlwind, and (for a very short time) directed the storm.

Some of the severest charges laid against Lafayette by the royalists, are his early endeavours to make American republicanism fashionable among the young nobles of France, his intrigues with the Duke of Orleans, (Philippe L'Egalité,) his personal demeanour towards the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and his whole conduct as commander-in-chief of the newly-raised national guards—a post which for a moment seemed to place the destinies of the monarchy in his hands. We presume we shall be rendering to him the fair play he would have required, by quoting his own words on these important points, which in themselves furnish extracts that will convey a just notion of the memoirs.

In a paper entitled "On the Royal Democracy of 1789, and the Republicanism of the real Constitutionalists," written soon after his deliverance from the dungeon of Olmutz, he says, speaking in the third person—

"Lafayette's heart was formed republican by nature. At nineteen he espoused, with transport, the cause of the dawning republics in America; and even at that early period he had already given some bold proofs of his contempt for a court. On his first arrival in the United States, he thus expressed himself in a letter to France: 'I always thought that a king was, to say the least, a useless being; but, seen from home, he makes a still more sorry appearance.' Associated from his youth in the formation, defence, and interest of the thirteen republics, it was natural that all republican ideas should be deeply rooted, both in his head and heart: that soil was, in truth, so well disposed to foster them, that amongst the various shades of American customs, he always yielded preference to those that assumed the most popular character, and was ever himself considered as one of the most perfect democrats of the United States. To the feelings and habits of the first years of his public life may be attributed the perhaps exaggerated repugnance he expressed for the English constitution; and he always manifested the same opinion on his return to his own country. When questioned, on his first arrival from America, in 1779, by the council of ministers assembled at Maurepa's house, respecting the relative prosperity of each English colony before the revolution,—'It was,' he replied, 'in an inverse degree of the influence of royal power.' When consulted by the queen, in 1782, relative to a present which it was intended to make General Washington, in a manner which Lafayette deemed improper, he thus replied to an observation of hers that the same form had been used towards the King of Sweden, and I forget what other monarch:—'They, madam, are only kings; Washington is the general of a free nation.' In the military reviews of Louis XVI., Lafayette was seen wearing the American uniform, of which the shoulder-belt, according to a custom at that time very general, was decorated with an emblem that was left to the choice of each officer. The monarch having asked him for an explanation of the one he wore, discovered that emblem was a tree of liberty planted on a broken crown and sceptre. As soon as he had taken a house of his own, in 1783, he placed in it the declaration of independence, leaving a vacant place by its side, 'awaiting,' he openly avowed,

'the declaration of the rights of France.' The opinions of Lafayette, which he alone professed at court, were so well known to be republican, that that epithet was exclusively applied to him on every occasion. One evening, at the king's supper, that monarch's brother, the pretender of the present day,* said publicly to him, 'I hope, M. de Lafayette, that, republican as you are, you do not approve of the murder of Charles I.?' The reply of Lafayette, while disapproving of an iniquitous judgment, was conceived in strange terms for such a place. In a word, the democracy of Lafayette, remarkable even in the United States, his republicanism, universally acknowledged in France, leave no doubt as to the opinions he manifested during the American revolution; and it may be remembered that his last speech at the Congress, in 1784, expressed the wish that the same constitutional principles might be established in Europe.†

"I acknowledge, also, that from that period until 1789, the opinions of Lafayette breathed the same spirit. This was known in foreign countries, for when, at the close of the American war, and of the year 1782, the Count d'Estaing debated, in the name of France, with the King of Spain, Charles III., a combined project between the allied powers, which, in case of the taking of Jamaica, placed Lafayette there for some time as commander-in-chief. 'No, no,' replied the aged king, with warmth, 'I will not consent to his remaining there; he would turn it into a republic.' And when in 1785, Lafayette went to visit the courts and armies of Germany, he there openly professed his principles.

"One day, after he had supported, in opposition to Frederick the Great, his opinion that neither a monarchy nor nobility would ever exist in America, and expressed with warmth his own ardent wishes on the subject, 'Sir,' said that penetrating monarch, a moment after, 'I knew a young man who, after having visited countries where liberty and equality reigned, conceived the idea of establishing the same system in his own country. Do you know what happened to him?' — 'No, sire.' — The king replied, with a smile, 'He was hanged.' Lafayette was much amused by this fable, and little foresaw, at the time, that that great man's successor, who was then present, would be, some years afterwards, so near realising the prediction."

For ourselves we cannot help believing that Lafayette at first, like so many others, tampered with the Orleans faction. How else could he have been so well informed of their secret intentions? But let us hear what he says himself.

"Lafayette had many reasons to mistrust the agents of the Orleans faction. They assisted him themselves in becoming acquainted with their projects, and his functions of commander-in-chief enabled him to discover their intrigues. Previous to the 14th of July, he was consulted, with artful circumspection, upon the subject of royalty. He replied, that 'liberty was the sole affair that concerned him; that, since they very rationally wished to retain a king, the person bearing at present that title appeared to him better than any other. The Duke of Orleans, on his side, had recurred to that subject, during several visits that he paid him, but always with great caution. Lafayette pretended not to understand him, although he knew his meaning perfectly well. The Duke of Orleans comprehended him also, and must have seen that he had nothing to hope from that quarter. Bailly had been likewise sounded with the same precaution, and without any better success. After the 6th of October, the dangers dreaded from the Orleanists' party had passed away, but the spirit of that faction was not destroyed, and its chief possessed means of intrigue from his fortune, connexions, and immorality of conduct, which it was important to oppose. There was but one method of proving his weakness, which was that of attacking him in person. On the 7th, Lafayette requested to see him at the house of a lady of great talents,‡ in which he had been in the habit of meeting that prince; and there, after a conversation, which Mirabeau called 'very imperious on one side and very resigned on the other,'§ it was settled that the Duke of Orleans should set out for London with a sort of mission, to account for his departure; but he changed his mind that same evening, in consequence of the advice of his friends."

* Since, Louis XVIII.

† See in p. 99 of the 2nd volume.

‡ The Marchioness de Coigny.

§ Speeches of Mirabeau, the 2d of October, 1790, against the proceeding of the Châtelet, and relating to the attempts of October.

In another remarkable passage he says—

“ The discovery of the strength of the Orleanist faction attached Lafayette still more strongly to the maintenance of the reigning branch. The personal dangers to which that family were exposed naturally excited his feelings in their cause.— ‘ Those people,’ said he, to M. D’Estaing, on returning on horseback with him from Versailles, on the 6th of October, alluding to the crimes committed by factious persons, ‘ those people will make me a royalist.’ On the eighth of October he said to the Duke of Orleans, ‘ I have contributed more than any other person to throw down the steps of the throne ; the nation has placed the king on the last of those steps ; I will defend him there against yourself, and before you take his place you must pass over my body, which will be no easy matter to achieve.’ ”

A few days later he writes to his friend Mounier, a member of the National Assembly, who had withdrawn from Paris in dread and disgust.

“ You were justly alarmed by the fear of a party against the reigning branch, and by that of seeing the deliberations of the assembly disturbed by the tumults that ill-intentioned persons ferment to ruin everything : well, those two dangers are further removed from us than they were at Versailles. You must first learn that, three days after the arrival of the king, I explained myself in an open manner with the Duke of Orleans. The result of that conversation was, at last, the real departure of that prince for England ; *not that I have any positive proof against him*, for if I had I should have denounced him ; but it was sufficient for me to *feel an anxiety* to encourage in him a natural taste for travelling. The party of the Duke of Orleans is very active ; they wish to bring me to trial ; but that would be *awkward for themselves*.”

As to his behaviour to the king and queen, he maintains, in many places, that it was respectful, loyal, and even affectionate to the last ; but he adds almost as often, that those sovereigns never placed any real confidence in him—a fact easily to be admitted, considering his openly-avowed sentiments, and the character of most of those with whom he acted. It is difficult to put confidence in those we fear. He tells two anecdotes, without seeming to feel the pathos of them, or to see how the royal declaration they contained militated against all trust and good-will. When he had escorted the king and queen to Paris, after the frightful popular excesses and the murder of the body-guardsmen at Versailles, Lafayette said, “ And now, sire, I hope I may rely on your protection.”—“ General, it is *I* that have need of *your* protection,” was the answer of Louis.

Again, when the king and queen were brought back to the capital, after their unfortunate attempt at flight, Lafayette asked his Majesty if he had any orders to give him. “ It seems to me,” said the king, with a smile, (*it must have been a sad one*), “ that I am more under your orders than you are under mine !”

Lafayette considered his own conduct at Versailles as so susceptible of a harsh interpretation, and so important to his character as a man of honour and humanity, that he has given two “ Relations,” which were drawn up and published at different times. His account of his entrance into the palace is curious.

“ He presented himself alone with two commissioners from the *Comune* of Paris, before the closed and padlocked gate of the court of the palace, which was filled with Swiss guards. They at first refused to open the gate ; and when Lafayette announced his intention of entering with his two companions only, the captain of the guard expressed his astonishment ; to which the general replied, by saying aloud, ‘ Yes, sir ; and I shall always feel confidence in the midst of a brave regiment of Swiss guards.’ At length the gate was opened. As Lafayette was crossing the *Œil-de-bœuf*, a man cried, ‘ There goes Cromwell !’—Sir,’ retorted Lafayette, ‘ Cromwell would not have entered alone !’ ”

It was the fashion for some time to call Lafayette the French Cromwell ; but Mirabeau, who well knew his chivalrous, romantic character, and

anxiety to reconcile the qualities of the perfect gentleman with those of the leader of a popular faction, and who saw with a prophetic eye in what it would end, called him in derision, the "Sir Charles Grandison-Cromwell." Dumont, the excellent author of *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, tells this anecdote; and we find Lafayette himself complaining in several of his letters that Mirabeau had nicknamed him "Le Grandison-Cromwell." Dumont describes the general at this moment of crisis: "M. De Lafayette," says the honest and able Swiss, "was at the height of his popularity: he was master of the palace, and the national guard was devoted to him; he was modest in his power; his intentions were pure; his personal character attracted respect: his house, under the auspices of a virtuous and even religious wife, was distinguished by that propriety of manners and morals (*cette bienséance des mœurs*) which the French nobility had too much forgotten."

Mirabeau, whose intentions were probably never *pure* or disinterested, had, however, a far wider range of political talent and foresight than any of his countrymen, his contemporaries, and he predicted, a short time before his death, that if Lafayette attempted to play the Washington with his national guard he would soon be ruined. It was the misfortune of Lafayette to think better of the wisdom and moderation of the French people, and of mankind in general, than they deserved, and though this error cannot be forgiven him as a politician, it conciliates sympathy to him as a man.

The volumes contain many striking passages concerning his conduct as commander of the national guard, and the immediate objects and remoter effects contemplated in the first formation of those citizen soldiers. One of Lafayette's notions is deserving of attention. By keeping up such a force in France, (he argued,) we shall oblige the despotic sovereigns to do something of the same sort in the rest of Europe; and when such forces are once well established, despotism will be checked, and the cause of liberty and the practice of governments admitting the voice of the people, will become progressive. Some of the letters to and from General Washington, having no direct reference to the French Revolution, are exceedingly interesting. In 1786, Lafayette writes—

"My summer has been devoted to princes, soldiers, and post-horses; and whilst I have been rambling through Cassel, Brunswick, Berlin, Breslau, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Potsdam, and Berlin again, no opportunity offered that I could trust, nor even any that I could bear, of * * *. Although my former letters have given you an account of my journey, I must repeat to you, my dear general, that at Cassel I saw our Hessian friends, and among them old Knip.* I told them they were very fine fellows; they returned thanks and compliments. Ancient foes can meet with pleasure; which, however, I think must be greater on the side that fought a successful cause. At Brunswick, I got acquainted with the duke, formerly the renowned hereditary prince, who is now arrived at the height of military knowledge, and of the confidence of the Prussian army, in which, although a sovereign, he acts as a general.† No officer at Berlin seems to me so worthy of attention as General Mullendorf, whose name you, no doubt, have heard. To Potsdam I went to make my bow to the king, and notwithstanding all I had heard of him, could not help being struck with the dress and appearance of an old broken, dirty corporal, covered all over with Spanish snuff, with his head almost leaning on one shoulder, and fingers almost distorted by the gout; but what surprises me much more, is the fire, and sometimes the softness, of the most beautiful eyes I ever saw, which give as charming an expression to his physiognomy as he can assume, a rough and threatening one, at the head of his troops. I went to Silesia, where he reviewed an army of thirty-one battalions, and seventy-five squadrons, making in all

* General Knyphausen.

† The same who commanded the Prussian army in 1792, and who made the famous manifesto.—(*French Editor*.) We may add, the same who died of the wounds he received fighting gallantly at Jena—the father of the Brunswick who fell at Waterloo.

thirty thousand men, seven thousand five hundred of whom were on horseback. For eight days I made dinners three hours long with him, where the conversation was pretty much confined, at first, to the Duke of York, the king, and myself, and then to two or three more, which gave me the opportunity to hear him throughout, and to admire the vivacity of his wit, the endearing charms of his address and politeness, so far that I *did* conceive how people could forget what a tyrannic, hard-hearted, and selfish man he is. Lord Cornwallis being there, he took care to invite him at table to a seat by me, having the British king's son on the other side, and to put a thousand questions on American affairs. Among others, I remember he asked the Duke of York if it was true you intended taking a house in London."

To this letter, of which we have quoted but a fragment, Washington replies—

"The account given of your tour through Prussia and other States of Germany, to Vienna and back, and of the troops which you saw reviewed in the pay of those monarchs, at different places, is no less pleasing than interesting, and must have been as instructive as entertaining to yourself. Your reception at the courts of Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, must have been pleasing to you. To have been received by the King of Prussia and Prince Henry his brother, (who, as soldiers and politicians, can yield the palm to none,) with such marks of attention and distinction, was as indicative of their discernment, as it is of your merit, and increases my opinion of them. It is to be lamented, however, that great characters are seldom without a blot. That one man should tyrannise over millions will always be a shade in that of the former, whilst it is pleasing to hear that a due regard to the rights of mankind is characteristic of the latter. I shall revere and love him for this trait in his character. To have reviewed the several fields of battle over which you passed, could not, among other sensations, have failed to excite this thought: Here have fallen a thousand gallant spirits to satisfy the ambition of, or to support, their sovereign, perhaps, in acts of oppression. To what wise purpose does Providence permit this? Is it as a scourge for mankind, or is it to prevent them from becoming too populous? To the latter, would not the fertile plains of the western world receive the redundancy of the old."

The Felonry of New South Wales, being a faithful Picture of the real Romance of Life in Botany, with Anecdotes of Botany Bay Society, and a Plan of Sydney. By JAMES MUDIE, Esq., of Castle Forbes, and late a Magistrate for the Territory of New South Wales.

This is in all respects a most extraordinary book. The author states his object to be, "to lay before the British public, and more especially the legislature and the government, a faithful picture of the present state of New South Wales," and certainly a more fearful one it has seldom been our lot to encounter. According to the accounts contained in this work, instead of being what it has usually been considered, and what it was unquestionably intended to be, a place of punishment and tedious exile, Botany Bay appears, from the representations here given, to have become a sort of villain's paradise. The origin of this state of things is attributed by the author to ill-judged leniency and misgovernment. His statements are of course open to investigation, and, indeed, this appears to be one of the author's chief objects. A fourteen years' residence in the colony as an extensive agriculturist and magistrate, must have afforded him ample opportunities for observation, and the result, as here detailed, cannot, we think, fail to attract the immediate attention of the British public and legislature.

The Great Metropolis. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 2 vols. 8vo. Second Series.

The author has been encouraged by the success of the first series of this work, to continue, and complete it in a second series, having, he says, found it impossible, in the limited space of two volumes, to do anything like justice to so comprehensive a subject as "The Great Metropolis."

The present volumes embrace a curious variety of subjects, from a ball night at Almack's, to a hanging morning at the Old Bailey—from the quiet sanctum of a publisher at the west end, to the noisy Stock Exchange in the east. Dandies, politicians, poets, bankers, novelists, stock-brokers, Jews, judges, recorders, sheriffs, penny-a-liners, and the Ordinary of Newgate, *cum multis aliis*, give relief and animation to the shifting scenes. The author leaves room for any complaint rather than that of not being amusing; and if he slips now and then in a dry fact, he never loses a joke.

It would hardly be thought, *à priori*, that the Stock Exchange, that scene of immense, and, too often, perilous, nay, fatal speculation, should be as frolicsome a place as the play-ground of a school, or a bear-garden, where all the bears are young and have their troubles to come. Yet such it appears to be, and the *general* accuracy of the following picture we believe there is no reason to doubt.

"The first impression of a stranger on entering the Stock Exchange, were he not previously otherwise informed, would naturally be, that instead of being met to transact important business, they had assembled for the express purpose of having a little fun and frolic together. You not only hear them uttering, in addition to the sounds just alluded to, all other sorts of sounds, some of which partake a good deal of the zoological character, but you see a large proportion of them playing all manner of tricks at each other's expense. One of the most approved of these tricks, if we are to judge from the extent to which it is practised, is that of knocking one's hat down over one's eyes. This pastime, I believe, they call 'eclipsing,' or 'bonneting.' If the hat only goes down so far as not to prevent altogether the use of one's luminaries, it is, I presume, called a partial eclipse; but when the application of one's hand to the crown of the hat is given with such vigour as to force it down over the optics of the party who chances to be at the time the person played on, it is called a total eclipse. How far it can be so called with propriety, is at least a debatable point; for I have been assured by those who have undergone the somewhat unpleasant experiment of eclipsing, that if they saw nothing else, the severity and suddenness of 'the whack,' to use Stock Exchange phraseology, has made them see stars innumerable. How many crowns of 'best beavers' have been so completely 'knocked in,' as to render the hats ever afterwards unwearable, by means of the process of eclipsing, is, I suspect, a question which the most skilful calculator in the house could not undertake to decide. The cases from first to last of the destruction of hats in this way, must be innumerable; but the ingenuity of some of the members has discovered other means of assisting the hatters, where the eclipsing plan fails of effect. The members in question are remarkably expert at knocking the hats of other members off their heads altogether, and then kicking them about on the floor until they are shattered to pieces. So marked indeed are the hat-destroying propensities of some of the members, that a stranger would come away with the impression, that they were in the pay of the leading city hat-manufacturers. Query—Are they so?

"The dexterity which many of the members have acquired from long practice, at playing all manner of tricks with the hats of each other, is really surprising, and would, were they inclined to accept it, procure them an engagement at any of the theatres. By wetting the fore-part of their fingers, and applying them to the hat of the party to be operated on, they, unconsciously to him, can make it let go its hold of his head; and then, before it has quitted his cranium entirely, they give it another 'touch,' as they call it, with the aforesaid forepart of their fingers, which sends it spinning through the place a distance perhaps of forty or fifty feet.

" There are various other pastimes, which are practised daily on the Stock Exchange, besides those I have mentioned. Occasionally you will see walking-canes, umbrellas, &c. moving about through the place, to the imminent hazard of the heads of members. Chalking one another's backs is one of their most harmless expedients, when in a larking humour. The figures sometimes made on these occasions are of so odd a character, as to be equally beyond the pale of Euclid's mathematics and the tailorifics of any German knight of the thimble, or any other distinguished professor of the 'fitting' art. It is scarcely necessary to say, that when a person's back is thus well chalked he cuts a very odd figure. Not long ago, two of the gentlemen of the house mutually chalked each other's back with every conceivable variety of stroke, without the one knowing that the other had been playing any of his old tricks. The other gents, or at least that portion of them who most keenly relish a little frolic, had, of course, their laugh at the expense of both parties, while they individually richly enjoyed the affair, thinking they had achieved a wonderful exploit in having got through the chalking process without the party chalked being aware of the trick that had been played him. When others looked into their faces and laughed heartily, they each fancied it was in the way of giving them credit for their dexterity, and congratulated themselves accordingly. Little did either suppose the other gentlemen were laughing *at*, instead of *with*, them. But perhaps the most amusing part of the affair, was that of the two chalking parties laughing most immoderately at each other, and winking at the other gentlemen around them, by way of self-gratulation at the ridiculous figure the one had been the means of making the other look. When the discovery was made of how they had tricked each other, both were mortified and crest-fallen in the greatest degree.

" On particular days the more frolicsome gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have particular amusements. The 5th of November is a great day for fun amongst them. I am not aware that, like the boys in the streets, they dress up a Guy Fawkes for the occasion. If 'Guy' has ever been paraded through the house, I have not heard of the circumstance; but crackers are quite in vogue among them on every anniversary of the escape from the gunpowder-plot. Last 5th of November, the number let off was incredible. Members went with their pockets literally crammed with them, and there was nothing but an everlasting 'rack, rack, rack,' from ten till four o'clock. They were flying in every direction; sometimes exploding about members' feet at other times about their ears and all parts of their bodies. The number of perforations made in the clothes of some of the more unfortunate members was so great, that certain parts of their garments had the appearance of targets. To such an extent was the joke carried as to render it impossible to do any business worthy of the name.

" But to see the mischievous larking capabilities of certain gentlemen on the Stock Exchange to advantage, one must be there when a stranger chances to go in amongst the members. It is surprising how keen-scented they are in finding out the hapless intruder; and the moment the discovery is made, and the cry of 'Fourteen Hundred' is heard, they pounce upon him like so many —, I shall not say what. He finds himself instantly surrounded, as if he were some criminal of the first magnitude, and the parties around him officers of justice, commissioned to take him into custody. He looks about him, wondering what is the matter, or rather wondering what there can be about him which not only attracts all eyes, but all persons, towards him. He has not time, however, to form a conjecture on the subject, when he finds himself eclipsed, not partially but totally. Before he has time to raise his hat, so as again to see the light of heaven which finds its way into the place, he feels some ten or a dozen hands, as if the paws of so many bears, pulling him about in every direction. Possibly he feels them tearing the clothes off his back; and from the rough usage he receives, he very naturally fears they will tear him in pieces. Many a luckless wight has gone to the Stock Exchange with an excellent coat on his back, and come out with a jacket. To dock an intruder, is, by some of the members, deemed an illustrious exploit. There is one thing, however, to be said in favour of the parties who chiefly distinguish themselves in this way in Capel Court, which is, that they never have recourse to Lynch law when dealing with the intruder. It is but right also to do them the justice of mentioning, that they never patronise the tarring and feathering process.

" Many amusing anecdotes are related of the treatment which strangers have experienced, who have had the misfortune to enter the forbidden place. Not long ago, a friend of my own, ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to 'drop in,' as he himself phrased it, to the Stock

Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but the strictest order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, sung out at the full stretch of his voice, 'Fourteen Hundred!' Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him. 'Will you purchase any new navy five per cents, sir?' said one, looking him eagerly in the face. 'I am not ——' The stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced down over his eyes, but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the 'eclipse' threw him, he was seized by the shoulders and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another, as if he had only been the effigy of some human being, instead of a human being himself. His hat was all this while down over his face; he having neither presence of mind nor time to restore it to its usual position on his head; but even had it been otherwise, all concern for the hat must have merged in deep anxiety for himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door, where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure. His first feeling on coming to himself again, was one of thankfulness that he had not realised the fate of the frog in the fable, which was stoned to death by the boys on the banks of the pond, for no other reason in the world than that of a resolution to gratify their own propensities for pastime. He says he would as soon enter a lion's den, as again cross the threshold of the Stock Exchange."

The "quips and cranks" of Almack's offer a delightful *pendant* to the airy frolics of the Stock Exchange. This absorbing subject the reader will find treated at length in the first of the two volumes now before us; but we have only room for some brief extracts, which will, however, suffice to give an idea of the light, amusing nature of the work. As the foundation of the venerable institution lies hid in the mist of remote times, it will, perhaps, be well to say a word as to its first origin. Unfortunately it has not yet had an historian, and the two passages the author gives—the first from Horace Walpole, written some eighty years ago, the second from the "Quarterly Review," written the other day—seem to comprise the whole of the *published* annals of Almack's.

"There is a new institution," says the philosopher of Strawberry Hill, "which begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make, a considerable noise. It is a club of both sexes, to be erected at Almack's,* on the mode of that of the men at White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Leynell, and Miss Lloyd, are the patronesses."

The "Quarterly" says—

"The rise of Almack's (an exclusive fashionable dancing assembly at the west end of London) may serve to illustrate the mode in which this sort of empire was consolidated. A few pretty women, not in the highest rank of the nobility, met at Devonshire House to practise quadrilles, then recently imported from the Continent. The establishment of a subscription ball was suggested, to which none but the very *élite* were to be admissible; the subscription to be low, with the view of checking the obtrusive vulgarity of wealth. The fancy took, and when it transpired that the patronesses had actually refused a most estimable English duchess, all London became mad to be admitted; exclusion was universally regarded as a positive loss of caste, and no arts of solicitation were left untried to avert so horrible a catastrophe. The wives and daughters of the oldest provincial gentry, with pedigrees traced up to the Heptarchy, have been seen humbling themselves, by the lowest acts of degradation, to soften the obdurate autocrateses. The fancy has gradually abated, and

* The institution took its name, just as most of our clubs did, from that of the proprietor of the house or rooms in which the meetings were held. Almack, however, has long been dead, and the rooms belong to the very worthy Mr. Willis, of the Thatched House, St. James's.

the institution is now tottering to its fall; but its origin is worth recording, as a ludicrous phenomenon in the progress of society."

We must now let our author speak in his own person.

"In order that no one may encroach on the space set apart for the dancers, it is marked off by ropes, which extend along the room. This has the desired effect; the space intended is always kept clear; but some of the more spirited of the dancers, especially among the male sex, often dash against the ropes in the midst of the gallopade, and sometimes, by the rebound, are thrown prostrate on the floor. There would be no harm in this, if they were themselves the only parties who suffered from their 'rushing,' as Miss Caroline Frederica Beauclerk says, 'like headstrong fillies,' because it would serve to teach them to proceed at a more moderate pace next time; but the evil is, that others, and ladies too, suffer as well as themselves. When they are thrown on the floor, it not unfrequently happens that they prove a stumbling-block to some 'charming young lady,' who, before she is aware, falls over them, and is stretched in the same horizontal posture as themselves. A few seasons ago, Lord Larmon had been galloping it at such a rate, that down he went, and in a moment three others, one of them a young lady, followed his example.

"'Accidents' as they are called, from this cause, are not so common as are those which occur from the slipperiness of the floor. In order to give it a polish, it is rubbed over with some French composition, the nature of which I forget; and it matters not much though I do. This composition makes the floor very slippery, and as the gallopade, which more resembles a race than an ordinary dance, is the most common dance at Almack's, it is not surprising that 'accidents' should occasionally occur on the floor. Last season, several accidents of this kind took place. The Hon. Miss Lorimer fell one evening with a tremendous crash on the floor, taking with her Lord Covesea, who chanced to have hold of her hand at the moment. Two others, a lady and gentleman, as if envying the fortune of the prostrate couple, immediately reduced themselves to the same level. The prostrate beauties, as if by an undefinable species of sympathy, uttered piercing shrieks as they lay on the ground. In a moment every mamma and chaperon in the room, whose daughter or charge was not by her side at the time, hurried to the scene of the catastrophe in the utmost alarm. The unfortunate beauties, more frightened than hurt, were promptly raised by the gallantry of those of the opposite sex nearest to them at the time, and after shedding a few tears, all was as much set to rights as if nothing had happened."

The following goes rather beyond a joke.

"Their high mightinesses, the ladies-patronesses, have inflicted a world of pain on thousands of individuals, and have made whole families miserable for life by their arbitrary and harsh decrees. The poor African slave does not quail and tremble more under the apprehension of the lash of his tyrant master, than do many of the first families in the land at the bare idea of being refused admittance to Almack's. It is no secret—it is not so, at least, in certain circles—that some time ago an amiable young lady of high birth and excellent connexions, actually died of a broken heart, because the cabal in King-street, for reasons best known to themselves, rejected her application for a subscription to Almack's. It is added, that her physician, having ascertained the cause of her illness, took occasion to submit the case to the empresses of fashion, when one day assembled in full divan, appealing at the same time to their humanity for the admission of the young lady; but, as the story goes, without effect. The decree had gone forth that she should be excluded, and there was no reversal."

Hours at Naples, and other Poems. By Lady E. STUART WORTLEY.

The bright blue sky and glowing scenery of Naples have not often given inspiration to more graceful poetry than this. Yet Lady Emmeline turns from all the charms of Ausonia to cast the eye of enduring affection on the plains of Albion; nor has she anywhere sung more sweetly than when expressing her patriotic preference of her native land.

“ But yet, in sooth, I cannot envy those
 Who claim this land of Rainbow and the Rose ;
 Something there is more dear and holy yet
 Than dazzling suns in pomp that rise and set,
 And make creation like one glory round
 Their burning throne, whose splendour hath no bound—
 Than waves of beauty, and than woods of balm,
 And glowing hours of dream, and light, and calm—
 Than groves like these Hesperian gardens old
 That flamed with ever-clustering fruits of gold—
 Than deep-dyed flowers and perfume-breathing trees,
 And singing fountain, and soft genial breeze—

• • • • •
 The free, fair home—that dearest spot of earth !
 • • • • •

Therefore it is, I little envy those
 Who claim these skies of gold ; this land of rose,
 These airs of incense, and these waves of light,
 That thrill the senses, and that thrall the sight :
 Therefore it is, that while I wondering gaze
 On all this pride and show, and pomp and blaze,
 My thoughts, like passage birds, fly back to thee,
 My own dear country, o’er the deep blue sea.”

The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. No. I. To be completed in from Ten to Fifteen Numbers. By J. C. LOUDON, F.L.S., H.S., &c. &c., Author of the “Encyclopædia of Gardening, of Agriculture, and of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture.”

This promises well to be a most serviceable little work to those who “long in populous cities pent,” and prevented by the ties of business from removing to any distance from town, yet contemplate the quiet wholesome enjoyments which are to be derived from a suburban residence. It purposes to treat of the choice of a villa abode, or of the situations on which one may be advantageously formed—of the cheap arrangement and furnishing of the house, the laying out, planting, and culture of the grounds, and the management of the little villa-farm, including the dairy and poultry—the whole to be adapted to grounds varying from one perch to fifty acres and upwards in extent, and intended for the instruction of those who know little of rural affairs, *and more particularly for the use of ladies*—the author having, no doubt, properly considered that attention to these matters must, in the case of commercial citizens and busy men of all classes, mainly fall on their gentle wives and daughters, who, moreover, can scarcely find a more healthful and exhilarating occupation.

The suggestions respecting the proper choice of a *locale* are very judicious. Persons in delicate health cannot be too particular in this respect ; and they ought, if inexperienced, to be constantly reminded that all *pretty* spots are not *healthy* spots. Many people, through ignorance and inadvertence, thinking that whatever is in the country is salubrious, choose places that are more unhealthy than any part even of the great and crowded city of London. In their fondness for fields and trees they also too often build in hollows, because the grass is greenest there, and surround their houses with trees and shrubs to such an extent as to render them dangerously unwholesome. Dr. James Clark, in his recent and excellent treatise on Pulmonary Consumption—that scourge of our island—attaches the greatest importance to these matters.

“There is no circumstance connected with health,” says the Doctor,

“ concerning which the public are, in my opinion, so ill-informed, as the requisites of a healthy residence, both as regards local position and internal construction. In this island we have chiefly to guard against humidity, on which account our houses should not be built in low confined situations, nor too near water, especially when stagnant, and still less near marshes. Neither should a house be too closely surrounded by trees or shrubs. Trees at some distance from a house are both an ornament and advantage, but become injurious, when so near as to overshadow it, or prevent the air from circulating freely around it, and through its various apartments. The atmosphere of a building overhung by trees, or surrounded by a thick shrubbery, is kept in a state of constant humidity, except in the driest weather; and the health of the inmates rarely fails to suffer in consequence. The natural moisture of the country, arising from the humid state of the soil and luxuriant vegetation, is greatly increased by such an injudicious mode of planting; an artificial atmosphere being created, which renders a situation of this kind less healthy than the more open parts of large towns. It is not generally known how limited may be the range of a damp unhealthy atmosphere: a low shaded situation may be capable of inducing tuberculous disease in an infant, while a rising ground, a few hundred yards distant, may afford a healthy site for his residence. The dryness of the air in towns, which is the consequence of good drainage and an artificial soil, is at once the safeguard of the inhabitants and a compensation, in some measure, for the want of that unimpaired circulation and renewal of good air, which the country alone affords.”

Mr. Loudon very properly gives some minute instructions respecting the choice of situation, taking into consideration the different circumstances of health or qualities of disease in different persons; for what suits one constitution may be very injurious to another. We think that the good folks in search of a country-house can hardly go wrong if they consult the first part of the “*Suburban Gardener*,” and place themselves under its guidance. We shall return to this promising work in the course of its progress. Meanwhile we quote the following passage for the consolation of *the many*, whose destiny it is to live near London and on limited incomes. We agree with the main argument, and admire the philosophy of the thing, but are inclined to doubt whether either of the sums mentioned be not *rather* under the mark. This, of course, will depend a good deal on the interpretation put upon “all the necessaries of life,” an expression we hardly ever knew two men interpret alike. With some, the necessaries of life are made to include nearly all its luxuries.

“ Much of the enjoyment of a suburban residence depends on knowing what to expect from it; what, in short, is consistent, and what is inconsistent, with its limits and its local situation. We have shown, in the *Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture*, (p. 8,) that all, in the way of house accommodation, that is essential to the enjoyment of life, may be obtained in a cottage of three or four rooms, as well as in a palace; and we shall prove, in this work, that a suburban residence, with a very small portion of land attached, will contain all that is essential to happiness, in the garden, park, and demesne of the most extensive country residence. Let us briefly make the comparison. The objects of the possessors of both are the same: health, which is the result of temperance and exercise; enjoyment, which is the possession of something which we can call our own, and on which we can set our heart and affections; and the respect of society, which is the result of their favourable opinion of our sentiments and moral conduct. No man in this world, however high may be his rank, great his wealth, powerful his genius, or extensive his acquirements, can ever attain more than health, enjoyment, and respect. The lord of an extensive demesne seeks after health by hunting, shooting, or other field-sports, or by superintending the general management and cultivation of his estate; the lady seeks recreation in her pleasure-ground, or in airings in her carriage: and both find their enjoyment in their children, and in their house and garden,

and other surrounding objects. Now, the master of a suburban villa finds health in the change it affords from his occupation as a citizen; or, if he has retired from business, in the personal cultivation of his garden. He also finds enjoyment, not only in his family, friends, and books, but in his garden, and in the other rural objects which he can call his own, and which he can alter at pleasure, at a trifling expense, and often with his own hands. It is this which gives the charm of creation, and makes a thing essentially one's own. Every one must have felt the infinitely greater pleasure which is enjoyed from the contemplation of what we have planned and executed ourselves, to what can be experienced by seeing the finest works belonging to, and planned by, another. Our own work is endeared to us by the difficulties we have met with and conquered at every step: every step has, indeed, its history, and recalls a train of interesting recollections connected with it. The master of a suburban residence, however small may be his demesne, may thus procure health and enjoyment at the same time, with more certainty than the possessor of a larger property; because his grounds lie more in his hands, and he can superintend every change himself. His wife's exercise consists in the personal management of her household affairs; and her enjoyments are the same as those of her husband. The respect, or the good opinion, of his friends and neighbours, or of the inhabitants of the parish in which he resides, are, to the citizen retired to the suburbs, of as great value as the respect of the inhabitants of a district, or of the whole nation, is to the wealthy landholder or the senator. The difference of the happiness of the parties will therefore depend almost entirely on the difference in the degrees of their ambition; for in every other respect they are equal. All the necessaries of life may be obtained in as great perfection by the occupier of a suburban residence in the neighbourhood of London, who possesses 200*l.* or 300*l.* a-year, as by the greatest nobleman in England, and at a mere fraction of the expense. Nay, the markets of London will supply the citizen, at all times, with the larger and more important articles of vegetable and animal food, of a better quality than can be raised, with certainty, in the garden or farm of any private individual in the country, where it may reasonably be calculated on, that every year, from unforeseen casualties, some crops will be found to fail, and others to be of inferior quality."

Sonnets. By EDWARD MOXON.

We rejoice to see this second beautiful edition of as gentle and graceful a volume of minor poems as we have met withal this many a day. The printing and whole getting-up of the book are unusually elegant, even at this period of handsome books. The vignettes remind us of those after the excellent Stodhart, in the edition of Rogers's *Poems* of 1822. Either the following poem was not in the first edition, or we had forgotten it. We quote it for the humanity of its sentiment. Those who have lived in Italy can hardly help feeling a sympathy for the poor wandering Italian boys, whether street-minstrels, or image-venders, or exhibitors of white mice. The image-venders are, almost without an exception, from Lucca in Tuscany, and, like all Tuscans, however poor and lowly, they speak their beautiful language with considerable grace and propriety.

" Com'st thou from Tuscany, my minstrel boy?
 Is that fair clime thy birth-place, where the sky
 Is ever bright? Do strains of harmony
 There round thy cottage float, thy home of joy?
 Cheerful thou seem'st, as here along the strand,
 From vale to vale, thou bear'st thy heavy load.
 I love thee for thy music and the land
 That sent thee forth to gladden the abode
 Of one most dear to me, in whom there flows
 The richest current of thy country's blood!
 For this my willing hand a boon bestows
 On thee and all thy tuneful brotherhood;
 For this alone welcome thou art to me,
 And welcome all that come from pleasant Italy.'

The Teeth a Test of Age, considered with Reference to the Factory Children, addressed to Members of both Houses of Parliament. By EDWIN SAUNDERS, Fellow of the Medico-Botanical Society, Author of "Five Minutes Advice on the Care of the Teeth," &c.

This work contains the results of a professional examination of about one thousand children in the different schools of the metropolis, for the purpose of ascertaining how far the appearances of the Teeth may be relied on as *a test of age*, in preference to other evidence, for the protection of children from being too early consigned to the exhausting effects of factory labour. The object is undoubtedly one deserving the attention of every philanthropist; for from the statements here given, it is clear, that hitherto no effectual method has been devised for securing to these little sufferers the benefits of legislative enactments. The inquiry was, it seems, suggested to the author by an application made to him, as well as to several other members of his profession, by a gentleman,* whose zeal in this cause has done him great honour, and whose aim was to secure the observance of the law, as well as to seek its improvement. The law provides that no child shall be subjected to factory labour until it has attained the age of nine years, and the interpreters of the law have taken the *height*, in the absence of other evidence, as a test of that age. But as it is here shown, this has been found a most fallacious standard, many children being taller at seven than others are at twelve, to say nothing of the many fraudulent evasions to which it has given rise. Where then, it is asked, may a *certain test* be found? The author before us replies in the *Growth of the Teeth*: and we think he has satisfactorily demonstrated his position. He argues this, first, in the abstract and by analogy, showing that the regularity in the processes of organic structures is particularly marked in the formation of the teeth; and, secondly, proving that this test may be safely relied on from the actual state of their growth in one thousand children taken indiscriminately from among those now educating in the schools of London. The idea is certainly a new one, but it is not the less valuable on that account; and if it can be rendered available, of which there seems no reason to doubt; to the author will belong the credit of a discovery, which may prove the means of preserving the infant race in factories from being prematurely subjected to an exertion producing the frightful effects of decrepitude, distortion, and decay. The evidence he has here collected and condensed, is equally creditable to his skill and industry; and we cordially recommend the results of his inquiry to the attention of the legislature, as well as to that of every friend of suffering humanity.

Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and part of France, in the Autumn of 1835. To which is added, a Catalogue of the different Species of Cactæ, in the Gardens at Woburn Abbey. By JAMES FORBES, A.L.S., &c. &c.

This tour to the continental gardens and botanical collections, which have been rarely visited by professional English gardeners, was undertaken with the patronage of the Duke of Bedford, who feels a lively and laudable interest in these matters, and was desirous that so scientific and experienced a person as Mr. Forbes should carefully inspect the different collections and productions cultivated in some of the most celebrated

* Mr. Wing, whose valuable work on the Factory Question was noticed with deserved approbation in our Number for February.

horticultural establishments in Germany, Belgium, and France. The result is a modest, sensibly written little volume, which will be entertaining, and no doubt useful, to many an amateur gardener at home. As our own experience is pretty well confined to the cultivation of Parnassus, and a few beds of humble, homely flowers, we can pronounce no very decided opinion on the scientific merits of the book; but we are safe in assuming, from Mr. Forbes' professional standing and practice, that those merits are high.

We were entertained with the description of the grounds and gardens attached to Frederic the Great's palace of Sans-Souci, and with the anecdote of that mighty soldier's fondness for orange trees. So great an admirer was he of these trees, that during his wars he took possession of all the best that fell in his way, and sent them to his royal gardens. One of the finest of the orange trees still bears his name.

Extensive orangeries are cultivated in Belgium, and in parts of Germany, under a climate much more rigorous than that of England; and, to judge from Mr. Forbes' description, the methods adopted to keep those fine trees in a healthy, flourishing condition, are remarkably simple and unexpensive. The author concludes his tour with these brief remarks.

"Upon the whole, in regard to the general state of horticulture in the countries which I visited, the following conclusion must be drawn: the plants in the hot-houses are, in most of the establishments, kept in excellent order, and in a healthy state; the *succulentæ* also appeared to be much more extensively cultivated than they have hitherto been in England; but the general order and neatness of the grounds (with only a very few exceptions) were but little attended to. Nor did they appear to me to well understand the forcing of fruits, except in one or two places in France; neither did I perceive that nicety in the training of fruit-trees that is thought indispensable in this country. Vegetables are, however, in large establishments, more extensively grown; but there certainly did not appear to be such a general spirit for horticultural improvement as is now prevailing in this country. At no period was gardening and the collecting of plants pursued with greater spirit in England than at this moment; insomuch, that we can scarcely visit a nobleman's gardens without observing very extensive improvements and alterations proceeding in every direction. And this we cannot but regard as an indication of application and attachment to rural improvements highly honourable to our nobility and gentry, as superseding many of those pursuits that used to prevail to a great extent with gentlemen residing in the country, which had but little tendency to the improvement of their grounds or estates."

Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland in 1835 and 1836. By the Rev. C. LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A., Fellow, and late Mathematical Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a pleasing, unpretending little volume, written in a very amiable and liberal spirit. The course the traveller pursued in two journeys, is varied and interesting; and he may serve as a good guide to those who are starting on similar excursions to the north without much previous knowledge of the country. The views in the volume are all of highly interesting and picturesque places, and are neatly executed in lithography—a department of art now making some progress in this country, which has hitherto been far behind Germany and France in this particular branch.

Among the ruined piles and tombs of Iona, the author falls into an obvious enough train of moral reflection; and he afterwards tells us that when he wrote the sentences, he had not read Doctor Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and that on seeing the said tour, he was struck with

the resemblance his reflections bore to those of the great moralist upon the same spot. This is a curious confession for a gentleman and scholar! We thought that the particular sentences alluded to in Johnson were familiar to every man in the land, of any reading at all. The thought is indeed obvious, and likely to occur to any cultivated mind: it was the striking, lofty language in which Johnson clothed it, that gave it the stamp of value, and made it current, as a precious coin, throughout the land.

The brief eulogium delivered by our tourist's guide at Iona over the tomb of a Highland chieftain, amused us—only we did not know that the clan of the Mac Farlanes had broken ground, at any time, so far to the north-west: their true abiding place in the days of chieftains and of their glory being the country about Loch Lomond and Loch Long. But to the guide among the tombs—"That's Mac Farlane o' Ulva," said he, "the vera mon to like the whiskey when alive!"

We were also tickled with the account of the geologists by the honest Boniface of Arran.

"I mentioned that I belonged to the University of Cambridge. 'Oh! then,' says he, 'ye'll know Mr. Sedgwick: *awfu'* bothers have I had with him! He was in Arran for three weeks examining the island. But about a fortnight ago, here were two Germans, one of them a practical engineer to the King of Prussia—indefatigable fellows both! They found out two veins, that neither Sedgwick, nor Murcheson, nor Jameson, nor any of them, had noticed. They didna care what they had to eat or drink a' the day, if they could but get a good supper: just gie them a bellyfu' before they went to bed, and it was a' they cared about—except the stanes!' "

Napoleon in Council; or, the Opinions delivered by Bonaparte in the Council of State. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet (de la Lozère,) Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction, by Captain BASIL HALL.

This is a valuable addition to the Napoleonic library, (for the works of different kinds relating to Bonaparte, already form a library in themselves,) and is indispensable to all who wish to complete their view of the most extraordinary character in modern history. We have seen Napoleon before, and many times, in the camp, the court, the senate—at the head of his armies—in victory and defeat—in his private moments, (which Bourrienne has described in a manner that cannot be surpassed,) in captivity, and even at the awful moments of dissolution; but hitherto we have scarcely had a glimpse of him in that council of state which he himself organized, in which he first produced many of his startling projects, rather, be it said, for approval than discussion; and in which, unembarrassed by a numerous civil assembly which he could never address with any effect, he not only occupied himself with the internal government of France and its then numerous dependencies, but gave way to his natural impulses, and exhibited without restraint the peculiarities of his manner and character.

M. Pelet is a gentleman of very estimable feelings, who always tries to be impartial; and though, from his youth and standing at the time, he can only give, on his own authority, an imperfect account of the proceedings of the council, and the behaviour of Napoleon at the board, we are not likely to meet with anything so honest and devoid of party prejudice from any other quarter. It appears that he had nothing to do with the council of state until 1806, and that then, being only nineteen or twenty years old, he was merely one of the *auditeurs*—a kind of apprentices in the business of government, who, with a few exceptions, made according

to seniority, (to which M. Pelet could lay no claim,) did not enjoy the privilege of attending at the meetings of the council when the emperor was present. These *auditeurs*—called there *referendarj*, were established also in the French courts in Italy, which were modelled after that of Paris; and we remember a young Neapolitan nobleman who had been a member of the body in the time of Joseph Bonaparte, whose only recollections of the council of state referred to the very excellent *déjeunés* which were served up to the apprentices in the anti-chamber. M. Pelet was not of this stamp, and we doubt not, that in spite of his youth he took a lively interest in what was passing, and, until he was admitted to the meetings when Napoleon was in the chair, (which might have happened before 1812, when he was made a *master of requests*,) obtained accurate information, by means of his political friends and connexions, as to what passed in the council chamber.

In the very year in which he was made auditor, Napoleon published a decree, which shows at once his own dislike of speaking before a large meeting, and the impossibility M. Pelet lay under of being present. The author says himself:

“ At the time I speak of (1806) the number of auditors was so great, that he could not express himself freely before such a number of *young men of all the different classes of society*. In his decree, therefore, he made a distinction between the old and the new auditors; of whom only the old could attend the meetings *when he was himself in the chair*.”

These circumstances, however, will scarcely invalidate the authenticity of any of M. Pelet's details, which are all exceedingly interesting and striking, and ought to be read universally. His language is moderate and even complimentary, but the effect of the whole goes certainly, not only to prove Napoleon's innate love of despotism, (of which we never entertained a doubt,) but to lower his character for sagacity in civil affairs, and his whole reputation as a practical politician and statesman. The truth may be unpalatable to many, but the recording of it is a service rendered to history, and after every abatement that can fairly be made, Napoleon will still remain one of the most wonderful of men.

The following extracts will amuse the reader, and lead him, we trust, to the perusal of M. Pelet's book, the translation of which, by Captain Basil Hall, is exceedingly well done.

“ The meetings of the Council of State were held at Paris, in the palace itself—or, if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. They met at least twice a-week, the interval being employed by the sections in separate deliberation. The *order of the day*, that is, the affairs for discussion, were divided into *lesser and greater orders*. Those which were of minor importance might be taken into consideration in the absence of the emperor—the others were reserved till he was present. The different proposals were always printed and distributed to the members previously to their being considered in council. Napoleon sometimes gave notice of his intention to be at the meeting; at other times he entered unexpectedly—the sound of the drum on the Tuileries' stairs giving the first intimation of his approach. His chamberlain went before him, while the aide-de-camp on duty followed, and both took their station behind him. His seat was raised one step above the floor, at the end of the room; and on his right and left sat the princes and other dignitaries.* In front were placed the long tables at which the councillors of state were seated. The emperor's seat remained always in its place, even when he was absent with the army; and on those occasions the High Chancellor (l'Archi-Chancelier) seated on the right of the vacant chair, presided in his absence. Business proceeded but slowly when Napoleon presided—for he sometimes sank

* His seat was a common mahogany chair, such as is called an office-chair, (*fauteuil de bureau*,) with green morocco seat and arms.—P.

into a profound reverie, during which the discussion of course languished—and at other times he wandered far from the subject. These political digressions, however, were full of interest, as they often betrayed the internal state of his mind, or let out the secret of his intended projects; but as many instances of these curious digressions will be found in the following pages, I shall cite only two at this moment. After the unfortunate affair at Baylen,* he came to the council with a decree in his hands for regulating the manner in which an officer in command of an army might be brought to trial. Before speaking of the decree itself, he adverted to the event which had given rise to it, and could scarcely restrain the emotion which it caused in him. It was the first time, indeed, that victory had abandoned his colours, and that his eagles had been humiliated, so that the prestige was destroyed. He gave way, accordingly, to such an extent, that the tears might be seen in his eyes. After dwelling on the resources which General Dupont might have called to his aid at the desperate moment alluded to, he exclaimed, ‘Yes, the elder *Horace*, in Corneille’s play, is right, when, being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, ‘*He might have died,*’ or, he adds, ‘*he might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.*’ ‘Little,’ continued Napoleon, ‘do they know of human nature, who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows.’”

How curious! to hear Napoleon commenting on Corneille!†

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“The sittings of the council, to whatever length they might be spun out by these digressions of the emperor, never seemed to be too long for him. He kept us often at St. Cloud from nine in the morning till five in the evening, with only a quarter of an hour’s adjournment, during which he stepped into his own room, while we repaired to the great gallery, where refreshments were prepared. Whatever others might feel, he never appeared to be more fatigued at the end than at the beginning of the meeting. It was the business of the High Chancellor to give notice when it was too late to continue longer in session; and Napoleon amused himself at times by pretending that the notifications to break up were premature.

“The princes of his own family who happened to be at Paris, as well as any royal personages from other countries who might be there on a visit, came to these meetings. Both the Prince of Baden and the Prince (now the king) of Bavaria, attended them for a long time, as if they had been sent expressly to learn from this great man how to govern their countries. But woe betide the unlucky person who arrived after the business was begun. The key was turned, and no one, prince or subject, could gain admission without the Emperor’s express permission.”

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By CAVEAT EMPTOR, Gentleman. Third Edition.

The fact of a *Third Edition* of this little work being required in so short a time, speaks much for its merits. None, however, who look into it, can doubt of these, for every page shows the hand of a master. The following among many other valuable pieces of advice, which we find in it, cannot be too extensively read. It is quite a specimen of the dry humour which characterises the book.

“Whenever you see a horse advertised for sale, avoid him as you would a pestilence. If he is ‘a sweet goer,’ depend upon it you will be gently dropped into the sweetest kennel in St. Giles’s; if he is ‘well-suited for a charger,’ he is sure to charge a hay-stack and a park of artillery with equal determination; if ‘he never

* This alludes to the surrender of General Dupont and his army to the Spanish patriots in 1808.

† The following is the passage alluded to in Corneille’s play—

“*Julie.* Que vouliez-vous qu’il fit contre trois?

Le vieil Horace. Qu’il mourût, ou qu’un beau désespoir alors le secourût.”

HORACE, Act iii. Scene iv.

shies or stumbles,' the chances are three to one that he is stone blind, or cannot quit a walk; 'the best horse in England' is to a certainty the worst in London; when 'parted with for no fault,' it means that he is sold for a hundred; if 'the reasons will be satisfactorily explained,' it may be taken for granted that the master has absconded either for stealing him or robbing his creditors; when 'built like a castle,' he will move like a church-steeple; if 'equal to fifteen stone, up to the fleetest hounds in England,' depend upon it he never saw the tail of a hound in his life; if he is a 'beautiful stepper,' you will find he has the action of a peacock; if 'a liberal trial is allowed,' be most especially careful; a deposit of half the price, *but three times his value*, will assuredly be required as security for your return; and finally, whenever you see that he is 'the property of a tradesman who wants to exchange for a horse of less value for his business,' of 'a gentleman who has given up riding from ill health,' or 'because he is going abroad,' of 'a professional man whose avocations call him from town,' of 'a person of respectability who can be referred to,' or of 'the executors of a gentleman lately deceased,' you may safely swear that he belongs to a systematic chaunter, who will swindle you both out of horse and money, and involve you in all the trouble, cost, and vexation of an Old Bailey prosecution to boot."

Many more such passages we might quote had we space, all tending to show, that the author writes from a keen sense of personal experience, and that he has furnished a work which no one interested in the choice and management of horses should be without. It is certainly the most complete work of the kind we have seen.

Eureka: a Prophecy of the Future. By the Author of "Mephistopheles in England." 3 vols. 8vo.

This is the wildest romance we have looked into for a long time. It is a perplexing, provoking book; for, mixed up with some of the grossest of all imaginable absurdities, which would tempt us to throw it into the fire, there are flashes of genius, a power of presenting a vivid picture to the eye, and a force of language, which might command no inconsiderable degree of respect and admiration. The execution is less faulty than the plan. The great mistake seems to have been in fixing the era of the story not in the present or the past, but in the future—and that, a very distant *future*, (as we trust,) when the prosperity and glory of England hath passed away, and London hath become a heap of puzzling, unintelligible ruins. The author is much deceived, if he thinks, as he seems to do in his introduction, that this is a novel attempt: Mercier's "Paris in A. D. 2000," was probably written before he was born; Miss Webb's* very clever tale of "The Mummy," is a very recent attempt of the same kind, and there are many others both in English and foreign literature. The best thing of the kind—or the best dream of *what will be*, some hundreds of years hence—that we remember at the moment, is a *jeu d'esprit* (and we think such a subject ought never to exceed the seriousness or the length of a joke) which appeared in one of the Annuals—we believe the "Keepsake"—some six or seven years ago. The writer of that very sparkling article, taking steam-boats and steam in general, and railroads, as the groundwork of his mighty changes in *futuro*, represents the fashionables of London as talking of their summer trips to the Mountains of the Moon and Timbuctoo, and their villas on the banks of the Niger and Quorra. The Chippaway Ambassador figures as a "very gentlemanly fellow;" but as for the plenipotentiary from China, there is no keeping up with him on his double-pressure steam-hunter—for all the gents in those days hunt upon steam, and every *now* half-civilised or savage nation has its noble representative, in the person of a native, at Melton Mowbray.

* Now Mrs. Loudon.

The satire of the Author of "Eureka" seems to us rather broad and pointless, but he shines now and then at a brief definition: *ex. gr.* "A balloon is, in fact, a toy, with which one fool amuses many."

On the whole, if this writer be a young man, and will choose better subjects, and give a little more reading to what has been written by others, we should feel inclined to entertain high hopes of his future success.

Some of the poetry which is plentifully scattered through the volumes, proves he is not of the "penny-whistle school." The song of "Captain Death" has a fine sailor-like rattle about it; but the following is of a still higher character.

- " I heard a voice upon the sea
That pierced the waters fierce and free,—
The loud winds running wild with glee
Brought it to me ;
I heard a voice the land-breeze bore,
That thrilled the mountains to the core,
And shouted out, from shore to shore,
' Who are the free ?'
Reply, reply aloud, air, earth, and sea !
Shout to the list'ning stars, ' Who are the free ?'
- " The cities heard, but heard in vain ;
It stirred the hill, the vale, the plain ;
The forest monarchs young again,
Seemed they to be ;
But all beneath the conscious sky,
With trembling heart and quailing eye,
Looked round and raised th' accusing cry,
' Where are the free ?'
Reply, reply aloud, air, earth, and sea !
Shout to th' eternal sun, ' Where are the free !'
- " I saw a gallant band at last,
Upon the boundless waters cast,
Daring the battle and the blast,
Rocks and the sea ;
They heard the voice that pierced the tide ;
And all in one proud cause allied,
With tones that shook the world, replied—
' We are the free !'
We have no masters on the earth or sea !
Our home is with the wind—We are the free !' "

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

A Speech delivered by Thomas Noon Talfourd, Serjeant-at-Law, in the House of Commons, on Thursday, 18th May, 1837, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to consolidate the Law relating to Copyright, and to extend the Term of its Duration.—This luminous, noble speech, as here corrected by the orator's own hand, ought to be attentively perused by all to whom genius and literary and scientific merit are dear. The race of authors, living and to come, will owe Serjeant Talfourd (himself a bright member of their corps) a debt of gratitude, for we will not allow ourselves to doubt of the immediate success of his appeal.

Thoughts on Prison Discipline. By A LOOKER-ON.—These are serious and valuable thoughts on a very serious subject, which, after long neglect

and an unpardonable blundering on the part of the legislature, is now receiving the general attention it called for. Until lately our prisons were schools for crime. The author's good sense and earnestness carry and enforce conviction.

Steam Communication with India by the Red Sea ; advocated in a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melbourne, illustrated by Plans of the Route, and Charts of the principal Stations. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, L.L.D., F R.S.—In this important pamphlet Dr. Lardner has condensed a deal of information, and all the arguments (which seem to us unanswerable) in favour of the Red Sea and Isthmus of Suez route, in preference to the Persian Gulf and Euphrates, or any other route from India. Many of the details are exceedingly interesting even to the general reader.

The Rector of Auburn.—This series of dialogues on the affairs of the church, and doctrinal points of religion, can hardly fail of being acceptable to the followers of the church of England.

The Count and his Cotemporers. Part I. Cantos I. II. III. and IV. By the Hon. F——— G———.—Sad, unredeemed, and unredeemable trash, with bad rhyme, no reason, and scarcely the common decency of grammar.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.—We are deep in these rich volumes, of which we will give a careful notice next month. We cannot, however, so long delay expressing our sense of their merits: they are delightful! by far the most interesting specimen of literary biography we possess in our language.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- History of British Birds. By W. Macgillivray. Vol. I. 8vo. 16s.
 Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History. 24mo. 4s.
 A Treatise on the Greek Expletive Particles. By E. Stephens. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Church and King. By E. Ostler. Imp. 8vo. 4s.
 Pictures of Private Life. Third Series. By S. Stickney. Fcap. 7s. 6d.
 The Heritage of God's People. By the Rev. A. Whyte. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Selection from Poems of Louis, first King of Bavaria. By G. Everill. Fcap. 4s.
 Biblical Cabinet. Vol. XVII.
 The History and Topography of the Isle of Axholme. By the Rev. W. B. Stonehouse, M.A. Part I. 4to. 10s. 6d.
 A Treatise on Diseases and Injuries of the Larynx and Trachea. By F. Ryland. 8vo. 18s.
 A Treatise on the Influenza of Horses, showing its Nature, Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment. By W. C. Spooner. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 An Appeal to Philosophers by Name, on the Demonstration of Vision in the Brain. By John Fearn, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 Jenkyn on the Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church, in the Conversion of the World. post 8vo. 8s.
 J. G. Tiarks' Introductory Grammar of German Language. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 The Book of Sports. By W. Martin. square. 3s. 6d.
 Original Tales for the Holidays. By Mary Elliott. 18mo. 2s.
 The Child's First Book of Manners. 64mo. 1s. 6d.
 The Summer. By Robert Mudie. royal 18mo. 5s.
 Cory's Metaphysical, Mythological, and Chronological Inquiries, F.cap. 13s.; ditto, Chronological and Mythological Inquiries, F.cap. 7s. 6d.
 Mary, Queen of Scots; an Historical Play. By the late Rev. F. Francklin, D.D. 8vo. 5s.
 The Doctor, &c. Vol. IV. royal 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 The Life of Poggio Bracciolina. By the Rev. W. Shepherd, LL.D. 8vo.
 Thoughts on Religious Subjects. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Twin Foundlings, a Poem. By W. R. Usher. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Rudiments of Physiology. By Dr. Fletcher. Part III. 8vo. sewed.
 Snowball's Introduction to Plane Trigonometry. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

- Eureka; a Prophecy of the Future. By the Author of "*Mephistophiles in England*," 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Wardlaw's Discourses on Socinian Philosophy. Fifth Edition. 8vo. 15s.
 Scenes of Death. By T. Thwaites, M.D. 8vo. 6s.
 An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome. By T. Twiss. Part II. 8vo. 9s.
 Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy. Sixth Edition. Fcp. 6s.
 Observations on the Topography, Climate, &c., of Jersey. By G. S. Hooper, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The public will be gratified to learn that Mr. Bulwer has in the press a **NEW NOVEL**. Since the publication of "*Rienzi*" we have had no work of the kind from this distinguished writer. We shall therefore look forward to this with more than our usual anticipation. It is, we understand, a Novel of the day, the first of the kind Mr. Bulwer has written, since "*Pelham*," the popularity of which has not even yet subsided.

Miss Mitford has just completed her new work "*COUNTRY STORIES*;" the publication will therefore take place almost immediately.

Lady E. Stuart Wortley's new and elegant volume "*HOURS AT NAPLES, AND OTHER POEMS*," is now ready.

Mr. Slade's new book of "*TRAVELS*" has just appeared, though too late for our Review department. From a glance we can see it is written with the author's accustomed penetration and buoyancy. We promise ourselves much pleasure from its perusal.

The interesting little work we lately mentioned, entitled "*THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS*," by Mrs. Sprutt, which has been unavoidably delayed, is to appear immediately. It is intended as a companion to that elegant and popular little volume "*THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS*."

Mr. Chorley has just published a Second Edition of his "*MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS*." The beautiful Letters of Mrs. Hemans, which this work contains, must alone stamp it with a permanent value.

A new and interesting little volume is in the press, entitled "*THE PATHS OF POESY*."

No. I. of Finden's and Ryall's Portraits of the Female Aristocracy of Great Britain, containing the Marchioness of Aylesbury, Lady Louisa Cavendish, and the Honourable Miss Cotton.

Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture, by William Bardewell, Architect.

Voyages up the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Seas, &c. by the late William Robinson.

With an Atlas of Maps, and other Illustrations, The History of the Ottoman Empire, translated from Von Hammer.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. The first complete and genuine edition, revised and amended, with many additional pieces never before collected, or now first published. In Ten Monthly Volumes, with frontispiece and vignette titles.

Visit to the Great Oasis of the Libyan Desert, with an Account, Ancient and Modern, of the Oasis of Amun, and the other Oases now under the dominion of the Pasha of Egypt. With a Map and Twenty Plates. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. Author of "*Travels in Ethiopia*."

A History of English Literature, Critical, Philosophical, and Bibliographical. By J. D'Israeli, Esq. 8vo.

The Life of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon. By Thomas Henry Lister, Esq. With Original Correspondence and Authentic Papers never before published. 3 vols. 8vo. with Portrait.

Aristocracy in America. By Francis J. Grund, Author of "*The Americans, in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations*."

Notes Abroad, and Rhapsodies at Home. By a Veteran Traveller. 2 vols.

The History and Principles of Banking. By J. W. Gilbert. Third Edition.

Electricity; its Nature, Operation, and Importance in the Phenomena of the Universe. By William Leithead, Esq. Illustrated with numerous Woodcuts.

Wallace; an Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts.

Classical Education Reformed. By Charles Rann Kennedy, M.A. Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of Mr. Luny's Pictures, 21, Old Bond Street.

Amongst the novelties of the present season there is one which will, no doubt, prove attractive to every man of taste, and every true lover of his country and her "wooden walls." The exhibition of marine paintings and coast scenery, just opened to the inspection of the public, at No. 21, Old Bond Street, is extremely interesting, not only from the general excellence as works of art, and fidelity of representation, but as the *last* works of a BRITISH ARTIST, who, retired from public life amidst the beautiful scenery on the coast of Devonshire, has devoted his leisure to the enthusiastic cultivation of a natural talent. His five principal pictures of the Battles of CAMPERDOWN, ST. VINCENT, THE NILE, TRAFALGAR, and ALGIERS, having been executed under the personal superintendence of officers actually engaged in those battles, and from drawings made by the artist on the arrival of the ships in our ports after the respective engagements—gives to these pictures an intrinsic value, and throws around them a halo of interest, peculiarly their own. This feeling has been fully responded to by the officers of our naval service, who have visited this gallery, and have pronounced them to be correct representations of scenes which will ever stand foremost in the brilliant victories of our country. The last of the above series had the decided approbation of the late highly esteemed Lord Exmouth. But the artist has been equally successful in the soft beauties of river scenery, and in the overwhelming hurricane. It is evident that his study has been *nature only*, and in his atmospheric effects he is very happy. We are at a loss which to admire most, the beauty and extent of the collection, or the perseverance of the venerable artist, under physical obstacles, (partial paralysis,) which would have prevented any man, less enthusiastic, from following his profession. At the private view we observed Earl Grey, Lords Normanton, Aylmer, F. Egerton, Northwick, Prudhoe, Kenyon, Rodney and Churchill; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sirs R. Gordon, G.C.B., and R. Frankland, Captains Smith, Sweney, Ryan, and Sibly, R.N.; Messrs. W. Cubitt, Westall, R.A., Reinagle, R.A., Windus, and Fleming; Major Birch, &c. &c. Our limits will only allow us to notice the following at present:—In No. 8, the boat in front is very fine, rising on a wave almost liquid. No. 13. A River Scene, is really a gem; the calm beauty of this picture is not to be surpassed. Nos. 31 and 32. Storms. True to nature; as is also 48. A Wreck on Shore; a picture of fearful interest; grand and effective. No. 44. A fine warm Evening, with a setting sun; and No. 84. Southampton. A very fine effect. We will recur to this collection again, but it must be seen to be justly appreciated.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE regret that the commercial difficulties referred to in our report of last month have continued during the present.

An express from Liverpool arrived in town early on the morning of the 12th, with accounts from New York to the 20th ult., received by the packet ship *Europe*, which arrived at Liverpool on the previous morning, bringing about 20,000 dollars in specie. The embarrassments of the merchants of New York had increased so greatly after the sailing of the previous packet, that at a meeting of the officers of all the banks in New York, except three, it was resolved that, "under existing circumstances, it was expedient and necessary to suspend payment in specie." "In the meantime," it was added, "the notes of all the banks will be received at the different banks, as usual, in payments of debts, and in deposits; and as the indebtedness of the community to the banks exceeds by three times the amount of their liabilities to the public, it is hoped and expect-

ed that the notes of the different banks will pass current as usual, and that the state of the times will soon be such as to render the resumption of specie payments practicable." This determination had caused great ferment in Wall Street. Failures continued to take place in New York. The failures in that city alone from the commencement of the distress of the merchants are stated in the *New York American* of the 19th at 300 mercantile houses. Nearly all the banks of the American Union have been induced to follow the example of those of New York, and even the United States Bank of Philadelphia has suspended paying in specie. It was thought, however, that, as soon as the present extraordinary panic was over, every one of the banks would resume cash payments. After the official announcement, on the part of the Central Government, of its inability to meet the demands that may be made upon it, by payments in cash,—the bank of the United States lost no time in issuing the following announcement:—"In consequence of the failure of the Treasury of the United States to pay the demands made upon it in specie, and the bank of the United States holding large claims upon the Treasury banks which it is unable to realise, it has been compelled to suspend specie payments also. The government, through its deposit banks, having failed to meet its engagements, the bank of the United States did not think it justice to Philadelphia to continue specie payments.—Whenever the government is ready to resume specie payments, the bank of the United States will be ready to co-operate with the Treasury in that object."

Great excitement was produced in London on the first arrival of the above intelligence, but it subsided into a general assurance that, under all the circumstances in which the American banks had been placed, the wisest step had, on the whole, been taken.

The effect of these occurrences, has, we regret to state, been very disastrous to several large English American merchants, who, though in many cases possessing ample means, have been compelled to suspend payment. It is now, however, hoped that the worst has passed, and the timely aid of the bank as announced in the following city article will, it is thought, go far to restore confidence.

"The Bank Directors have to-day held their ordinary weekly court, at which they came to a decision respecting an application made to them by the great Liverpool firm so frequently alluded to of late as being under temporary embarrassment, and, as this decision has proved favourable to the parties making it, we have no longer the same scruple that we have hitherto had about naming them. The house in question is that of Messrs. William and James Brown and Co., one of the largest and most eminent commercial establishments in Europe. It is much to be regretted that the Bank Directors did not feel themselves warranted in acceding to their application for assistance with rather more promptitude than they have done, for at their meeting of this day they came to the determination of carrying them on to the end of the current year, which is understood to be as effectual a measure of relief as if they had at once undertaken to release them from the whole of their outstanding engagements. Of the entire solvency of Messrs. Brown and Co. we believe we may venture to affirm that no question whatever is entertained by the Bank Directors. Messrs. Brown and Co. have been required to give security for the advances made to them, as was the case when the three great London houses who suspended payment a short time ago, namely, Messrs. Thomas Wilson, and Co., Messrs. George Wildes and Co., and Messrs. T. Wiggin and Co."

Canton papers to February 15, have been received by the Orwell. There had just been held at Canton a meeting of British merchants, at the residence of Mr. T. H. Layton, convened in consequence of a letter addressed by his Majesty's Superintendents of Trade, addressed "To the British Merchants established in Canton," and dated Macao, January 25,

1837; and two resolutions were then adopted, being to the following effect :
1. That the meeting regretted that the appointment of the committee by "the General Meeting of British Merchants," held on the 23d of January, for the purpose of corresponding with his Majesty's Superintendents of Trade, under certain restrictions and limitations, had not been recognized or acknowledged by the superintendents. 2. That the meeting felt imperatively called upon to declare its determination, having appointed a committee for the reception of information on matters of trade and public interest, from his Majesty's superintendents, not to consent to receive any communication from the said superintendents, excepting through that authorised channel.

The Canton "Price Current" of February 14, says, that there was a small sale of cotton immediately after the holidays, which gave hopes of an improved market, but that it was not followed by any other transactions; there were many inquiries after the Bengal staple, but none for that of Bombay or Madras. It adds, regarding the opium-market, that none of the principal brokers had returned, but that several small sales of Patna and Benares had been made to other parties. For Malwa there had been but little inquiry. There was no alteration in the price of tea. In general business there was little activity. According to accounts issued by the General Chamber of Commerce of Canton, there had been exported from October 1, 1836, to January 1, 1837, 7,609,600 lbs. black tea, 1,261,066 lbs. green tea; and between January 1 and February 1, 10,380,267 lbs. black tea, and 3,817,866 lbs. green tea; total black tea, 17,989,867 lbs., and green tea 5,078,932 lbs.; together, 23,068,799 lbs.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 207 quarter.—Three per Cent. Consols, shut.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 90 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98.—Exchequer Bills, 30 p.—India Bonds, 36s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 43 three-quarters.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 three-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 22.—Spanish, Passive, 5 quarter.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The King's death has occasioned some fluctuations in the Money Market, which has now, however, nearly subsided.

Money has continued to flow into the English Stock market for investment, and a further trifling advance in Consols has occurred. Bargains were done at 91½, and even at 92, but that quotation was not maintained, and the last was 91½ to ¾ for the account. Exchequer Bills continue at 34s. to 56s. premium. Bank Stock is 207 to ½.

In the Foreign Stock market there was little business done, but the improvement in English Securities had some influence on prices in this market. Spanish Actives closed at 21½ to 2; Portuguese 5 per Cents. 43½ to ¾; and 3 per Cents. 28½ to 9; Colombia, 23½ to ¾; and Dutch 2½ per Cents. to 53½ to ¾.

The Share market continues gradually to assume a better aspect. Among the day's quotations were Birmingham, 55 to 57 premium; Great Western, 7 to 8 premium.

The foreign exchanges are now assuming a decided appearance in favour of this country, and the importations of gold from the continent ought therefore to be considerable, though we do not find that it is yet the case. A large remittance of gold, amounting to near 700,000*l.* is said to be on the way hither for the payment of the dividends on the Russian Loan.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 23, 1837, TO JUNE 23, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

May 23.—S. Benton, Fore Street, linen draper.—W. Butler, Portland Place, Market Street, Clerkenwell, builder.—R. Caunon, Southampton Row, job master.—T. J. B. and C. Barfield,
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Jon., Hastings, Sussex, brewer.—W. H. Wallis, Cardington Street, Hampstead Road, engraver.—T. Parker, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury square, goldsmith.—J. Hudson,

Gloucester, coal merchant.—J. Oliver, Dumb Mill, Yorkshire, corn miller.—R. Hardy, Kingston-upon-Hull, victualler.—E. Read, Laxfield, Suffolk, cordwainer.—W. Maybury, Trieste, Austria, merchant.—S. Barrow, Stockport, Cheshire, corn dealer.—A. Sidebottom, Two Bridges, Lancashire, calico printer.—J. Haughton, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—R. Mawdsley, J. Greaves, and J. Moore, Manchester, dyers.—T. Gitton, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, scrivener.—E. Ollenreushaw, sen., Redcross Street, Southwark, cotton spinner.—T. Gregson, Burnley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—W. Jones, Chorley, Lancashire, draper.—J. Threlfall, Preston, Lancashire, carrier.—E. Barker, Exeter, druggist.—W. H. Smith, Bootle, Lancashire, brewer.—W. Hale, Oxford, corn factor.—C. Elliott, Leeds, tallow merchant.—T. Beckett, Norbury, Cheshire, cheese factor.—W. and J. Deau, Birmingham, timber merchants.—T. Palmer, Upper Porchester Street, Edgware Road, commission agent.—M. Johnson, Leeds, tailor.

May 26.—S. Pierson, Broadway, Hammer-smith, oilman.—W. Cripps, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, merchant.—C. Kurtz, Salford, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist.—C. T. Rimer, Southampton, provision merchant.—H. J. R. Elworthy, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, bill broker.—E. Sinclair, Monkseaton, Northumberland.—J. Wallis, Coventry, victualler.—J. Rusher, Leeds, commission agent.—G. J. S. Tomkins, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, scrivener.—W. Gray, Exeter, lead and glass merchant.—W. Smith, Cuckfield, Sussex, coachmaker.—W. Taylor, Prestwich-cum-Oldham, Lancashire, dyer.—J. Joplin, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, linen draper.—F. F. Gibbs, Liverpool, ship broker.—J. Silk, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—P. Harwood, York, ironmonger.

May 30.—J. Large, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, coach maker.—W. Ham, Upper North Place, Gray's Inn Road, livery stable keeper.—C. Foster, Kingsbury, Middlesex, bill broker.—W. Armitage, Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Yorkshire.—J. Lewis, Conwill Elvet, Carmarthenshire, draper.—C. Noades, Leeds, tailor.—G. Stephens, Wolverhampton, grocer.—W. Jones, Wolverhampton, builder.—A. Dobbie, Manchester, publican.—J. Condon, Bedford Row, Middlesex, brick maker.—J. Anderton, Bradford, Yorkshire, dyer.—J. Beatty, Over Darwen, Lancashire, linen draper, and Afon Wen, Flintshire, paper maker.—S. L. Tappscott, Guernsey, coal merchant.—R. Jordison, Stockton, Durham, grocer.—M. A. Hughes, Birmingham, ironmonger.—T. and W. H. Carr, Dewsbury Moor, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturers.—W. Tate, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—J. H. Butterworth, Gutter Lane, dyer.—H. Martin, Woolhampton, Berkshire, tailor.—J. Orange, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.

June 2.—B. Thomas, Grove Street, Lisson Grove, cow keeper.—A. Lambe, New Bond Street, wine merchant.—H. Staffell, Strood, Kent, druggist.—W. P. Lander, Sloane Street, Chelsea, surgeon.—H. Martin, Woolhampton, Berks, tailor.—J. Heaward, Brinkaway, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—W. Cox, Leigh, Worcestershire, baker.—J. Prince, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, leather dresser.—T. and J. Bates, Leicester, trimmers and dyers.—J. England, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax dresser.

June 6.—W. J. Cox, Castle Street, Southwark, hat manufacturer.—J. Pensam, Fleet Street, licensed victualler.—J. R. Fisher, Regent Street, chinaman.—T. Curtis, Totton Street, Stepney, shipping butcher.—T. Gomm, Birmingham, corn dealer.—S. Marsh, Burslem, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthen-

ware.—W. Hook, Devonport, linen draper.—H. Curme, Bridport, Dorsetshire, cabinet maker.—H. C. Binney, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, tanner.—S. Peasnell, Leamington Priors, plumber.—W. Curtis, Jun., Derby, corn factor.—B. Brierly and J. Threlfall, Manchester, merchants.—R. Ormesher, Stockport, Cheshire, wheelwright.

June 9.—J. Blyther, Hoo, Kent, grocer.—C. Craven, Bridlington, Yorkshire, grocer.—A. Rozenbaum, Salisbury, jeweller.—J. Banister, Birmingham, grocer.—F. Boot, Nottingham, tatting manufacturer.—T. Wiggerham and R. Saunders, Birmingham, ale merchants.—J. Chadwick, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. Ryder, Manchester, crown glass cutter.—W. Birt, Warwick, plasterer.—W. Brown and W. Andrews, Leeds, cloth dressers.—J., L., and S. Illingworth, Chorley, Lancashire, machine makers.—R. Reynolds, Leeds, bill broker.—W. S. Cockram, Taunton, Somersetshire, ironmonger.—W. Perkin, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, timber merchant.—C. Radenburst, Birmingham, innkeeper.

June 13.—C. Chambers, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, milliner.—H. Boys, Beaumont Street, High Street, Marylebone, music seller.—W. Robinson, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, commission agent.—E. Harrison, Parliament Street, Westminster, carver.—N. Ogle, Camberwell, steam carriage builder.—G. Wildgoose, Macclesfield, grocer.—J. Battin, Birmingham, dealer.—R. Draper, Wood Street, Cheapside, button seller.—W. E. and J. Bartlett, Devonport, house carpenters.—G. and G. Baker, Portsea, provision merchants.—T. Amner, Line Street, merchant.—E. Roberts, Carnarvon, plumber.—S. Worthen, Drayton, Shropshire, miller.—E. B. Force, Exeter, grocer.—T. Hatton, Macclesfield, grocer.—W. Kirk, Leeds, pianoforte manufacturer.—G. Wheatley, Leeds, Grocer.—W. Hogarth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.

June 16.—G. Richardson, Smith's Buildings, City Road, coach builder.—J. and A. Souby, Union Brewery, Lambeth Walk, brewers.—J. Battin, Birmingham, dealer and chapman.—R. Walker, Birmingham, percussion cap manufacturer.—S. Livingston, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, provision dealer.—W. Wallis, Connaught Terrace, Edgware Road, lodging-house keeper.—J. S. Davis, Monmouth, ironmonger.—T. Syers, Liverpool, tailor.—J., T., and S. Major, Poole, upholsterers.—T. H. Goble, Worthing, Sussex, coal merchant.—L. Albis, jun., Liverpool, wine merchant.—T. and J. Brown, Leeds, iron manufacturers.—W. R. Poole, Birmingham, licensed victualler.—A. Chambers, Birmingham, engraver and printer.—W. E. Carter, Chesterfield, druggist.—E. Marsden, Dudley Hill, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer.—J. Webb, Bath, tailor.—F. Langley, Poultry, bill broker.—L. Brunt, Staffordshire, vellum manufacturer.—J. Trenholm, Darlington, Durham, common brewer.—E. Hillman, Parliament Street, Westminster, carver.—H. Kingsley, Enfield Town, Middlesex, tailor.

June 20.—J. Deane, Sydney Square, Commercial Road, pasteboard manufacturer.—C. Stanbridge, W. F. Marshall, and T. R. Williams, Lamb's Buildings, Bunhill Row, artificial skin manufacturers.—F. Smith, Crawford Street, Marylebone, linen draper.—W. Baker, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, and Noble Street, London, carpet manufacturer.—G. Bryant, Winterbourne, Gloucestershire, maltster.—J. Freer, Syston, Leicestershire, boxer.—G. Brook, J. Raper, and B. Brook, Leeds, iron founders.—M. Nott, Reading, toy dealer.—T. Harding, Birmingham, gun maker.—C. Humberston and S. Frodsham, Liverpool, commission merchants.—J. Kirk, sen., and

J. Kirk, jun., Leeds, tin-plate-workers. — J. Wilson, Manchester, butcher. — J. Atkinson, Barrowford, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. J. Winnington, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, druggist. — E. Beetham, Portsmouth Chambers, Lincoln's Inn Fields, bill broker. — W. Spicer, Little St. Andrew Street, victualler. — R. Rathbone, Birmingham, spade maker. — J. Thelwall, Millhouses, Derbyshire, hat manufacturer. — W. Eggleston, Hulme, Lancashire, brewer. — J. Burman, Birmingham, linen draper. — J. Browne, Manchester, tobaccoist.

June 23. — T. Morgan, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, perfumer. — W. Laxton, Waltham Cross, Hertford, innkeeper. — W. Austin, Whitstable, Kent, grocer. — S. Fletcher, Jew's Harp Wharf, Regent's Canal Basin, coal merchant. — G. H. Bowen, Bristol, oilman. — W. H. Pears, Coventry, silkman. — R. Cawood, Leeds, merchant. — M. Sharp, Thornton, Yorkshire, worsted-piece manufacturer. — F. Lilly, Manchester, corn dealer. — J. and W. Walmsley, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, cotton spinners. — J. Gaunt, Pedsey, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. — J. Butterworth, Leeds, machine maker.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 8° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevalling Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevalling Weather.
May					
23	58-30	29,90-29,86	N.E.	,0125	Cloudy.
24	62-23	29,89-29,86	S.W.		Generally cloudy, sun shining frequently.
25	63-25	29,80-29,78	S.W.		Generally clear.
26	66-38	29,80 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
27	69-28	29,95-29,88	S.W.		Generally clear.
28	61-32	29,98-29,94	E.		Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
29	68-45	29,95-29,93	S.W.	,025	Morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear.
30	65-38	30,00-29,98	W.		Generally clear, a little rain in the morning.
31	67-34	29,99-29,92	W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
June					
1	63-42	29,89-29,85	N.W.	,25	Generally clear, except the morn., rain at times.
2	60-38	29,93-29,91	N.W.	,25	Generally clear.
3	63-39	29,90 Stat.	N.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
4	66-28	30,01 Stat.	S.E.	,025	Generally clear.
5	73-39	30,07-30,04	W.		Gen. clear, a little rain, accompanied by lightning.
6	69-41	30,07-30,02	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	61-30	30,10-30,07	S.E.		Generally clear.
8	59-39	29,89-29,83	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
9	68-38	29,75-29,55	E.		Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
10	67-46	29,61-29,37	S.W.	,15	Generally clear, rain in the evening.
11	68-46	29,77-29,68	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
12	63-41	29,84-29,81	S.W.	,125	Morning clear, otherwise gen. cloudy, with rain.
13	74-50	29,77 Stat.	S.W.	,05	Generally clear, a little rain in the afternoon.
14	73-51	29,80-29,72	S.W.	,3	Morning cloudy, with heavy rain, otherwise clear.
15	75-39	29,90-29,88	S.W.		Generally clear.
16	76-43	29,89-29,88	S.E.		Generally clear, a little rain in the evening.
17	73-45	29,86-29,84	S.W.	,0375	Generally clear, rain in the morning.
18	65-46	29,77-29,73	S.W.	,1125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
19	73-45	29,85-29,84	S.W.	,1	Generally clear.
20	75-40	29,86-29,85	S.		Generally clear.
21	74-47	30,05-29,94	S.W.		Generally clear.
22	75-39	30,21-30,18	S.W.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

H. W. Crawford, of No. 5, John Street, Berkeley Square, Middlesex, Commander in the Royal Navy, for an improvement in coating or covering iron and copper, for the prevention of oxydation. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 29th, 6 months.

A. Dixon, and J. Dixon, of Cleckheaton, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Manufacturing

Chemists, for improvements in dyeing, by the application of materials not hitherto so used. April 29th, 6 months.

J. Barker, of Regent Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Artist, for certain improvements in the construction or making umbrellas and parasols. April 29th, 6 months.

J. E. Mollerat, of No. 27, Leicester Square, Middlesex, Manufacturing Chemist, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of gas for illumination. May 2nd, 6 months.

J. Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, Lace Manufacturer, for a new or improved method or methods of manufacturing, producing, forming, or fashioning ornaments, or ornamented work or figures upon, or applicable to gauze, muslin, and net, and divers kinds of cloth, stuff, or woven textures, and also certain machinery, tools, implements, or apparatus, to be used in manufacturing, producing, forming, fashioning, and applying such ornaments or ornamented work. May 4th, 6 months.

T. W. Ingram, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Horn Button Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of buttons, and in the tools used to manufacture the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 4th, 6 months.

T. Baylis, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in heating and evaporating fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 6th, 6 months.

H. Ross, of Leicester, Worsted Manufacturer, for improvements applicable to the combing of wool and goat hair. May 6th, 6 months.

G. Hayman, of Saint Sidwell Street, Exeter, Coach Builder, for improvements in two-wheel carriages. May 6th, 6 months.

A. Robertson, of Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for certain new or improved machinery for, or methods of, sculpturing, cutting, shaping, moulding, and otherwise figuring and working marble, stone, alabaster, and other substances suitable for sculpture, and for taking copies of the works produced thereby, or of similar works produced by the ordinary means, and also an improved process or method of taking casts of the living human face, or figure, or other forms. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 6th, 6 months.

T. Bell, of South Shields, Durham, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphate of soda, which improvements, or parts thereof, are applicable to other purposes. May 8th, 6 months.

W. Nairne, Flax Spinner, Millhaugh, Methren, Perthshire, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the machinery of reels used in reeling yarn. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 8th, 6 months.

P. Steinkeller, of the London Zinc Works, Wenlock Road, in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain plates or tiles made of zinc, or other proper metal or mixture of metals applicable to roofs or other parts of buildings. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 8th, 2 months.

J. Spurgin, of Guildford Street, Russell Square, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for an improvement or improvements in the mode or means of propelling vessels through water, and part of which means may be applied to other useful purposes. May 8th, 6 months.

J. Hague, of Castle Street, Wellclose Square, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements on wheels for carriages. May 10th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, Junior, of Dee Cottage, near Howarden, Flintshire, Esquire, for improvements in propelling carriages. May 11th, 6 months.

W. Bell, of Edinburgh, Scotland, Esquire, for improvements in heating and evaporating fluids. May 11th, 6 months.

E. Austin, of Warwick Place, Bedford Row, Middlesex, for improvements in raising sunken vessels and other bodies. May 12th, 6 months.

P. B. G. Debac, of Brixton, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for improvements applicable to rail-roads. May 13th, 6 months.

W. Rhodes, Gentleman, and R. Hemingway, Mechanic, both of Earl's Heaton, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire, for improvements applicable to machinery for carding and piercing wool, in process of manufacture in woollen mills. May 22nd, 6 months.

G. Nelson, of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, Gentleman, for a certain new or improved process or processes, by the use of which the qualities of a certain gelatinous substance, or certain gelatinous substances, called isinglass, may be improved. May 22nd, 6 months.

S. and W. Smith, of Luddenden-Foot, near Halifax, Yorkshire, Worsted Spinners,

for improvements in machinery for combing or clearing sheep's wool and goat's hair. May 23rd, 6 months.

E. Leak, of Hanley, in the parish of Stoke, Staffordshire, Engineer and Lathe Maker, for certain improvements in the construction of shutters and sashes for windows of buildings, which improvements are also applicable to hot-houses or conservatories, carriages, and other purposes, and in the mode of fitting or using the same. May 23rd, 6 months.

C. P. Devaux, of Fenchurch Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for a new or improved apparatus for preventing the explosion of boilers or generators of steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 23rd, 6 months.

Baron H. De Bode, Major General, in the Russian service, of the Edgeware Road, Middlesex, for improvements in apparatus for retarding and stopping chain or other cables or ropes on board ships or vessels. May 23rd, 6 months.

C. J. Freeman, of Frederick's Place, Kennington Lane, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the machinery or apparatus called rolls for rolling iron or other metals applicable to rails for roads, and bars of various shapes for other purposes. May 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MAY, 1837.

May 22 and 23.—Nothing of importance.

May 26.—After the presentation of many petitions on the subject of church-rates, Lord Duncannon, in answer to Lord Ellenborough's inquiry, stated that he could not engage to say that his Majesty's ministers would be able, during the present session, to bring forward any measure for the general consolidation of the Turnpike Trusts of the Kingdom.—The House went into Committee on the Dublin Police Bill. Clause 2 was lost on a division of ayes 17, and noes 28, whereupon Lord Duncannon moved that the House do resume, which took place without any report being made.—Adjourned till Tuesday.

May 30.—Lord Ashburton presented a petition, signed by the bankers and others in the metropolis, and by several men of science, for the establishment of a uniform postage of one penny.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the English Municipal Amendment Bill was read a third time.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, a return of the gross and of the net revenue of the Post Office for the last ten years was ordered.—The Recorders' Courts Bill, the Church Notices Bill, and others, then passed through Committee with some verbal amendments.—Adjourned till Thursday.

June 1.—The Earl of Ripon moved an address for a copy of the letter from the secretary of the Governor of Van Diemen's Land to Colonel Arthur, dated October 10th, 1836, which was agreed to.—Lord Brougham gave notice that on Monday next he would submit a motion with reference to the state of the business of the House.—The Bishop of Exeter presented a petition from the corporation of Macclesfield for the repeal, or material alteration of the Poor Law Amendment Act, and for papers regarding the regulations adopted respecting attendance at public worship, which motion was agreed to.—Adjourned.

June 2.—The only subject of interest before the House was an important notice from the Lord Chief Justice.—Lord Denman said, I consider it my duty to give notice that on Tuesday next I shall have the honour to submit to your lordships a motion respecting certain resolutions that have been adopted in another place on the subject of the privileges of parliament.

June 5.—Lord Brougham, in a speech of great length, brought forward his promised motion on the state of the business before the House. His lordship entered into a statement of the manner in which the time of the House was wasted. For several months in the early part of the session they had nothing to do; in the latter part they were overpressed by a multitude of measures to which it was impossible to give proper attention. The noble and learned Lord concluded by moving, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into, and consider of the state of business before this House of Parliament." The motion was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

June 6.—After the presentation of petitions and some routine business, Lord Denman, on the suggestion of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Ellenborough and Lyndhurst, withdrew, or rather postponed, his motion relative to the resolutions of the House of Commons on the matter of privilege. The noble and learned Lord

concluded by an intimation that he should probably bring the subject forward on Tuesday next.—Lord Brougham moved for the appointment of a Committee, in pursuance of his motion of the preceding day, with respect to the state of business in the House of Lords. The Committee was appointed.—Adjourned to Thursday.

June 8.—The Dublin Police Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 9.—Lord Melbourne moved that the House do resolve itself into a Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst moved, as an amendment, that such commitment of the Bill be deferred till July 3rd.—Lord Melbourne replied, opposing the motion, in a speech of much force and effect.—Eventually a division took place, when Lord Lyndhurst's amendment was carried by a majority of 86, the numbers being, respectively, 205 and 119.—Lord Denman said that in consequence of what he saw in the votes of the other House, upon the subject of the "privileges" claimed by that House, he should not bring forward the motion of which he had given notice for Tuesday next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 22.—In answer to a question from Mr. Maclean, Mr. C. Wood denied the truth of the charge brought against the British Marines engaged at Barcelona, of having steeped their bayonets in the blood of their allies.—The report on the church rates bill having been brought up and read, Mr. A. Johnstone opposed the progress of the measure. The hon. gentleman moved as an amendment the following resolution:—"That it is the opinion of this House that funds may be derived from an improved mode of management of church lands, and that these funds should be applied to religious instruction within the established church, where the same may be found deficient, in proportion to the existing population."—Mr. Baines replied to Mr. Johnstone, and defended the dissenters. He rebutted the charge brought against them that they desired a separation between church and state.—Mr. Hardy defended church rates.—Mr. Hume followed Mr. Hardy, and remonstrated with Mr. Johnstone on the impropriety and inconvenience of interfering, when he might find so many other opportunities of testifying his religious eloquence and zeal, between the conduct of the House and the expectations of the country on a question to which public attention had long been so ardently and fixedly directed.—Mr. Borthwick opposed this measure.—The Attorney-General delivered his opinions briefly in support of the bill.—Sir F. Burdett rose, and was received with tremendous cheering from his (the Tory) side of the House. The hon. baronet declared that he objected both to the resolution proposed, and to the amendment which had also been put; and more particularly to the latter, because it stood in the way of giving a direct negative to a measure.—Towards the conclusion of his speech, the hon. baronet alluded to his own political situation. It was with very great regret that he felt himself in a situation in which he was placed in opposition to many hon. gentlemen towards whom he entertained the greatest personal esteem. His own life had been one of sacrifice to the good of his country; and, whatever might be the painfulness of the present sacrifice, he was content to make it: in conclusion, he thought that the time had arrived when the people of this country were bound to declare that they would not submit to any further innovations.—Mr. Sheil rose and expressed himself in eloquent and severe commentary on the speech just made by the hon. member for Westminster. The hon. member had referred to his Majesty's ministers, of whom he had spoken in language of respect, and yet he was astonished he had not called them his noble and right honourable friends. But he said that the ministry were weak. He had given them to understand that the man who led that House was weak—that he who carried the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was weak—that that man was weak who introduced the Reform of Parliament Bill into the House of Commons—he said that that man was weak who, under even the Melbourne Administration, carried the English Municipal Corporation Bill—he spoke of him with compassion. He (Mr. Sheil) believed that sentiment had its origin in sympathy. He looked upon the hon. baronet as a noble relic of a temple dedicated to freedom, though ill-omened birds built their nests and found shelter in that once-noble edifice.—Debate adjourned.

May 23.—Sir W. Molesworth presented a petition from Mr. Sheridan against Mr. Broadwood's return for Bridgewater, on the ground that bribery and corruption had been practised during the late election.—Mr. Rice having moved the resumption of the debate on the Church Rate Bill, Mr. Roebuck asked whether any royal charter was to be granted to the banks of Lower Canada, and whether it was intended to grant any royal charter to the North American Bank.—Sir G. Grey, in reply, stated that there were three banks whose charters, owing to the circumstances mentioned by the hon. gentleman, would expire on the 1st of June, 1837. Under these circum-

stances, an application had been made by them for a royal charter, to enable them to carry on their business. That application had been granted to this extent, that a royal charter was given them for such a time as would carry them over the period when the local legislature might decide whether they would permit the charters of those banking companies to continue or not.—The adjourned debate on the Church Rates was then resumed, and after a lengthened discussion, the House divided — For the motion, 287 : against it, 282—majority, 5.—Adjourned till Thursday.

May 25.—Nothing of importance.

May 26.—Lord J. Russell gave notice that on Thursday he would move for a committee to inquire into the manner of letting church lands by bishops, deans, chapters, &c., and to inquire whether an increased value could be given to them by a different mode of letting such property.—The House then went into committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill.—After agreeing to all the Clauses up to the 35th, the Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again.—Adjourned.

May 30.—Mr. Dennistoun took his seat for Glasgow.—Captain Alsager moved that the report of the committee in favour of Rennie's line, for a Brighton railway, should be adopted, and the bill be sent back to the committee for further proceedings.—Lord G. Lennox moved, as an amendment, that an address be presented to his Majesty, for the appointment of a military engineer to survey the line of road, and report thereon.—The amendment was ultimately carried by a majority of 7.—Lord J. Russell postponed his motion on church rates, which stood for next day, until that day week.—Mr. D. W. Harvey then gave notice that he would move, as an amendment to the noble lord's motion, a resolution to this effect—"that it is the opinion of the House that the collection of church rates should, from a certain date, cease altogether.—In answer to a question from Mr. Borthwick, Lord Palmerston said that there was no truth in the report of a massacre of Carlist troops at Irun by the soldiers of the British legion under the orders of General Evans.—Lord Howick then brought forward certain resolutions, founded on the report of the Committee, respecting the publication of printed papers by the House. His lordship accordingly moved a series of resolutions:—the first asserting that the power of publishing reports, votes, and proceedings, was essential to the functions of the House; secondly, that the House itself was the sole judge of the extent of its own privileges, and that therefore it was a breach of privilege to bring any action upon them before any other court or tribunal; thirdly, that it was a contempt of Parliament for any other such court or tribunal to assume to decide such matters of privilege. To the resolutions of Lord Howick Sir R. Inglis moved another series as amendments.—Considerable discussion then ensued, particularly upon the second of the original resolutions, in which Lord Howick ultimately made an amendment of his own.—The House then divided upon this resolution, when the numbers were—Ayes, 126; noes, 36; majority in its favour, 90.—The resolution was then agreed to, as was also the third.—Adjourned.

June 1.—On the motion of the Attorney General, the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill were ordered to be printed.—He then presented petitions from Mr. Nicholls, the printer of the "votes" and petitions of the House, setting forth that notice of an action for libel had been served on him regarding a railway petition, &c.; and from Messrs. Hansard, communicating that Stockdale had brought another action against them for libel.—Petitions ordered to be printed, and to be considered another day.—Mr. Borthwick moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the establishment of a system of national education.—Mr. Roebuck said it was an indirect mode of giving new power to the priesthood.—Mr. Law moved that the House do adjourn; which proposal for adjournment was carried by a majority of 2.

June 2.—Captain Pechell inquired whether the president of the board of trade would give assurance, on the part of the government, that no delay would be allowed to take place in the appointment of an engineer, required by the untoward vote of a former evening, to be named to fix on the Brighton line of railway.—Mr. P. Thomson answered that there would not be delay.—Sir G. Sinclair complained of the repeated delays of the "budget." He also adverted to the state of the country, the prospects of trade, and expressed his opinion that, as a measure of relief, it would be requisite to resort to a smaller paper currency, and to make silver a legal tender.—Lord J. Russell doubted not that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be able satisfactorily to account for the deferring of the "budget."—The House then once more went into Committee on the Poor Laws (Ireland) Bill. The Committee got as far as clause 42. The House went into Committee for the further consideration of the Registration of Marriages, &c. Act Amendment Bill, after which it adjourned.

DEATH OF THE KING.

**This mournful event was announced to the public by the following
EXPRESS FROM WINDSOR,**

Dated Tuesday Morning, June 20, 1837, 3 o'Clock.

"It is with feelings of the most deep and poignant regret that we announce to the Public that one of the most excellent, the most patriotic, and the most British monarchs, that ever sat on the imperial throne of these realms, is no more. This melancholy event took place this morning, between half-past two and a quarter to three o'clock. His Majesty was, we understand, sensible almost to the last moment of his existence, and expressed the most heartfelt satisfaction at the constant and unremitting attentions which he received from the different members of his family. Those of His Majesty's Royal Consort were particularly exemplary, and such as must still more endear her to the nation, in whose affections she has so long and so justly occupied a prominent station."

**THE PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA,
Who has thus succeeded to the Throne of these Realms, took place, in the usual manner, on the morning of Wednesday, June 21, 1837.**

It is remarkable that Her Majesty had only attained her majority on the 24th of May, on which occasion the following interesting occurrence took place, which it is important should be placed on record.

The Lord Mayor and Corporate Authorities on Tuesday presented themselves at Kensington Palace, and there offered to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria respectively, loyal addresses. The reply of the Duchess of Kent is well worthy of attention. We give it at length:—

"My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London—If I consulted my own feelings I would abstain from a reply, except to assure you that my heart is filled with gratitude. The Disposer of all human events has vouchsafed to allow me to be rewarded far beyond what I deserve, by witnessing at this epoch, so dear to my maternal feelings, such general expressions of loyalty to our King, hope and confidence in my child, and approbation of the way in which I have brought her up. It makes me feel I should add a few words more, as what I say on this occasion may reach many who take a lively interest in the event you congratulate me on, and, as this is probably the last public act of my life, I feel called on to do so. I pass over the earlier part of my connexion with this country. I will merely briefly observe that my late regretted consort's circumstances and my duties obliged us to reside in Germany; but the Duke of Kent, at much inconvenience, and at great personal risk, returned to England, that our child should be 'born and bred a Briton.' In a few months afterwards my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone, almost friendless and unknown in this country; I could not even speak the language of it. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, my duties, to devote myself to that duty which was to be the whole object of my future life. I was supported in the execution of my duty by the country; it placed its trust in me, and the Regency Bill gave me its last act of confidence. I have, in times of great difficulty, avoided all connexion with any party in the State; but if I have done so, I have never ceased to press on my daughter her duties, so as to gain, by her conduct, the respect and affections of the people. This, I have taught her, should be her first earthly duty as a Constitutional Sovereign. The Princess has arrived at that age which now justifies me in expressing my confident expectation that she will be found competent to execute the sacred trust which may be reposed in her; for, communicating as she does with all classes of society, she cannot but perceive that the greater the diffusion of religious knowledge and the love of freedom in a country, the more orderly, industrious, and wealthy is its population, and that with the desire to preserve the Constitutional prerogatives of the Crown ought to be co-ordinate the protection of the liberties of the people."

The Recorder also read the address from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the city of London, to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Her Royal Highness made the following answer:—

"I am very thankful for your kindness, and my mother has expressed all my feelings."

**LONG MAY SHE LIVE IN THE AFFECTIONS OF HER PEOPLE, TO SWAY THE
SCEPTRE OF THESE REALMS AS A CONSTITUTIONAL BRITISH SOVEREIGN!**

THE METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Country Stories. By MARY RUSSEL MITFORD, Authoress of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," "Rienzi," &c.

Miss Mitford's delightful style, and the native and most truly English nature of the subjects she treats of in her prose poems, are so universally known, as scarcely to demand from us either description or commendation. We know no one writer, either among the living or the dead, that has done such ample justice to the domestic, rural life of old England, or whom it is more reviving to take up, for an hour or two, when the dust of this work-a-day world has accumulated thick upon us—when our ears and all our other senses are dinued, and dulled, by the loud uproar of a city life; and when the heart itself is sterilized and stupified by this "getting and spending," which the greatest of living poets—a mind kindred to her own—has declared to be a waste of hours, when pursued too far, and to the exclusion of the study and observance of nature. Miss Mitford, whose whole life has been spent in a holy worship of nature, is sure to lead us to some sweet and tranquillizing scene, peopled with beings of gentle, domestic virtues, like her own, who harmonize with the landscape just as the figures do in the best pictures of Gainsborough and Calcott. The village green, the churchyard, the lonely lanes closed in with scented hedge-rows, the meadows by the river-side, the walk round the grey ruins of the old abbey, are things that never tire in her company. To us the reading of her books has precisely the effect of a perambulation in the real scenes with a dear friend discoursing by our side, and telling us pleasant stories connected with the beautiful spots; and we never lay down one of her volumes without feeling in a better humour with ourselves and the whole world. The effect is calm and soothing, rather than exhilarating or exciting in any way; and by the time our young readers shall have attained *our* tried age, they will find this feeling far more acceptable than the excitement they may now delight in. We believe Crabbe's exquisite description of poor "Ruth" in her cottage, in her happiest days, has been applied to Miss Mitford before; but it is so thoroughly applicable to her personal character, as well as to her books, (for never did writing so truly reflect the real character and habits of the author,) that we will use it again, even at the hazard of misquoting, as we cannot, at the moment, lay our hand on the matchless poem.

"She is not merry, but she gives our hearth
A sober cheerfulness, that's more than mirth."

To every person capable of seeing and *feeling*, this delicate but most absolute distinction, the present volume will be welcome—thrice welcome!

We last month gave one of the “Country Stories.” The volume contains eleven others, written with equal grace and delicacy. They are all interesting; but for the sake of certain local associations, which many will share with us, we love the simple story of “The Lost Dahlia,” better, perhaps, than any of the rest. The dear old Abbey of Reading, which we never can look at, or think of, without being flooded with recollections of past times, deserved this tender, reverential tribute, and we thank thee, Mary Mitford, from our heart of hearts, for bestowing it with so bounteous a hand! The eye of many a one, now in the distant corners of the earth, but whose happy boyhood was passed in the shade of those mouldering, time-honoured walls, will not be a stranger to a tear in reading the “Lost Dahlia.”

Miss Mitford’s sketches of character in humble or rustic life, have much of the truth, without the gloom of that great master—Crabbe. With her it is all nature, but not “nature pictured too severely true.” She avoids the subjects which too much harrow up the mind, and her gentle satire (and, in a way, she is a satirist of a high order) is always softened and sweetened by her ineffable good-nature. She never has the heart to dismiss the very worst of her personages without giving them some redeeming virtues. This, perhaps, is being more true to nature, than the contrary course which is more commonly adopted by writers of fiction—or, at all events, it is consoling to believe that it is so.

A Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea. By EDWARD GIFFARD, Esq., of Pemb. Coll., Oxon.

Mr. Giffard was not very well prepared for the task of describing Greece, and his very short stay in the country rendered it difficult for him to procure any very deep and accurate information. Still, however, he has produced an agreeable and, in some respects, a useful little book, and we are glad that he has published it just as it is. The circumstances in which he undertook the voyage to Greece furnish a more than sufficient excuse for the slightness or incompleteness of the materials he has collected. In consequence of a pulmonary complaint he was advised by his physician to pass a couple of months of the last winter in a southern climate, and particularly recommended to begin by a sea voyage. The facilities which steam communication affords of navigating every part of the Mediterranean, and the hope of being able to combine the main object of health with the gratification of an ardent desire to visit Greece, determined him and Mr. Newton, a college friend and a fellow-sufferer, to direct their course that way.

On Sunday, the 3d Jan. 1836, the two friends, who both seem to be accomplished young men, left Falmouth on board H. M. steam-packet “Hermes;” on the 17th they reached Malta, having touched at Cadiz and Gibraltar, on their way, and thoroughly seen the latter extraordinary place and its romantic neighbourhood; on the 21st they made the beautiful island of Zante; on the 22nd they landed at Corfu, where they stayed eight days, and on the 30th January, only twenty-seven days from their leaving England, they landed on the continent of Greece itself, at the town of Patras in the Morea. After visiting Mount Parnassus, Delphi, Corinth, Salamis, Athens, Egina, Argos, Sparta, Mount Ithome, Messene, and other places, whose mere name makes the heart leap to the mouth, they re-embarked at Zante, in another of his Majesty’s steam-vessels, and after stopping again at Malta, Gibraltar, and Cadiz, reached Falmouth Harbour on the 24th March, in perfect health and spirits, after

an excursion which, by sea and land, had occupied only eleven weeks and a few days, but which had given them the opportunity of seeing some of the most picturesque and glorious scenes of this fair earth.

We have been thus particular in giving dates and tracing the route, as hundreds of our countrymen may be, like Mr. Giffard, labouring under ill-health and pressed for time; and as it cannot but be a valuable service to point out to their notice this easy and exquisite tour. Such a delightful excitement, if taken in time, must work a cure where there is sickness, and cannot fail of giving fresh vigour both to body and mind where there is none. "Notwithstanding an unusual severity of weather which we encountered in the Morea," says Mr. Giffard, "and the shortness of the period allotted to me, we had the good fortune to succeed in both our objects. We got rid of the disagreeable symptoms which had originally suggested the voyage, and we visited many of the most remarkable and interesting scenes and cities of classical Greece." O mighty steam! thou art a wondrous benefactor! nor is it the least of our obligations to thee, that we may visit Greece and be back again in England within three, nay, within two months. O rapid steam! thou art an annihilator of distance. Mr Slade exclaims, in speaking of an almost equally interesting course, "Distance! A man may now leave London, visit the Pyramids, and be back again, under two months, without having wanted a good dinner and a good bed the whole time. For example, from London to Malta seventeen days, from Malta to Alexandria six days; packet remains in Egypt six days; back to London twenty-four days. The passage-money is rather high; I think a guinea a-day on the long passage, between Falmouth and Malta, would be enough."

The following is an agreeable description of Delphi, the view of which place, Mr. Giffard says, with classical enthusiasm, is in itself compensation enough for all the sea-sickness and other *désagremens* of the voyage.

"Delphi is situated some five or six miles up the sides of the mountain range, which, about eight or ten miles further, terminates in the summit of Parnassus; but Delphi, contrary to the received opinion, has little local connexion with Parnassus, properly so called, and is not even in sight of it, as I shall presently show.

"The village is now called Castri, a word of Roman derivation, which we find frequently applied to ruins throughout Greece, and sometimes, strangely enough, in combination with pure Greek adjuncts, as *Paleocastri*, the ancient camp. How the sacred ruins of Delphi came to be peculiarly distinguished by a military name, it is not easy to guess—no doubt the riches of the temples, which naturally tempted plunderers, would suggest that they should be surrounded with some works to protect them from a coup-de-main—but as all towns were probably so defended, it would not account for the *distinctive* appellation in this instance; and I therefore conclude that it was derived from the disposition of the middle ages to see in every ruin the remains of places of defence,—the only kind of works to which they could attach any idea of utility.

"At present, however, Castri presents no traces of any fortifications, and except in its massive foundations, few remains of that vast series of temples and other public edifices described by Pausanias.

" 'The streets of palaces and walks of state'—

are vanished from the face of the earth!

"We had neither time, nor mechanical means, for endeavouring to trace the extensive and complicated foundations—the roots, if I may use the expression—of this prostrate city, nor do I pretend to sufficient learning to be able to appropriate correctly to their ancient purposes, even the ruins which were visible. My reader must needs be satisfied with a hasty and unlearned view, and such an account as we gathered from the chief man of the place, who was himself no great scholar, but volunteered to be our guide, and performed his office with good-humour and some intelligence.

"The general aspect of the village proved the accuracy of Pausanias's description

of the site of the ancient town : it is built on terraces of masonry, rising above one another in regular gradation, and having all the features of great antiquity ; on the right, as you enter the village, are the foundation walls of an old temple, forming a square of about one hundred yards each way, in the centre of which stands a miserable Greek church, dedicated, I believe, to St. Elias. Advancing from this, we entered the village, and having put up our horses, were guided first to the Amphitheatre, an immense work, whose seats, hollowed out of the rock, are still almost perfect ; thence to the *Castalian Spring*, which rises at the foot of what have been so long celebrated as the double peaks of Parnassus ; but in fact, as I have said, the summit of Parnassus, properly so called, is some miles off, and not even visible, being concealed by a bare precipitous rock, which rises, immediately behind the fountain, one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet in height ; up the face of which extends a rugged cleft, that at the top separates the rock into two sharpish peaks, which, though of a height comparatively insignificant, hide, by means of their proximity, the rest of the mountain, and are commonly, but erroneously, called the double head of Parnassus ; for the mountain itself, which we saw from several points, has nothing like a double summit. On the face of the rock are three semicircular-headed niches, which have a formal and unromantic appearance ; on the right, very little above the level of the ground, is a fourth, of larger dimensions, in fact, a shallow cave, which is now converted, by the addition of a poor shed with a lean-to roof, into a small rude chapel, dedicated to St. John,—on the walls of which are inscribed the names of several visitors, and amongst them that of ‘ Byron ’ with the date 1809.

“ The Castalian Spring itself appears in the unpoetical shape of a parallelogram, which has been obviously formed for the purpose of a bath, (a very shallow one,) in which, as we read, the Pythia performed her ablutions before she ascended the sacred tripod.

“ We, according to custom, drank of the Castalian stream, but we understand that the benefit of its inspiration depends on the posture in which the specific is taken ; if the votary stoop his lips to the fountain, the effect is one thing ; if he scoop up the sacred water in his hand, it is quite another. I do not recollect which mode is supposed to confer the inspiration, but as I *stooped* to drink, I fear my readers will have discovered that this was not the favourable attitude. I think one of the tragedians, though I have not been able to recover the passage, mentions that Œdipus, when he came to consult the oracle, sat by the fountain under the shade of a plane-tree ; and if my recollection of this incident be correct, it is singular that there is, close to the fountain, the stump of a plane-tree now in the very last stage of decay, and, no doubt, of great antiquity ; not, of course, that which the poets described, but a tree may have been propagated here successively on the spot, and cherished for the sake of old traditions.

“ After lingering some time about this most interesting scene, we followed our cicerone to some tombs about a mile to the eastward of the spring ; among others was a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, with sculptured figures of men and women, horses and griffins, round the sides—the story meant to be told we could not make out ; on the cover reclined the figure of a woman in an easy graceful posture, something in the way of the figures which we see recumbent on tombs in our own churches, but from the *life* of the attitude (though the head was gone,) as well as the beauty of the design, infinitely surpassing anything of the kind we had ever seen. We are not sure that our guide might not have been induced by some view of his own to take us this walk, (which, however, was very interesting,) for we found that he was the proprietor of the ground, and offered us this sarcophagus for sale, at the rate of, I think, about 400*l*. From this we returned, passing a labyrinth of massy walls and fragments of pillars, sufficient, we thought, for a dozen temples, but which our guide said was the site and remains of the great temple of Apollo ; another mass he called the tomb of *Kronos*. We, not knowing that Father Time, our ancient enemy, was buried here, or, indeed, that he was dead, inquired who *Kronos* was ; when the guide reminded us that we had forgotten for the moment the ancient name of *Saturn*, by stating that *Kronos* was a king who ate his own children, and was at last deposed by them.

“ It was interesting to find this tradition of so ancient a fable on the very spot where the most ancient of poets lays the scene—for, no doubt, the story alluded to by our guide is the same told by Hesiod in his *Theogony*.

“ ‘ Τῷ δὲ σπαργανίσασα μέγαν λίθον.’ κ. τ. λ.

“ ‘ When the old god, who once could boast his reign
O’er all the gods and the ethereal plain,

Grew jealous of the infant's future power,
A stone the mother gave him to devour ;
Greedy he seized the imaginary child,
And swallowed heedless, by the dress beguiled.
But soon, again, he yielded to the day,
The stone deceitful, and his latest prey.
This, Jove, in memory of the wondrous tale,
Fixed on Parnassus in the sacred vale,
In Pytho the divine—a mark to be,
That future ages may astonished be.'

Cooke, 733.

Certainly we were astonished to find this most ancient of fables alive in the traditions of modern Castri."

The little that Mr. Giffard says about the state and prospects of the new kingdom of Greece and the government of young Otho is rather favourable. On visiting the Acropolis of Athens, Otho pledged himself to do all in his power to restore it to its pristine state. This laudable intention may be frustrated by the want of funds and the actual poverty of the country, but still *something* may be done, and it will not be a trifling benefit conferred on the lovers of art and antiquity, if the progress of ruin be stopped for the future, and if what exists be preserved as it is. The part of Mr. Giffard's little book treating of this subject is very interesting, and we derive from it the consoling conviction that care is now taken of the Acropolis of Athens, and the matchless ruins of Greece generally, as well as that important discoveries are being made in the course of the new improvements. The following, on the Athenian Acropolis, was new to us.

"The present passage into the Acropolis is to the right of the Propylæa, as you ascend, between the Gothic tower I have just mentioned, and a little temple of Victory *Apteros* or *without wings*. The history of this little temple is exceedingly interesting in many points. Pausanias mentions, as at the right of the entrance of the Acropolis, a temple of Victory *Apteros*, which Wheeler and Spohn also saw, so late as 1681 ; but it had subsequently totally vanished from the eyes of modern travellers. Dr. Clarke does not even allude to it, and its disappearance had puzzled the critics. Some suspected the text of Pausanias, and the testimony of Wheeler—others imagined the site to have been on the *left* instead of the *right* ; in short, it was gone—and the learned began to wonder, that of all the temples of Athens, it should be that of Victory *without wings* that had most unaccountably *flown away* ; so complete was its disappearance.

"At length, in some works carried on by the present government, to clear the approaches of the Acropolis, and bring them to their proper level, a Turkish battery, which stood in front of the Propylæa, and guarded the approach, was removed, and in doing so fragments of pillars, and other ornamental architecture, were discovered in great quantities ; and, by and by, the floor of an ancient temple, which of course was immediately recognised as that mentioned by Pausanias. The new government has had the spirit and good taste to cause the fragments to be collected and re-erected, without deviation from the original foundations ; and little appears to be wanting to its perfect restoration ; indeed, it would almost seem, that when the battery was made, the building had been taken down with some kind of care. The temple itself consists, or rather will when rebuilt, consist of two porticoes, each of four fluted Ionic columns, connected by a cella of solid masonry. The dimensions are very small, being not above twenty feet long, and not as much in height ; but the proportions are so pleasing, and its situation on the little prominent knoll, which it almost covers, so striking, that it is, upon the whole, a very beautiful object, and an admirable introduction to the majesty of the Parthenon.

"As this is an object at once so ancient and so new, I annex Mr. Newton's drawing of it, as we saw it in progress of reconstruction, with the angle of the Propylæa, and the pedestal of Agrippa on the right ; the temple of Theseus in the plain below ; and in the distance, the hill of Colonos, the last scene of the long *Œdipean* tragedy ; the groves of Academus, sacred to philosophy ; and the Pass of Phyle, memorable for the victory of Thrasybulus over the Thirty Tyrants."

Everybody remembers Byron's "Maid of Athens, ere we part." The following passage has reference to the fair Athenian who suggested those lines, and who is treated more gallantly by Mr. Giffard than by most of our recent tourists, some of whom have described her as a dowdy and a shrew.

"We had a curiosity to see the *Maid of Athens*, celebrated by Lord Byron; but some portion of the romance which his poetry had thrown around her was dissolved, by hearing that she had become the wife of one of the municipal officers, and now bears the unpoetical name of *Mrs. Black*. She was not, I presume, of rank to be at the royal ball, and we had during our stay no opportunity of seeing her—fortunately perhaps—for we were informed, as we might indeed have guessed, that the sight of her who had been a beauty twenty years before, would have totally destroyed a charm, which the change of name had already impaired."

The next, and the last extract we can give, affords very consoling indications. In 1828 the population of Athens was reduced to about eight thousand. Schools similar to that described by Mr. Giffard are established in various other parts of Greece, and (if we are correctly informed) are doing well, and are well supported.

"Yesterday was completed a census of the population. The number of inhabitants, including soldiery, Greek and Bavarian, is *fifteen thousand*—a great increase we are told, within the last twelve months, but a terrible falling off from the days when Athens was in her splendour.

"It would be too much to venture on an anticipation of what it may again rise to, but there are several indications which appear to promise, not indeed her ancient glories, but at least a revival of civilisation, which cannot fail to draw to a region so rich in objects of art and in mental associations, a high degree of internal improvement and prosperity. Athens is not now, for practical purposes, so distant from London—'toto divisos orbe Britannos,'—as Rome was thirty years ago; and who can tell to what a state of prosperity habitual intercourse with the civilised world may again exalt the narrow but illustrious territory of Attica?

"Already has the school, established by Mr. and Mrs. Hill, operated most beneficially on the people: though the schoolhouse has only been lately built, the school itself has existed upwards of five years, and it is attended by several hundreds of both sexes and various ages. In addition to this, they have in their own house girls from each of the provinces of the kingdom, whom they are bringing up, with the sanction of the government, to be teachers in their native districts. This is, perhaps, the germ of a literary, moral, and religious reform, which may restore the Greeks to somewhat of their ancient fame, and to more than their ancient civilisation.

"The king, to show his sense of the good which Mrs. Hill has done in improving the moral condition of the Greeks, and his approbation of her conduct, has presented her with a gold medal, accompanied with a letter of thanks.

"A little incident occurred, however, to-day, which shows that the government itself is not quite as active as it ought to be in the work of civilisation. Mr. Hill, whose kindness is unwearied, was so obliging as to conduct us to the office of the *Nomarch* of the city, to procure our passports and the other proper papers for proceeding on our journey. That officer happened not to be at home; and while we were waiting his return, Mr. Hill asked some labourers, who were loitering about the place, what they wanted: they said that they had been there *since the previous evening*, waiting also for an order to remove the corpse of one of their companions, who had died the day before, while working on the roads, and whose body had been ever since lying by the road-side between the Piræus and the city. We thought, on hearing this account, that if the police laws are so strict that the body might not be moved without an order, it would be but right for the officer, who was to give such an order, to be more particular in his attendance on his duties; for a little attention to such points as these is even more urgent than the restoration of the Parthenon.

"As we were walking through the streets with Mr. Hill, we were glad to see that the common people all recognised him with respect and regard, as if they were sensible of the good he was doing them. Most of them addressed him with 'Ξας ευχα-
πιαρε, May you be fortunate, or some similar term."

Investigation ; or, Travels in the Boudoir. By CAROLINE A. HALSTED, Author of "The Little Botanist."

This is an elegant and useful little volume, highly creditable to the fair author's talents and acquirements, and well suited for the purposes of juvenile instruction, for which it is intended. The lessons are conveyed in a dialogue form, which we do not always consider the best ; but the questions of "Miss Agnes," and the answers of "Mama," are here managed in a dramatic and natural manner, which reminds us, in some instances of those delightful little volumes, "Evenings at Home," to which we are fain to confess our own obligations when we were young. "Travels in the Boudoir" are, in material and physical matters, a sort of "*Voyage autour de ma chambre*," it being the author's object to show how much instruction and amusement, without going out of doors, may be derived from examining the history and fabric of the articles that constantly surround us in our domestic apartments. The idea is a good one, for there is scarcely a single object in a furnished room, however familiar or homely it may be, but furnishes a copious theme, and instruction thus derived from, or connected with, familiar objects, generally makes the deepest impression on the minds of children. Our author, for example, takes carpets, traces their use and manufacture from the East—from Persia and Turkey—describes the materials of which they are composed, the natural history of the animals that bear the materials of which they are woven, and then brings them homeward by Belgium and Brussels, mentioning the time of their first introduction into England, and giving little historical anecdotes connected with the subject. In the same manner the paper that hangs our rooms is connected with the history of old tapestry, and the two materials together are made to furnish a very interesting chapter of art and industry. The volume, beautifully bound and ornamented, is well suited for a present for young people.

The Politics of another World. By MORDECAI.

The Abbé de Marolles was a very great scholar, and a very great translator, yet, whenever he came to a stumbling-block in the works he had undertaken to translate, he was so honest as to say, "I have not translated this passage, because it is very difficult, and in truth I could never understand it." Without pretending to the Abbé's learning, we will equal his honesty, and frankly avow, that we do not review this book because it is very difficult, and we can neither make head nor tail of it. There is a great deal in it about one Daniel, but whether Daniel O'Connell—the Dan of Dans—or Daniel Lambert of corpulent immortality, be meant, we cannot decide with the certainty necessary in so weighty a matter.

The preface to the book represents a gentleman—an author, sitting his fire out : the cock crows, his candle flares in the socket, and a spirit enters—no common ghost, by-the-way, for he is "clothed in a robe of purest white, and girded with a golden girdle—his hair is like fine wool, he has sandals on his feet, and a roll of parchment in his hand." This majestic spirit asks the author what he is about, sitting up there, cold, and hungry, and all alone, while other people are feasting, or dancing, or making love. The author tells the angel that he is writing a book to improve mankind in religion and virtue. "All hum," says the angel : "Moses, David, Solomon, and the rest among the Jews ; Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, among Christians ; Solon, Lycurgus, Socrates, and Plato among the heathens, have all tried their hands at that before you—but

here is something that may do your business—go and proclaim to the uttermost ends of the earth the contents of this roll ;” and then delivering him a roll of parchment, the angel (unlike Aubrey’s ghost) vanishes without any curious twang or perfume. The author no sooner read the ominous roll, than whole prophecies which learned men have hitherto appropriated to the christian church, started forth to his bewildered senses as applicable to the Jewish one. “The whole Apocalypse dawned upon his understanding, irradiated by the sunbeams of truth.”

We should hardly have chosen so serious a subject for the groundwork of what, (if we may venture to guess,) is intended for a political squib and a quiz at the prevailing distinctions and dissensions among religious bodies.

The following, as specimens of sledge-hammer satire, may pass.

“But proceed we to give you some account of the wonderful government of this country by the *press*, and of the political state of things which it exults at once in having produced, and in being able,—*alone* able, to regulate or control.

“The kingdom is divided into three great parties, called by the nondescript names of Tory, Whig, and Radical. The Tories are all for prerogative, Church, and King; the Whigs are all for place; and the Radicals are all for optimism.

“It is contended, that in the constitutional diversity of power, nominally enjoyed by Kings, Lords, and Commons, there is a happy tendency to produce identity of purpose, equality of laws, and a general equilibrium in the high affairs of the state. How far this is true we cannot pretend to say: we can only aver, that for ourselves, ever since we came into the political arena, we have observed nothing in operation but the legitimate principles of our House: wrangling, strife, jealousy, intrigue, covetousness, defamation, perjury, and lies. But we have said, and we repeat it, that King, Lords, and Commons are mere *puppets* in the government of the country. That is in the hands of the *press*; and this alone it is that enables the threefold estate—not of King, Lords, and Commons, but of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, to carry on the government. This means to keep the common herd of men feeding upon potatoes, or starving in poor-houses; it means to swell the incomes of landlords by the payment of rack-rents; and finally, it means to leave the Lords of the soil nothing to do but contend who shall have most of the purple and fine linen bought by the public purse, and who shall feed most sumptuously out of it every day. In order to do *this* (and upon *this only* broad basis of government are Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, all agreed) they have each of them what they call their ‘*organs of the Press*.’ There is scarce a conceivable designation, under which myriads of huge sheets of paper do not issue daily from the teeming womb of that never-sleeping monster. You have your *Times*, and *Sunday Times*; your *Morning Chronicle*, and evening *Courier*; your *Weekly Dispatch*, *Weekly Messenger*, and daily *Gazette*: you have your *Heralds*, your *Posts*, your *Suns*, and your *True Suns*: there are your *Globes* and *Atlases*, your *Advertisers* and your *News*. There are your *Observers*, *Examiners*, *John Bulls*, *Satirists*, *Court Journals*, and *Bell’s Life in London*, with a long list of others, which the time would fail us to tell. These papers, in their politics, are divisible into three classes, as the men are whose opinions they represent. The Tory journals abuse the Whig journals; the Whig papers retort upon the Tory organs, and are by these vilified and abused in turn. The *Times* calls the *Morning Chronicle*—‘vile reptile,’ ‘hireling scribe,’ ‘audacious slanderer,’ ‘stingless viper.’ By the use of such language as this the *Times* has become ‘the leading journal of Europe.’

“One paragraph in it of this day (December 17, 1836) comes under our eye, and we deem it worthy of quotation, not as a specimen of the bellowing of every bear of the daily press, (for few can growl so loud as the *Times*,) but as a sample of the propensity, even where the power is wanting, of every *one* of those enlightened journals to exalt itself, and to devour that to which it is opposed. We have already stated to your Majesty the many schisms into which this kingdom of our Lord is divided. One of these is what they call ‘the Roman Catholic schism.’ In reference to this and other points, the *Times* of to-day says:—‘Roman Catholic emancipation, the relief of Dissenters from obnoxious tests, reform of Parliament, the correction of Ecclesiastical abuses, and the effectual and permanent commutation of tithes;—what British journal outstripped the *Times* in manly and dauntless energy on behalf of

each and all of these measures? Nay, we challenge the political world to answer us, which of those measures (ay, which one of them?) would have forced its way against the manifold impediments opposed to it, had the *Times* been one of its opponents? This is truth, not wanton arrogance.'

"Mutatis mutandis, every one of the Tory, Whig, and Radical papers is not only thus its own trumpeter, but it blows simultaneously with the sound of its fame, the blast of its enemy's perdition. The *Chronicle* calls the *Times* 'Apostate,' the *Times* retorts—'Grunticle.' The Radicals style the *Herald*, 'Grandmamma,' the *Herald* replies—'unprincipled revolutionists.'"

The next *tirade* is from a letter addressed to "Michael the Prince," by "the Angel that stood among the myrtle trees."

"I am sent sometimes by our Father to report upon particular subjects and special cases; and I am obliged, in fulfilment of his command, to put such questions to people, as bring me into strange predicaments. For instance, I was ordered the other day, to ask a man calling himself a Saint, when he expected God to gird himself, to make him sit down to meat, and to come forth and serve him? The Saint said I was a presumptuous man; that I spoke with most unseemly familiarity on a subject so solemn; and that I deserved to be openly rebuked in the face of the Church (if indeed I belonged to one) for my temerity.

"I then turned to a brother Saint of this man who was walking with him. They had just come out of an established Church, of which the minister is what they call an 'Evangelical.' The latter Saint in question had two excellent new coats on, one over another.—I concealed my own garment, so that I appeared to have none; and the weather being very cold, I asked the Saint to impart to me one of his coats. You cannot imagine a look of greater contempt and irritability than that bestowed upon me by the Saint, as he pushed me out of his way, and threatened to give me in charge as a mountebank, interrupting people coming from Church, and otherwise breaking the Lord's day. The scene did not end here. A third Saint, walking behind the other two, and evidently one of the company, was slightly inconvenienced, from my having been pushed upon so as to tread upon his toe, by the man with the two coats. With no small violence, he against whom I had been driven raised his hand, and smote me on the right cheek. I turned to him the other also. Whereupon the whole three consulted together, and pronounced me 'more fool than rogue.' They walked off saying it was no credit to my friends that I was allowed to go at large.

"A few days afterwards, I was sent to a City Banker. He was of the sect called Quakers; and I was commanded to deliver to him this message, 'Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal.' He was very busy at the time weighing gold and counting Bank-notes. Upon seeing and hearing me, he hastily huddled them into a drawer behind the counter. Addressing me, then, with a countenance in which I traced a strong family resemblance to Mammon, 'Friend,' said he, 'what brought thee here?' For a 'friendly' salutation I thought this a little abrupt, and I could perceive no great friendship or cordiality in what followed. 'Go about thy business,' added he, as he ordered two athletic clerks 'to shew that young man to the door, and if he made any resistance or noise, to give him in charge.'

"I was directed one morning to go to the house (it was a palace) of one of those called Archbishops in the land. My orders were to represent myself as a poor Saint, one of God's little ones, and to ask an alms, even a cup of cold water, a piece of bread, and wherewithal to clothe my nakedness. I knocked at the door, at which a splendid chariot was standing. Presently there came forth a man called a lackey, dressed in very gaudy attire, and having his hair highly powdered and pomatumed. He no sooner saw me than he shut the door in my face, with an oath that appeared to me rather out of place in the vestibule of a Bishop's residence. I of course withdrew; but I waited at a little distance to see when the Archbishop himself would come out. I knew that having desired the office of a Bishop, he had desired a good work, and ought to be given to hospitality, apt to teach, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not covetous. I had already, indeed, seen one part of my expectation frustrated. For I knew that not only ought the Bishop to be possessed of the qualities stated, but that he should be one that ruleth well his own house; (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take

care of the Church of God ?) Now I could not think it consistent with the proper regulation of his house, that a finely-dressed servant should slam the door with a curse, in the face of a poor servant of God.—But out, at length, came the Archbishop himself. I ran up to him, and prayed to have the crumbs that might fall from his table. He hurried past me, in great apparent anger with the servant, and discomposure from my presence. Being arrayed in gorgeous attire, with a most curious wig, and very wide sleeves of fine lawn, he unfortunately tore one of them, in his haste to get into the carriage. This accident ruffled him so much, that he returned into the house in great wrath, having first ordered the servants to give me in charge. I made my escape by dint of hard running. These are only a few of the occurrences, by which, in our Father's service, I am daily beset.—Others shall be related in due time."

Mr. Murray's Pocket Edition of Byron.

The last volume we have received of this beautiful issue, contains the "Curse of Minerva," "The Waltz," "Ode to Napoleon," "Hebrew Melodies," "The Morgante Maggiore of Pulci," "The Prophecy of Dante," "The Blues," "The Vision of Judgment," "The Age of Bronze,"—a wonderful quantity of choice reading, all comprised in a volume so small, that it may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, yet of a type so clear, that it may be read with perfect comfort. This edition, we should think, is as likely to succeed as any of its predecessors, and we wish it every success. We almost regret, however, that some of the personal allusions, which bear too harshly on individuals still living among us, and which were not written by Byron, but by his annotators and reviewers, have not been discarded, as too severe and uncharitable to be perpetuated, in a work that will make its way among the mass of the people.

Remarks on Military Law, and the Punishment of Flogging. By Major-General CHARLES J. NAPIER, C.B., Author of "Colonization in Australia."

This volume commands attention by the importance of the subject, and will no doubt obtain it. It is only by deeply impressing the matter on the public mind, and by convincing and interesting the nation at large, that any great reform is, or perhaps *ought* to be, carried. General Napier is, we believe, a humane man, a sincere, warm-hearted friend to the profession he ornaments, and a philanthropist in the proper acceptance of the term; but he is apt to be hasty in adopting opinions and theories, and to see things through the distorted vision of passion and prejudice. Witness some inconsiderate passages in his treatise on "Colonization in Australia," and his late intemperate display at Bath touching the new Poor-Laws—a subject which he evidently had not allowed his humane and intelligent mind time sufficient to examine. There are some signs of heedlessness and hastiness of temper in the book now before us, but they are neither numerous nor important; and the main arguments, namely, those for the suppression of the cruel and degrading punishment of flogging in the army, are urged with great moderation and good sense, the General never bursting into enthusiasm except where called upon to vindicate the most unfairly traduced character of the common British soldier.

Whether in the army or navy, flogging is now of very rare occurrence; but the punishment still disgraces the military code, and may be abused by tyrannical and *indolent* officers. We use the last adjective advisedly, our own observation having convinced us that it is generally through the

indolence and culpable neglect of commanding officers that a regiment or a ship's company falls into such a state as to call for any but the rarest use of punishment of any kind. It is so much easier to flog for a fault, than to take the pains necessary to obviate the possibility, or at least the probability, of the offence! General Napier's book treats of many other topics, embracing, indeed, the whole range of military law, and military organization. Many of his suggestions seem to us excellent. He is a warm advocate for the education of the common soldier, as also for the establishment of a school to be attached to every regiment for the instruction of the soldier's children; for, at all times, and in these "piping times of peace" more especially, every regiment can show a very promising nursery. He recommends that when the boys are six years old, they should be placed on the list of the regiment. "Such recruits," he says, "seldom or never desert: born and bred in the regiment, they have no other home; and the chances of their turning out useful members of society, instead of ill-educated and ill-conducted men, would be increased. The number of soldiers' infants that now die from want of care is immense."

The following passages are interesting.

"But I am not altogether without the authority of able officers for my objections to flogging in time of peace, and my conviction that it may be abandoned. Sir Edward Pakenham, a soldier whom I fear to praise, lest strangers should deem my praise to be hyperbolic, while to those who knew him, panegyric might still seem wanting, for much and justly was that brave man admired by the British army. Sir Edward Pakenham, I say, had such an aversion to flogging with the 'cat,' even in time of war, that being quartered in the island of Bermuda, he used to march his soldiers into a wood, and, making one of them take a stick, thrash with it any culprits who were sentenced to be flogged. By this practice there was no bloody backs; no indelible branding; no branding whatever. Whether this succedaneum for the legal punishment was justifiable, does not enter into the discussion, but his risking so great a responsibility was a proof, not only of his abhorrence of the punishment, but of his belief that some effectual substitute for it might be found even in war time; and this is all I want to show. He perfectly succeeded, I believe. His popularity with officers and privates, and the renown of the fusileers, are too well known to need comment.

"I may, also, be pardoned if I quote my own father's opinions. My father was an old soldier, and many now alive can testify that he was also a very able soldier; a man of large stature, with extraordinary force of body and mind; one who had the military spirit so strong within him, that when dying, his last expressed regret was at not falling in battle. Now the opinions of such a man are not to be held cheap; and oftentimes did he say to me, I being then a subaltern, that flogging was an inhuman, and, in peace, unnecessary punishment; injurious to those honourable feelings that he justly held to be the great principle by which troops should be mainly governed. He thought flogging ought to be abolished. And here perchance the reader will pardon my relating an anecdote, which shows what an appeal to the honour of British soldiers will do, and that they are not the scourings of society, as some would make those believe who know not what soldiers are. During the Irish rebellion in 1798, my father marched at the head of about two hundred soldiers, to attack a party of rebels, posted at a farm-house near the seat of the celebrated Hamilton Rowan; they fled, but many shots were fired by our advanced guard, which spread all round, and some men entered the farm-house, endeavouring to take prisoners. The intended surprise had failed, and pursuit was vain. The detachment was halted; and at that moment the proprietor of the farm-house came up, complaining that a silver spoon had been stolen by one of the soldiers, but that he could not point out the man. It was made clear that the rebels had not pillaged anything. The soldiers were addressed by their commander, and a short appeal was made to their honour. Half the detachment belonged to an Irish regiment; the other half to a Highland regiment. When my father had done speaking, an indignant cry ran through the ranks, 'Let every man strip, and the thief will soon be found;' in one instant the whole detachment stood perfectly naked in the road, each man with his clothes in a heap before him, and the spoon was found! I was then

only a boy, but I saw what soldiers were, and how they ought to be commanded. I saw the spirit of honour strong within them."

General Napier has a fund of caustic, satirical humour, which he seldom permits to lie idle. Parts of the following passage, introduced in denouncing the abuse of giving sentries, and keeping poor soldiers out of their beds, for no earthly use, is worthy of Swift himself.

" Besides, where malaria prevails, this hardship is injurious to the health of the soldiers; for in hot climates, men are more exposed to illness in the night, than in the day. No man, who has studied the health of the soldiers in colonial garrisons, will dispute this fact. It would be useful if the number of nights in bed, which are allowed to the soldiers in each colony and at home, were reported in a monthly return to head-quarters; and the abuse of placing sentries unnecessarily, would then be seen, and in some measure corrected: at present it is very great; there are some fifty or sixty British soldiers kept out of bed all the year, to give sentries at the doors of *Greek senators and regents*! This is abominable; a sentry is placed at the door of men whose rank and importance in the army renders their security in the field of great importance, and circumstances may possibly place that security in jeopardy in time of peace; there are other circumstances which make it proper to place sentries at the door of officers of high rank: but why should a senator in the Ionian Islands have a right to claim a British sentry, more than a peer of the realm in England? or a peer of the realm in France? Why should a British sentry be placed at the door of a Greek senator, and no sentry at the door of the Duke of Wellington? I do not say that these Ionians are the worse legislators, or statesmen, for being wine-merchants, hacksters, and so forth: on the contrary, I think them more fitted for legislation on that account; but then, on the other hand, their mercantile calling assuredly gives them no claim to receive military honour! The absurdity of this reminds me of an observation made by a gentleman named Miller, a corporal in the American service, sent to the Morea by the Greek committee in the United States, to help the Grecians with supplies. One day, seeing a senator named Focardi embark at Zante, Miller observed, 'The last time I saw a senator set off to labour in his vocation, was in New England: himself, his servant, and I, breakfasted together; after which, while the servant saddled the plough horses, the senator packed up his bags, and away he jogged to congress to apply his influence in settling a dispute with the Emperor of Russia, about the western territory. Here I see the senator of Zante, which island I believe is larger than the American senator's farm, though not a great deal, going to Corfu to do anything he is bidden, and having British guards of honour attending him to the beach; cannons firing, drums beating, colours flying, and all the pomp of war! now you must admit that, supposing the two senators to be equally clever and honest men, we Yankees have the best bargain.' I answered, 'Our senator is more amenable, he is a 'tame elephant,' which, perhaps, yours is not.' I had nothing else to say in defence of our senator, and being too old a soldier to volunteer fighting in a bad position, I changed the conversation with my excellent friend, Corporal Miller, of whom I have lost all trace; but if this little treatise should ever fall into his hands, I hope he will be assured of the sincere regard I have for him, and how often I have thought of his contempt for the senators of the Ionian Republic, for whose honour and glory a company of British soldiers have kept unceasing vigils for *twenty long years*! Among these senators there were some whose characters rendered it a question whether the sentry at his door was for the safety of the senator or the public! However, many, among whom I must beg to name my friends, Marine Veja, Mr. Zambelli, Sir Victor Caridi, and others, were excellent men. Whether many amongst them had the bump of '*legislativeness*' greatly developed, or the contrary, I cannot say, having no means of judging, for King Tom governed in single blessedness, like an old maid among her cats; and after him, came Sir Frederick Adam's bad broth of many cooks! so that the Ionian senators had no field for the display of their genius; which, therefore, lay dormant and undiscovered. However, it must be confessed that there is no want of talent among the shrewd Ionians, who inherit all the native cleverness and courage of their ancestors. It is only *our selection* of senators that provokes ridicule. At least our selection when I was in the islands. What the '*most illustrious*' body may now be composed of, I cannot say; the coruscations of their glory do not reach me at Caen; but that does not signify: a senate of Solons could do no good in the Ionian Islands. If I had the choice of a senate for the Ionian Islands, I would make a contract for

them with some dealer in wax-work; and they should be warranted to stand any heat in the shade, where I would take especial care to keep them! Among the many advantages of such a senate, one is, that a single sentry would guard them all, and he should be of the same plastic materials as themselves. The whole might be shown to travellers for a shilling, and thus raise a revenue for the public, instead of spending one. Who is there, possessing any curiosity, that would not willingly pay a shilling to see the only senate in the world, that never did any harm to the people? Miller's American senators could not stand the comparison an instant. My 'lads of wax' would be like the Roman senate, when the Gauls entered the senate house, and took them for gods; they were, it is said, silent and motionless; so that the only time they were really a god-like senate, was when they neither spoke nor moved! of a truth, when we read of these Roman senators doing either, the thoughts fly irresistibly towards Newgate! But to return to my sentries. Governors of colonies ought to be obliged so to arrange the duties of their garrisons in time of peace, that no soldier should be on guard more than once a week; and if only once in a month, so much the better; for guards are more destructive of discipline and health than any duty the soldier has to perform.

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"When I went to Cefalonia I reduced the number of men, who mounted guard daily, from seventy-five to eighteen; and I did all the necessary duty as effectually with those eighteen: thus fifty-seven men had their sound sleep every night, men who, previously, were obliged to lose their rest. It is unquestionable that officers must be allowed to use their discretion in planting sentinels; no man would be fool enough to deny this; but a return to head-quarters would oblige commanders to use this power judiciously, which is now very far from being the case. And as to British sentinels being placed on any civilian's door, unless he be the ambassador of a crowned head, I really must say that it is highly offensive to the troops, exclusive of the injury it does to the soldier's health and discipline.

The Conspiracy of Querini and Tiepoli. An Historical Drama.

The subject of this drama, the great conspiracy in Venice under the Doge Gradenigo, at the end of the thirteenth century, is very good in itself, and, on the whole, is not badly treated by our anonymous dramatist. But the misfortune is, that the nature of the subject—the very locality—constantly reminds us of Otway, and Byron, and Manzoni, bards in whose bright light no minor poet can so much as twinkle. There have been days in the land when worse poetry was applauded till the welkin rang again—witness the tragedies of the Earl of Carlisle; but those times are passed; and bad as may be the rest of our popular literature, in poetry nothing but what is far above mediocrity stands a chance of attracting the slightest attention. The refuse rhymes of our magazines and annuals would have made a *fame* in the days of Pye and Pratt.

History of the Possessions in the Mediterranean, comprising Gibraltar, Malta, Goso, and the Ionian Islands. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.R.S.

Although not without a few errors and omissions, this volume (the seventh of the "British Colonial Library") is both attractive and useful. The portion the least well done is the historical part, which we almost wish were omitted altogether. Room would be so obtained for the insertion of more statistical matter. In such a compendium, where Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and septinsular Greece, are all treated of, twenty pages are rather too much to devote to the late Duke of Kent's governorship; and, after all, the only remarkable event in it, or the mutiny which drove his Royal Highness from Gibraltar, is not given with the correctness and impartiality that appertain to real history.

It is incorrect, in another manner, to describe Malta as one of the least prosperous possessions of the British crown. There are, however, many improvements called for in our administration in that island, though scarcely to the extent supposed by Mr. Martin, who has taken up, without sufficient examination, the *ex parte* statements of a disaffected Maltese. Of one thing we are sure—the Maltese *people* are in the enjoyment of more *liberty* and *prosperity* than ever fell to their lot before. The coru-law system of Sir Thomas Maitland is absurd, but it is under revision, and will, no doubt, be reformed by our government.

The Dispatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquis of Wellesley, K. G., during his Administration in India. Edited by MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Vol. III.

We have here a mass of official documents and information that will be serviceable to the future historian of British India, and in many respects exceedingly useful to the present sojourners in that country, whether employed in the civil or military branches of government, or occupied in commercial pursuits. The dispatches and correspondence in the present volume extend over the busy years of 1803, 4, and 5. They are honourable proofs of the ability and industry of the noble Marquis, as also of the liberal, humane spirit in which he generally endeavoured to govern the country, and raise the moral condition and physical well-being of the many millions of natives placed under his rule. There are a good many letters and dispatches, written with truly characteristic point, directness, and brevity, by his Grace of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley; but these, we believe, are included in Colonel Gurwood's compilation. Some of Lord Castlereagh's "most secret" dispatches to the Marquis suggest strange recollections and curious reflections at this moment.

The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. A Fragment. By CHARLES BABAGE, Esq. 1 vol. post 8vo.

This volume is characterised alike, and in nearly equal degrees, by the author's genius, sagacity, originality, and what we must call *whimsicality*. The book is indeed a curiosity from end to end; but in all essentials a noble and elevating one. Its title is clearly a misnomer, and may deceive some people until they see the volume. "The volume," says the preface, "does not form a part of that series of works composed at the desire of the trustees who directed the application of the bequest of 8000*l.* by the late Earl of Bridgewater, for the purpose of advancing arguments in favour of natural religion." Though there is not much in a name, we can hardly excuse the author's calling his book what it is *not*, nor can we admit, in justification, his reason for so doing—a reason which might go to multiply all kinds of misnomers, and render the title of every book ambiguous.

The Reverend W. Whewell, the author of the third "*Bridgewater Treatise*," says, in the said treatise, "We may thus, with the greatest propriety, deny to the mechanical philosophers and mathematicians of recent times any authority with regard to their views of the administration of the universe; we have no reason whatever to expect from their speculations any help, when we ascend to the First Cause and Supreme Ruler of the universe. But we might, perhaps, go further, and assert that they are, in some respects, less likely than men employed in other pursuits, to make any clear advance towards such a subject of speculation."

These remarks seem to us to be, in some respects, unfair, (we would call

them illiberal but for Mr. Whewell's own acknowledged excellence in mechanical philosophy,) and a throwing down of the gauntlet to a most valuable class of the learned; and Mr. Babbage, as the first of mechanical philosophers, and one of the first of mathematicians, (being imbued, at the same time, not only with natural, but *revealed* religion,) may have thought himself bound to accept the challenge, or, at least, to endeavour to show, that mechanical philosophers are *not* excluded by the nature of their pursuits from such speculations; but may, from those very pursuits, deduce as good arguments for the existence of a superior, all-wise Power, as the geologists, astronomers, entymologists, anatomists, physiologists, and chemists, who have written the *real* "Bridge-water Treatises."

The whole volume is written in this sense; and, as far as our own limited mathematics allow us to judge, the learned author makes out his case clearly and convincingly. The "calculating machine" is inseparably connected with the name of Babbage,* yet some readers will be startled at seeing the use made of it by its inventor in proving the existence of a God!

The book abounds with passages of great beauty and lofty eloquence. We are not quite sure that the fragmentary mode of treating so solemn a subject will not be displeasing to some. In looking over the "contents," we lighted upon a chapter called "Thoughts on the Origin of Evil;" but turning eagerly to that chapter (the last but one in the volume) to see what so original a thinker had to say on that most difficult subject, we found a *dead blank*, with nothing but these few words, printed in italics, "I had intended to have put into writing the substance of an interesting discussion I once had with a distinguished philosopher, now no more, but other demands on my time have prevented the completion of this intention." Such a chapter reminds one of Tristram Shandy. Why not omit it when there was nothing in it? The following passage, which we extract from an admirable chapter called "Thoughts on the Nature of Future Punishments," is not less distinguished by eloquence than by a deep knowledge of the working of the innermost mind of man.

"Who has not felt the painful memory of departed folly? Who has not at times found crowding on his recollection, thoughts, feelings, scenes, by all perhaps but him forgotten, which force themselves involuntarily on his attention? Who has not reproached himself with the bitterest regret at the follies he has thought, or said, or acted? Time brings no alleviation to these periods of morbid memory: the weaknesses of our youthful days, as well as those of later life, come equally unbidden and unarranged, to mock our attention and claim their condemnation from our severer judgment. It is remarkable that those whom the world least accuses, accuse themselves the most; and that a foolish speech, which at the time of its utterance was unobserved as such by all who heard it, shall yet remain fixed in the memory of him who pronounced it, with a tenacity which he vainly seeks to communicate to more agreeable subjects of reflection. It is also remarkable, that whilst our own foibles, or our imagined exposure of them to others, furnish the most frequent subject of almost nightly regret, yet we rarely recalc to recollection our acts of consideration for the feelings of others, or those of kindness and benevolence. These are not the familiar friends of our memory; ready at all times to enter the domicile of mind, its unbidden but welcome guests. When they appear, they are usually summoned at the command of reason, from some unexpected ingratitude, or when the mind retires within its council chamber to nerve itself for the endurance or the resistance of injustice.

* In justice to a high-minded gentleman, who is singularly indifferent to laud of any kind, we will do what in us lies to give publicity to the following correction of a *vulgar* error. "The public having erroneously imagined," says Mr. Babbage, "that the sums of money paid to the workmen for the construction of the engine, (the calculating machine,) were the remuneration of my own services, for inventing and directing its progress; and a committee of the House of Commons having incidentally led the public to believe that a sum of money was voted to me for that purpose, I think it right to give to that report the most direct and unequivocal contradiction." See Appendix to present work.

"If such be the pain, the penalty of thoughtless folly, who shall describe the punishment of real guilt? Make but the offender better, and he is already severely punished. Memory, that treacherous friend but faithful monitor, recalls the existence of the past, to a mind now imbued with finer feelings, with sterner notions of justice than when it enacted the deeds thus punished by their recollection."

We have received a short list of corrections, but cannot conveniently insert it here. The purchasers of this volume can obtain the *corrigenda* at Mr. Babbage's publisher's. The errors occur in the refutation of Hume's arguments against miracles, p. 120 to 127 inclusive.

Narrative of Captain James Fawcner's Travels on the Coast of Benin, West Africa. Edited by a Friend of the Captain.

This narrative is very interesting; but we should have liked it much better if it had been given in the plain, sailor language of the honest skipper himself, or even if the editing friend had employed a less ambitious style. These things are spoilt by being made fine.

Mr. Fawcner, while commanding the trading schooner "Henry", of Sierra Leone, and on his way to purchase palm-oil and ivory from the natives of Benin, on the Rio Formoso, was shipwrecked off Mongyee, a province belonging to the king of Benin; and fell into the hands of a very thievish set of negroes, who stripped him to the skin, and subjected him to such hardships and miseries as few Europeans could have survived. The account of his adventures by land and water, until he got back to what seemed to him a paradise—Sierra Leone!—his descriptions of the Benin natives, who have seldom been visited in their *intérieurs*, will well reward a perusal of this little volume, which we very cordially recommend to our reader's notice. It is published for the benefit of the unfortunate mariner, who, since his shipwreck, has been visited by another of life's greatest calamities—FIRE!

The Widow's Offering; a Selection of Tales and Essays. By the late WILLIAM PITT SCARGILL, Author of "Truckleborough Hall," "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," "Provincial Sketches," &c. &c.

If our power were equal to our will, we would induce every book-society and every book-buying person in the kingdom to purchase these volumes; and that, not less on account of the many excellent things they contain, than because of the painful circumstances under which they are produced. Mr. Scargill, an original-minded and truly elegant writer, recently fell a victim to disease just as his intellectual powers were matured, and his productions were obtaining proper appreciation from a public, which is sometimes tardy, but seldom unjust in the long run. He left a young widow and children; and, we believe, we are taking no unwarrantable liberty when we add, that he left them with that very insufficient provision, which is, alas! but too often the utmost legacy the man of genius and tenderness of heart has to bequeath to the objects of his dearest affections. His widow has collected a number of Tales, Essays, and fugitive pieces, some of which have appeared in our periodicals, in two compact and really valuable volumes, rich in humour, pathos, and originality, both of thought and manner. They cannot be read without pleasure and moral advantage, and we trust they *will be read* at least by all who have a previous acquaintance with "The Puritan's Grave," one of the most simple, touching, and beautiful narratives that have been produced in our days, with an exquisite finish about it, and that homogene-

ousness which is the touchstone of true genius. For ourselves, we have read it through repeatedly, and each time with an increase of pleasure, and we feel confident we shall entitle ourselves to the thanks of those who may be induced by our brief notice to make an acquaintance with it and with the other works of the lamented author. We have seen a modest comparison drawn between Mr. Scargill and Oliver Goldsmith, and in some respects the parallel bears well. Simplicity, pathos, and quiet humour, are the main characteristics of both; and, without the slightest signs of being a copyist or an imitator, the author of the essays before us reminds us of him of the "Citizen of the World," and the imperishable "Vicar of Wakefield." We believe that his humour has been less generally recognised than the beauty and truth of his pathetic scenes, but we think that the following specimen from the first volume of these tales and essays will place it in a most favourable light:—

"GRAVITY.

"Happiness is a great treasure, and why should not a man keep it to himself? What propriety, or what decency, is there in a man's poking the pertness of his contented cheerfulness into the face of every one he meets? It is exceedingly vulgar, if an individual be ever so rich, that he should jingle his money in the audience of all the world. Gravity can never be called impertinence; it does not obtrude itself upon the attention, but it rather courts inobservation, and forms a species of personal retirement. It is a little sentry-box, in which a man shuts himself up, and keeps himself to himself. If an individual is laughing and grinning in society, you seem to be under the necessity of asking him what he is laughing at. If a man comes smiling into a room, and looking gaily and cheerfully around him, you are under a kind of necessity of taking some notice of him. He forcibly quarters himself upon your sympathy, and so far he is a troublesome fellow, and he is a disturbance to the train of your thoughts. Whereas a grave man is as good a companion as a man fast asleep. He does not take your attention or thoughts away from yourself. You may speak to him if you like, but you are not compelled to it; you are quite at liberty, and Englishmen love liberty; therefore they love gravity, and cultivate it with much diligence, and most distinguished success. Moreover, every one loves the reputation for wisdom: and how is it to be had, save and except by wise sayings or by wise looks? And which is the easiest, to look like a wise man, or to talk like a wise man? The argument is in favour of looks, at least ten to one. We should approve gravity in others, for its convenience to ourselves; and we should cultivate it in ourselves, not only for its convenience to others, but for its accommodation to ourselves. It becomes a species of panoply, defending ourselves from attacks that might disturb or discompose us. Get into a Paddington coach, or Richmond steamer, without the armour of gravity, and ten to one some impertinent fellow will attack you with, 'Fine day, sir.' But look grave, keep your lips properly compressed, as if they were not to be opened for a trifle, preserve the perpendicularity of the spine, cock up your nose, and turn up your eyes, or knit your brows, and look round about you as if you wondered how you came in such a vulgar conveyance, and then you may travel from Dan to Beersheba without a question. By the proper bearing and right management of your gravity, you hold the power of speech and silence in your own keeping; and if you choose to condescend to say, 'Fine day, sir,' you enjoy the reputation of condescension. Gravity is like the shell of a live oyster, it may occasionally relax and gape a little for convenience, but if anything offensive comes near, it can forthwith close itself with most exquisite pertinacity; and if need be, can pinch the fingers of the impertinent. Gravity is so complete an essential of the English character, that if a man be seen walking in the streets with a smile upon his face, and the outward symptoms of gaiety in his looks, the odds are that he is a foreigner. But if he be an Englishman, it is more than ten to one he is half crazy.

"Now what is the cause of this gravity? Why are the English people so exceedingly grave? What is the philosophy of the thing? says a Frenchman. Nay, monsieur, excuse us if you please; the *onus probandi* lies with you. What is the philosophy of your vivacity? We are the rule, you are the exception. Explain, if you please, your most unconscionable levity, the everlasting activity of your limbs, the ready relaxibility of your muscles, the courteous flexibility of your spine, the aspen-leaf motion of your tongue, and the hilarious crowing of your lungs. You do

not learn all this from anything in nature. The animals that live around you are all exceedingly grave. There is no giggling in a pig-sty ; there are no shruggings of shoulders and gesticulations among your horned cattle ; your sheep are grave, your horses are grave, your asses are grave ; all as grave as any Englishmen. Look at your poultry, your geese, your chickens, and your turkeys ; all of them are perfectly serious and grave. You may talk about the lively song of the lark ; but look at the owl—there is gravity enough in that bird of wisdom to make up for the levity of a skyful of larks. Everything is in favour of gravity ; we have the majority on our side ; cows, sheep, asses, horses, dogs, cats, pigs, ducks, geese, *cum multis aliis*, keep us in countenance. Besides, if we wish to give any account of our pre-eminent gravity, we might quote for illustration our insular situation, and our consequent familiarity with fish,—they are the gravest of all animals, and the quietest withal. True, they now and then make a frolic leap out of the water ; but then they are like an Englishman at a carnival—they are out of their element. What can be graver than a cod's head and shoulders ? What are you laughing at, Monsieur ?

Thus pleasantly and *humanely*, with a tincture both of Yorick and Montaigne, could trifle one who will never smile again.

Contributions to Political Knowledge. Sketches of Popular Tumults; Illustrative of the Evils of Social Ignorance.

The plan of this cheap little work is excellent, and the book itself is written in the very best spirit, and in a plain, earnest, and convincing manner. The conviction is carried by soberly-related facts, rather than by argument and oratory, and the least informed intellect will understand and feel it. The author or authors have taken the great divisions of "Tumults of Religious Fanaticism," "Tumults of Political Excitement," "Tumults arising in the Absence of a Settled Government, and at the Dissolution of the Body Politic," and "Tumults for raising the Rate of Wages." The facts impartially collected under each head are of remarkable interest, and will even arrest the attention of those who read only for amusement. In nearly every instance, it will be seen, that riot originates in mistaken ignorance rather than in malice or wickedness, and ends in a fatal injury to the rioters themselves.

There is one paper, descriptive of the events of the year 1799 at Naples, and written by an eye-witness of the horrors committed, which is at once an important contribution to the history of those wonderful times, and a personal narrative of the deepest interest. The account of the dreadful insurrections at Lyons, in the years 1831 and 1834, is also derived from an eye-witness, and is an historical document of great importance.

A Selection from the Poems of his Majesty Louis the First, King of Bavaria, imitated in English Verse. By GEORGE EVERILL.

His Majesty of Bavaria is rather an important addition to Horace Walpole's catalogue of royal authors, and his enthusiastic encouragement of the arts, and other circumstances connecting him with the most classical region upon earth, render him a very interesting personage. The verses on Greece have, to us, a curious effect, coming as they do from one who is father to the new king of that country. With the exception of two or three of a patriotic and German character, all the poems here selected have reference to classical subjects—to Italy, Greece, or the fine arts. Mr. Everill's versions are not very poetical, but, now and then, there is a happy line. We were much struck with one describing the present inhabitants of the eternal city.

"Stranger than strangers, Romans live in Rome."

The sentiments contained in the following verses have been often imagined for them by *subjects*, but we are not aware of their having been ever before published in rhyme, by a *real* king himself.

“THE FATE OF A KING.

“ Surrounded by the court's restraint,
Life's pleasures are but weak and faint,
An idol mere of stone :
Enthron'd within a palace walls,
Nought on a king but sadness falls,
He ever is alone.

That which the poorest can obtain,
He on his throne can never gain,—
Unbought, sincere applause :
He slow and carefully must walk,
As on a stage must act and talk,
By artificial laws.

Each thing is measur'd, and is weigh'd,
E'en to forget be oft is made,
That he a man is born ;
Reserv'd and cold he e'er must be,
Each joy and friendship he must flee,
Exalted and forlorn.

Wherever may his glances rest,
Slander will sure the thing infest,
Howe'er so pure ; its form
'Twill change, as Envy's will inclines,
So heav'n itself no longer shines,
When darkened by the storm.”

There is, perhaps, more truth than poetry in this melancholy avowal.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The History of Chesterfield ; with Engravings and Descriptive Accounts of Chatsworth, Hardwicke, &c.—This work is in the course of publication, in parts, at Chesterfield, where it is also printed, by the intelligent and enterprising Mr. Thomas Ford. It is cheap and well got up, and likely, we should think, to be popular in the neighbourhood. It is founded upon a work published some years ago, by the Rev. George Hall, formerly Curate of Chesterfield, but now Vicar of Tenbury, Rector of Rochford, and Chaplain to Lord Brougham. The editor or conductor, (as he modestly calls himself,) has made many additions of considerable local interest.

Two Lectures on Lithotrity and the Bi-Lateral Operation, delivered in London, Birmingham, Bath, and Bristol. By EDWIN LEE, Esq., M.R.C.S. &c.—We have already had occasion to give our humble meed of praise to some of Mr Lee's ingenious and useful productions. The present, which relates to one of the most wonderful of modern discoveries and operations in surgery, seems entitled to particular attention. At the end of the second lecture a most consoling hope is held out that the frequency of operations for the stone will, hereafter, be much diminished by the use of chemical agents and certain mineral waters. M. Chevalier, an eminent French chemist, has been engaged on this subject, success in which will make him the benefactor of mankind. “ M. Chevalier's experiments,” says Mr. Lee, “ tend to demonstrate that calculi of all kinds are more or less soluble, according to their composition, in certain fluids, especially some alkaline mineral waters, as those of Vichy ; and he adduces numerous cases to prove that persons with stone have been cured by these waters, and by compositions of an analogous nature.”

Money and its vicissitudes in Value, as they affect National Industry and Pecuniary Contracts; with a Postscript on Joint-Stock Banks. By the Author of the "Rationale of Political Representation," "A Critical Dissertation on Value," &c.—This is a sensibly written essay, on a most difficult and complicated part of political science, the want of some fixed principles on which, throws, every now and then, the whole of this great commercial country into consternation and difficulties. The little volume is well-timed. Where such a variety of views prevails, we have not the presumption to say that the author is always right, but his remarks seem to us, invariably, to merit attention. His arguments are presented in easy, familiar language: this is as it should be, for the subject itself is difficult enough, in all conscience. He advocates a paper currency, "subject to repression from without," and "placed under such a system of management as will prevent any excess in quantity from being issued." *Reste à savoir*, how any such system can be formed.

An Introduction to Medical Botany, &c. &c. By THOMAS CASTLE, M.D., F.L.S.—As we have noticed it on a former occasion, we have only to say, at present, that this is the THIRD edition of a valuable elementary work, affording an easy introduction to those points which are essential in the study of *medical plants*.

1. *The Accidence of the French Grammar.* 2. *Le Traducteur*.—Both these works are by M. Merlet, teacher of the French language at the University of London, and both seem well adapted to the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of an indispensable language. The care bestowed in the "Traducteur" on the peculiarities of French idiom and terms of expression, is entitled to much praise. The many easy, excellent works we now have, make us hate more and more those lumpish, inaccurate *bore*s of books in which it was *our* fate to study French in the olden time.

The English Martyrology. Abridged from Foxe. By CHARLOTTE-ELIZABETH —. As an abridgment, this work is exceedingly well done, the main facts of the voluminous original being selected, and the whole expressed in condensed, yet not meagre language. As to the propriety, or (as the editors urge) the *necessity* of producing and multiplying such works at the present moment, we have our doubts; but, of course, others are entitled to the same liberty of opinion. Not long ago we read a *Catholic* account of the martyrs of the church of Rome under Elizabeth. We may withhold the name *martyr* from those unfortunate individuals who suffered for adhering to their religion, (the political conspirators form another class,) but we cannot deny that they were foully murdered; and that intolerance, when coupled with absolute power, *was* almost as likely to commit atrocities in one religion as the other. We use the past tense, being convinced that there is not a country in Europe (no, not the most Catholic!) in which priests *dare* send a man to the stake for his belief or faith *alone*.

The Oakleigh Shooting Code. By THOMAS OAKLEIGH, Esq. *With numerous Explanatory and other Notes.* Edited by the Author of "Nights at Oakleigh Old Manor Hall."—This is the second edition of a work indispensable to all sportsmen. The short introduction is so well done that we wish there were more of it. The chapter on the training and proper treatment of dogs is admirable. It is wonderful what philosophy goes to the breaking-in of a pointer pup!

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.—Messrs. Oliver and Boyd have here given us an amazingly cheap, elegant, and compact edition of one of the most classical of our living bards—the "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Theodoric," "O'Connor's Daughter," "Lochiel's Warning," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," with the other immortal lyrics—all in one pocket volume, and all for five shillings!

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Swainson's Natural History of Birds, Vol. II., forming Vol. XCII. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, fcap. 6s.
- Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, containing a Description of the City and its Environs. 18mo. 8s.
- Prayers (used at Shrewsbury.) By J. Richards. 18mo. 1s.
- A Guide through the Town of Shrewsbury. 8vo. 4s.
- Bosworth's Scandinavian Literature. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Bosworth's Origin of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages, Nations, &c. royal 8vo. 20s.
- Bell's New Testament, Rhetorically Punctuated. Part I. 12mo. 7s.
- W. F. Montgomery on the Signs of Pregnancy. 8vo. 18s.
- Fairholme's Geology of the Mosaic Deluge. 8vo. 16s.
- Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan. By Miss E. Roberts. Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.
- Notes on Indian Affairs. By the Honourable F. I. Shore. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.
- Cochrane's Wanderings in Greece. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.
- Mitford's Country Stories. post. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Rhind's Elements of Geology. 12mo. 3s.
- Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai. By F. Arundale. 4to. 25s.
- Hill's Emigrant's Introduction to the American Colonies. 12mo. 6s.
- Cherubini's Course of Counterpoint and Fugue. Translated by J. A. Hamilton. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.
- Memoirs of Mrs. Hawkes. post 8vo. 10s.
- Memoir of the late Rev. William Carey, D.D. By Eustace Carey. Second Edition, fcp. 7s. 6d.
- Sketches of Popular Tumults. 12mo. 7s.
- A Sermon, by the Rev. Sydney Smith, on the Duties of the Queen. 8vo. 1s.
- New South Wales; its Present State and Future Prospects. By J. Macartthur. 8s.
- Walker's Ancient Geography, with Notes. 18mo. 4s.
- Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c. By E. Spencer. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Lindley's Ladies' Botany, Vol. II. (completing the work.) 8vo. coloured. 1l. 5s.; plain, 16s.
- Views of the Architecture of the Heavens. By P. J. P. Nichol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Frederick C. Skey on Ulcers and Granulating Wounds. 8vo. 5s.
- The Cry of the Poor, a Poem. Post 8vo. sewed. 2s.
- The Poetical Works of Lewis Glyn Cothe, a Welsh Bard, Part I. 8vo. 8s.
- Banks' Dormant and Extinct Baronage, Vol. IV. 4to, 3l. 3s.; Ditto, large paper, 5l. 5s.
- The Cottage Preacher. By S. Henderson. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- Guide along the Danube. By R. T. Claridge. 12mo. 8s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Thompson's new novel, "THE LADY ANASTASIA," is to appear very shortly.

A Second Edition of Miss Martineau's "SOCIETY IN AMERICA" has just been published, a proof of the avidity with which the work has been every-where received.

Mr. Raper has nearly ready for the Press his very valuable work on Nautical Astronomy, on which he has been so long engaged.

The Hon. and Rev. Charles Bathurst, LL.D., late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has in the press "Notes on Nets, and other Matters."

An Introduction to Medical Botany, Third edition, by Dr. Castle. Also,

A Translation of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis, with Notes, by the same Author.

The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of the late William Wilberforce, by his Sons.

The Life of Lord Howe, with Letters from George III., George IV., and the late King.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE are not as yet enabled to give a very cheering account of the state of trade, though it is some consolation to state that we believe the worst has passed. Our advices from America evidently convey this impression, and this will, we hope, produce a beneficial effect in our manufacturing districts. The general mourning and the elections must of course present a temporary check, but these will be but of short duration, and we confidently look forward to an improvement in affairs generally, of which the prospect of an abundant harvest appears to afford us a pleasing indication.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 210 quarter.—Three per Cent. Consols, 91 three-quarters.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 92 quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 99 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 50s. p.—India Bonds, 50s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent. for Account, 41 three quarters.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 20 three quarters.—Spanish, Passive, 3 quarter.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The transactions in the English funds have possessed no sort of importance to-day, (July 26,) but the Consul Market is in a very slight degree firmer, and Exchequer Bills have experienced a trifling advance. In this state of non-employment for money, capitalists are compelled, to a certain extent, to invest in them; but they do so unwillingly, on account of the inducement the high premium naturally holds out to the Treasury to effect a reduction at the rate of interest paid upon them. Consols left off at 91½ for money, and 91½ to 7 for the August account; Exchequer Bills at 48s. to 50s. premium.

In the foreign market no incident worth notice occurred. The concluding quotations of the stock principally dealt in were—Spanish Active, 20½ to ¾; Portuguese 5 per Cents., 41½ to 41¾; 3 per Cents., 26 to ½; Dutch 2½ per Cents. 52½ to 7.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 27, 1837, TO JULY 21, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

June 27.—R. Ellingworth, York, bookseller.—W. Law, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, merchant.—E. Pope, March, Cambridgeshire, draper.—H. L. Orton, Box, Wiltshire, and E. Paxton, Long Ashton, Somersetshire, builders.—W. Hethwell and W. Smith, Elland Edge, Yorkshire, card makers.—W. Scott, Poole, timber merchant.—D. Tuck, Poole, builder.—W. Bridger, Petworth, Sussex, grocer.—A. W. Collard, Liverpool, merchant.—I. Munday, Gosport, baker.—J. Gerrard, Maraden, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—T. Weaver, Birmingham, builder.—C. Lebas, Birmingham, engraver.—T. Partridge, jun. Aston, Warwickshire, maltster.—J. Warren, Melbourne, Derbyshire, grocer.

June 30.—R. C. Sheppard, Great Scotland Yard, Westminster, woollen draper.—T. Halls, Bell Yard, Gracechurch Street, victualler.—J. Kidd, Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, coach currier.—H. Field and J. Crane, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, varnish makers.—E. Flower, Greek Street, Soho, manufacturing goldsmith.—N. J. Constatt and M. Dyte, Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, apothecaries.—W. and W. T. Jesse, Bourton, Dorsetshire, tick manufacturers.—R. Chiesman, Leeds, joiner.—J. Kemp, Birmingham, gun-maker.—A. Farrles, Preston, Lancashire, provision dealer.—J. Tunncliffe, Shelton, Staffordshire, retail brewer.—J. Hill, Shifford's Grange, Staffordshire, miller.

July 4.—D. Beckham, Green Harbour Court, Old Bailey, stereotype founder.—T. Smith, sen. Brighton, plumber.—G. Bryant, Winterbourne, Gloucestershire, maltster.—J. Rowling, Leeds, stuff dyer.—W. Audley, Newcastle-under-Lyme, cabinet maker.—J. Chiesman, Leeds,

victualler.—J. Dury, Kidderminster, grocer.—C. Ashwin, Redditch, Worcestershire, linen draper.—J. Howell and J. W. Hentig, jun. Gloucester, merchants.—H. Kilshaw, Edenfield, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. Starling, Warminster, Wiltshire, hatter.—J. Henry, Helston, Cornwall, grocer.—J. Oulton, Ashton-under-Line, corn dealer.—S. Clough, Leeds, timber merchant.—R. Day, Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire, grocer.

July 7.—G. B. Phillipson, Hertford Street, May Fair, chemist.—D. and J. Down, High Holborn, hatters.—T. Don, Lower James Street, Golden Square, baker.—W. Hayward and C. Hellier, Long Acre, carriage builders.—W. Jones, Manchester Street, Marylebone, chemist.—J. Wright, jun., Stockport, Cheshire, currier.—J. Lownsbrough, J. B. Lee, and T. Williams, Liverpool, silk mercers.—M. Schofield, Thurstons, Yorkshire, clothier.—J. Butterworth, Ridge, Yorkshire, merchant.—W. May, Manchester, innkeeper.—J. Balsom, Newton Abbott, Devonshire, cabinet maker.—F. Place, Leeds, tuner.—E. Bowdige, Cheltenham, dealer.—E. J. Hughes, Bengal Street, Manchester, coal merchant.—J. Starling, Warminster, hatter.—W. Ellam, Ashborne, Derbyshire, tobacco manufacturer.—J. Mapp, Birmingham, timber merchant.—J. Tims, Warwick, bricklayer.

July 11.—P. Fish, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, boot and shoe manufacturer.—W. Austin, Abchurch Lane, tavern keeper.—J. Rose, Bow Lane, auctioneer.—W. Ellam, jun., Birmingham, patent cock founder.—J. Williams, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, cabinet maker.—R. and A. Andrew, Ashton-

under-Line, cotton spinners.—W. and G. Smith, Manchester, millwrights.—T. B. Milnes and R. Cowen, Nottingham, ironfounders.—W. and S. Mear, Norwich, carpenters.—T. Lockett, Manchester, engraver.—T. Preston, Manchester, draper.—J. Swinburn, Liverpool, cabinet maker.—J. Coombe, Exeter, ironmonger.—W. Elliott, Northampton, carpenter.—J. Owen, Anglesea, Wales, draper.—T. Brufford, Bristol, coach builder.—J. Russell, Lugwardine, Herefordshire, miller.

July 14.—H. Upward, Great St. Helen's, wine merchant.—E. Waterfield, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, dealer.—W. Carver, Horsforth, Yorkshire, grocer.—T. Holland, Birmingham, iron tube manufacturer.—J. Hardman, Kearsley, Lancashire, shopkeeper.—G. and W. Haworth, Manchester, calico printers.—W. and R. Pilgrim, Nottingham, drapers.—W. Dickinson and T. Throp, Blackburn, Lancashire, iron founders.—G. Barber, Manchester, baker.—J. Arrowsmith, Birmingham, japanner.—H. Beverly, Manchester, horse dealer.—T. Miu-shall, Worthing, Sussex, broker.—D. Morgau, Jun., Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, draper.

July 18.—G. Wagner, Southampton Street,

Strand, linen draper.—J. M. Schaap and J. Dankaerts, George Street, Minorles, merchants.—W. Rose, Dover Street, Piccadilly, hotel keeper.—W. Calvert, Worthing, Sussex, wool-len draper.—J. Carter, Rambridge, Hamp-shire, tanner.—S. Porter, Chester, attorney-at-law.—R. Jones, Jun. Newtown, Montgomery-shire, draper.—G. Irvine, New Shoreham, Sussex, timber merchant.—T. Tabberer, Bir-mingham, cheesemonger.—S. P. Lewis, Dark Gate, Caermarthenshire, draper.—J. Barnsley, Wolverhampton, builder.—M. Wood, Man-chester, boiler maker.—S. Brown, Cambridge, butcher.—J. W. Gough, Dursley, Gloucester-shire, stationer.—J. Fisher, Manchester, calico-printers.

July 21.—J. Harris, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bookseller.—G. Fisher, Bradford, Yorkshire, linen draper.—M. and C. Machell, Fountain Stairs, Bermondsey, potters.—E. Maclean, Cheltenham, general dealer.—T. and R. Hatch, Ecclestone, Lancaster, calico printers.—S. Hardwick, Birmingham, builder.—J. B. Wil-liams, Regent Street, stationer.—J. Johnston, Sheffield, builder.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevalling Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevalling Weather.
June					
23	77-41	30,25-30,23	S.E.		Generally clear.
24	80-39	30,17-30,08	N.E.		Generally clear.
25	79-41	30,04 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear.
26	71-46	30,15-30,10	N.E.		Generally clear.
27	68-36	30,14-30,12	N.E.		Generally clear.
28	71-32	30,11 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
29	77-32	30,07-30,03	N.E.		Generally clear.
30	75-48	30,17-30,03	N.E.		Generally clear.
July					
1	67-35	30,24 Stat.	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
2	75-30	30,22 30,17	N.E.		Generally clear.
3	75-36	30,16-30,09	S.E.		Generally clear, except the evening.
4	74-41	30,07 Stat.	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
5	74-40	30,09-30,05	N.W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in aftern. and
6	74-49	30,09-30,05	N.E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy. [evening.
7	73-42	30,13 Stat.	N.E.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
8	79-45	30,10-30,08	N.E.		Generally clear.
9	66 37	30,08-30,00	E. b. N.		Generally clear.
10	74-35	29,93-29,80	N.E.		Generally clear.
11	73-37	29,90 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear.
12	65-46	29,90-29,85	N.E. & S.E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
13	73-39	29,78-29,75	S.W.		Generally cloudy. [in afternoon
14	75-47	29,76 29,72	S.W.		Gen. clear, rain at times, thunder and lightning
15	74-47	29,81 Stat.	S.W.	,03	Gen. cloudy, rain at times, thunder in the even.
16	67-41	29,93-29,86	W. b. S.	,4	Gen. clear, thunder and lightning, rain in aftern
17	78-40	29,93-29,90	S.W.	,075	Generally clear, except the evening with rain.
18	69-47	29,82-29,77	S.W.	,1	Cloudy, rain very heavily during the morning.
19	74-47	29,77-29,74	S.W.		Generally clear.
20	67-46	29,84-29,78	N.W.		Generally clear, rain very heavily in the aftern.
21	69-42	29,98-29,92	N.W.	,075	Generally clear.
22	79-40	29,98 Stat.	N.W.		Generally clear.

NEW PATENTS.

J. P. Blake, of Little Queen Street, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, Middlesex, Engraver, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for hulling, cleansing, preparing, or dressing paddy or rough rice, hulling, dressing, and preparing oats, and such other grain; part or parts of which are applicable to other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 30th, 6 months.

J. Woollams, of Wells, Somersetshire, Gentleman, for certain improved means of obtaining power and motion from known sources. May 30th, 6 months.

F. W. Gerish, of East Road, City Road, Middlesex, Smith and Ironmonger, for improvements in the apparatus for closing doors, gates, and shutters. May 30th, 6 months.

R. O. Millet, of Penpoll's Hayle, Cornwall, Gentleman, for improvements in instruments for extracting teeth. June 1st, 6 months.

E. S. Swaine, formerly of Bucklersbury, in the city of London, but now of Leeds, Yorkshire, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for a method of producing and preserving artificial mineral waters, and for machinery to effect the same, for the further term of seven years, to be computed from the 9th day of October, 1837, in pursuance of the report of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. June 6th.

J. S. Daniell, of Limpley Stoke, Wiltshire, Gentleman, for certain improvements applicable to stone masonry. June 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, in the parish of Saint Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in obtaining motive power for propelling or working machinery. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 6th, 6 months.

J. Kirkham, of Aldenham Terrace, Saint Pancras Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improved mode of removing the carbonaceous incrustation from the internal surfaces of retorts employed in the process of distilling coal for generating gas. June 8th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, wool, silk, flax, and other fibrous materials. June 12th, 6 months.

G. Woone, of Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved method of forming plates with raised surfaces thereon for printing impressions on different substances. June 12th, 6 months.

W. F. Cooke, of Breed's Place, Hastings, Sussex, Esquire, and C. Wheatstone, of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in giving signals and sounding alarms at distant places by means of electric currents transmitted through metallic circuits. June 12th, 6 months.

R. Roe, of Everton, near Bawtry, Yorkshire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making bricks, tiles, and other articles made from earthy materials. June 17th, 6 months.

J. L. C. Thomas of Covent Garden, Middlesex, Esquire, for an improvement applicable to steam-engines and steam-generators, having for its object economy of fuel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 17th, 6 months.

W. Nicholson, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of preparation and spinning machinery. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 17th, 6 months.

J. Buckingham, of Great Randolph Street, Camden Town, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improved combinations of machinery to be applied as mechanical agents in a great variety of situations, in which toothed gear and other mechanism have been heretofore employed. June 17th, 6 months.

T. J. Nash, of John Street, Downshire Hill, in the parish of Hampstead, Middlesex, Letter Maker, and J. Ross, of Wyld Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, Brass Worker, for a method of manufacturing in metals, wood, and other substances and materials, letters, figures, and other devices having a flat surface, presenting by the aid of colours the appearance of projections and domed letters, figures, and other devices made from the same materials, without seam or joint. June 19th, 2 months.

W. Yetts, of Yarmouth, Norfolk, Merchant, for an improved mode of crafting ships and other vessels. June 19th, 2 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JUNE, 1837.

HOUSE OF LORDS, June 12.—The Commons' reasons for disagreeing from some of their Lordships' amendments to the Municipal Act Amendment Bill were communicated.—On the motion of the Earl of Devon, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the laws which regulate the carriage of passengers for hire upon the river Thames.—The London and Birmingham Railway Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 13.—Lord Brougham postponed the Education Bill till Tuesday next.

June 15.—On the motion of the Earl of Lichfield, the Post-office Bills were severally read a second time, after some discussion.

June 16.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the Commons' amendments to their Lordships' amendments of the Municipal Corporations (England) Act Amendment Bill were taken into consideration; and it was moved that those of the Commons be adopted. Two of the Commons' alterations were rejected on divisions; the others were agreed to. A committee was appointed to draw up reasons for their Lordships adhering, in the two instances, to their original amendments.—Adjourned.

June 19.—Some bills were advanced a stage, and the House adjourned.

June 20 and 21.—The House was principally occupied in taking the votes.

June 22.—Lord Melbourne presented an address from Her Majesty on the death of the late king, of whose memory his lordship spoke in high terms, followed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, and others.

June 23.—The Queen's message relative to the state of public business was considered, and their Lordships adjourned to Monday next.

June 26.—Nothing of importance.

June 27.—The Registration and Marriages Bill was reported with amendments.—The reasons of their Lordships for insisting on amendments made by them in the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill were delivered to the managers for the Commons at a conference.—Earl Stanhope presented a petition from the West Riding of Yorkshire against the New Poor Law.

June 28.—The Post Office Bills were severally read a third time and passed.—The Lord Steward presented her Majesty's answer to their Lordships' address relative to public business.—Several Bills were then forwarded a stage.

June 29.—The Marriages and Registration Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Post Office Management Bill was read a third time and passed, with an amendment, moved by Lord Lyndhurst.—The Marquis of Clanricarde put a question to ministers as to the particular measures they intended to proceed with.—Lord Melbourne stated that he could see no good reason for postponing the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, but as their Lordships had determined not to proceed with it till two other Bills were before them, and as it would be impossible to pass these Bills this session, he was obliged also to postpone the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill.—The Lord Chancellor brought in a Bill for the purpose of making provision in case of the demise of the Crown in the absence of the heir presumptive, which he proposed should be read a second time on Monday next.

June 30.—The Common Law Courts Bill was read a second time, and the amendments indicated by Lord Langdale to be proposed in committee.

July 3.—The royal assent was given to several public and private bills, and the Foreign Officers Bill was read a third time and passed.—A question was then put by the Earl of Wicklow to the Earl of Mulgrave, involving something like an accusation against his government, and concluded with moving for the circular of the 5th of May last by the Attorney-General to the magistrates at quarter sessions.—The Earl of Mulgrave replied, and Lord Wicklow afterwards withdrew his motion, as the returns had been customarily made for the last twenty years.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the bill to provide for the conducting the government, in case of the demise of the crown, during the absence of the heir presumptive.

July 4.—Lord Denman moved the second reading of the Forgery Bill, the Robbery and Stealing from the Person Bill, the Burning and Destroying of Ships and Houses Bill, the Transportation for Life Bill, the Burglary Bill, the Piracy Bill, and the Offences against the Person Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst objected to scattering the subject over so many disjointed bills, and observed that in legislating upon subjects of this kind it was essentially necessary to consider the whole scope of the subject in one view, in order to adjust a proper scale of crime and punishment. The noble and learned

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lord, however, thought that, even in the present stage of the session, these bills ought, if possible, to be passed, and he entirely concurred in the principle on which they were framed.—Lord Brougham explained why separate bills had been brought in for these offences. “It was deemed more convenient to keep these bills separate, in order that the opinion of parliament might be separately directed to them.”—Lord Wynford thought “that a man meditating such an atrocious and cowardly act as that of destroying the produce of the soil, so important to the existence of man, at a distance, perhaps, from all human habitation and protection, would not be deterred by a slighter punishment than death.”—Lord Denman expressed himself “agreeably surprised to find that his noble and learned friends on both sides of the house were not inclined to oppose these bills.”

July 5.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of a bill placing individuals who might take degrees at Durham College and the London University on the footing of those who take degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, with regard to practising as attorneys and solicitors.—Lord Abinger assented to the principle of the bill.

July 6.—The Bridlington Harbour Bill was read a third time, on a division; contents, 45; non-contents, 35.—Lord Durham opposed the Bill.—The several bills on the orders were forwarded a stage.—Lord Wynford gave notice that he will next session lay on the table a bill to amend the new Poor-Law Act.—The Common-Law-Courts Bill and the Coroners’ Expenses Bill were read a third time and passed; and the Lords Justices Bill was reported with amendments.

July 7.—Several bills were forwarded a stage, and others brought up from the Commons, after which the House adjourned at pleasure. It resumed at five o’clock in the afternoon, when several petitions were presented, and bills forwarded a stage.—The County Treasurers’ (Ireland) Bill was afterwards read a second time, and the report of the Tithe Commutation Act Amendment Bill was brought up and agreed to.—Lord Radnor moved the second reading of the Electors’ (Registration) Bill.—Lord Redesdale moved, as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day three months. The amendment was carried by a majority of 67 to 34, and the bill was consequently lost.—The Lords Justices Bill was then passed.

July 10.—A conversation of some interest took place on the subject of the Poor Laws.—The second reading of the Reform of Parliament (Ireland) Bill having been moved by Lord Duncannon, Lord Redesdale made a furious attack upon certain clauses of the bill, which Lord Duncannon afterwards explained to have been left in it by mistake.—The bill was thrown out by a majority of 74 to 36.—The Bills relative to the Criminal Law went through committee, with amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst.

July 11.—Lord Lansdowne communicated the following answer from her Majesty the Queen Dowager to their Lordship’s address of condolence:—

“My Lords,—I thank you most sincerely for your message of condolence, and for the deep sympathy you have expressed in the afflicting loss I have sustained. It will be my anxious study to continue to merit the respect and affection of the British nation, and I thank you for this touching mark of your affection for the widow of your late most excellent sovereign.”

The address was ordered to be entered on the minutes.—The Punishment of Death Bill went through committee, was reported with amendments, and ordered to be read a third time on Thursday.—Lord Lyndhurst asked what government proposed doing with the Imprisonment for Debt Bill?—The Lord Chancellor observed that he was most anxious about this Bill, which the pressure of public business had alone kept back. He would take an opportunity, however, at the earliest period of the next session to call their Lordship’s attention to the subject.—The House was occupied for a considerable time with a discussion that arose on a motion of Lord Westmeath, “for the production of the correspondence between the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland and the Marquis of Westmeath, relative to the removal of Sir Richard Nagle, Bart., from the Lieutenancy of the county of Westmeath, and his re-appointment thereto; also of the correspondence (if any) with the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and the Marquis of Westmeath, relative to Sir R. Nagle’s removal and restoration to the commission of the peace for the county of Westmeath, and to the appointment of ——— Shiel, Esq., to the commission of the peace for the said county.”—Several Noble Lords spoke upon the question, and ultimately Lord Westmeath’s motion was agreed to.—The Lord Chancellor moved that the House agree with the Commons’ amendments to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill, which was negatived without a division, and a committee was appointed to draw up reasons for dissenting from the Commons’ amendments.

July 12.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to upwards of 40 Bills, public and private. Several Bills were advanced a stage, among others the Criminal Courts Bill went through a committee.

July 13.—After several Bills had been read a third time and passed, Viscount Duncannon moved the second reading of the Parliamentary Electors' Bill.—Lord Redesdale moved, as an amendment, that the Bill in question should be read a second time that day three months.—On a division the numbers were—For the second reading, 55; against it, 66. The Bill was consequently lost.

July 14.—The following Bills were read a third time and passed:—The Cruelty to Animals (Ireland) Bill, the Masters and Workmen Bill, the East India Postage Bill, and the Beetroot Sugar Bill; and several others were committed.—The Duke of Sussex presented a petition from the members of the Society of Friends in Ireland, praying the Legislature to withdraw from the criminal code of the country the punishment of death, which was ultimately withdrawn on account of its informality.—The Forgery Bill, the Robbery and Stealing from the Person Bill, Offences against the Person Bill, Burglary Bill, Burning and Destroying Bill, Transportation for Life Bill, and Piracy Bill, were read a third time, with amendments, and passed.—After other incidental business, the presentation of some petitions, and the third reading of the Central Criminal Courts Bill, the Lords adjourned.

July 17.—The announcement that our interesting young Queen would this day prorogue Parliament in person created an unwonted degree of excitement amidst all classes of the population. At twenty minutes to three o'clock her Majesty, preceded by the heralds and lords in waiting, and attended by all the great officers of state,—the Lord Chancellor carrying the cap of maintenance, the Duke of Somerset bearing the crown upon a cushion, and Lord Melbourne holding the sword of state—entered the House. Her Majesty was splendidly attired, and ascended the throne with a firm and composed step. Sir Augustus Clifford, the usher of the black rod, was then directed to summon the Commons, and in a few minutes the members of that House, headed by the Speaker, appeared below the bar. After a short pause, the Speaker addressed to her Majesty the customary assurances of the duty and affection of the Commons, and entered into a brief summary of the business transacted by the House during the session. The right hon. gentleman concluding by submitting a Bill for the royal assent. This was accordingly given to that and various other Bills. Her Majesty then read, in a clear and unfaltering tone, and with an unequalled sweetness of voice, the following most gracious speech:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I have been anxious to seize the first opportunity of meeting you, in order that I might repeat in person my cordial thanks for your condolence upon the death of his late Majesty, and for the expressions of attachment and affection with which you congratulated me upon my accession to the throne. I am very desirous of renewing the assurance of my determination to maintain the Protestant religion, as established by law; to secure to all the free exercise of the rights of conscience; to protect the liberties and to promote the welfare of all classes of the community.

“ I rejoice that, in ascending the throne, I find the country in amity with all foreign powers; and while I faithfully perform the engagements of the Crown, and carefully watch over the interests of my subjects, it shall be the constant object of my solicitude to maintain the blessings of peace.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I thank you for the liberal supplies which you have granted for the public service of the year, as well as for the provision which you have made to meet the payments usually chargeable upon the civil list.

“ I will give directions that the public expenditure, in all its branches, be administered with the strictest economy.

“ My Lords and gentlemen,

“ In taking leave of this Parliament I return you my thanks for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the public business of the country.

“ Although your labours have been unexpectedly interrupted by the melancholy event which has taken place, I trust that they will have the beneficial effect of advancing the progress of legislation in a new Parliament. I perceive with satisfaction that you have brought to maturity some useful measures, amongst which I regard with peculiar interest the amendment of the criminal code, and the reduction of the number of capital punishments. I hail this mitigation of the severity of the law as an auspicious commencement of my reign.

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement, wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord.

"Acting upon these principles, I shall, upon all occasions, look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament and the affections of my people, which form the true support and dignity of the Crown, and insure the stability of the Constitution."

The Lord Chancellor then said: "It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the 10th day of August next; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 10th day of August next."

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 5.—Lord J. Russell postponed, from Thursday till Monday next, the motion of which he had given notice respecting church leases (the substitute for the Church Rates Bill.) On the motion for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill, Mr. T. Attwood, in a speech of considerable length, drew the attention of the House to the commercial state of the country, and concluded by moving, as an amendment, "That, in the opinion of that House, the present system of currency was not efficient to meet the wants and protect the interests of the community."—After a short discussion, the amendment was negatived by 85 to 24; and the House having gone into committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill, proceeded as far as the 48th clause, when the chairman reported progress and obtained leave to sit again to-morrow.—Adjourned.

June 6.—The Speaker acquainted the House that he had received a letter from Mr. Broadwood, in which he stated that it was not his intention to defend his election or return.—Mr. Fector moved, "That the military engineer appointed by his Majesty, in pursuance of an humble address from this House, be instructed, when considering the subject of the London and Brighton lines of railway, to keep in view the formation of one main southern trunk line out of London, by which unnecessary intersection of the country may be avoided, and facilities of approach given to other towns on the southern coast."—On which the House divided—for the motion, 38; against it, 36; majority, 2.—On the motion of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd the law of Copyright Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 12th inst.—Adjourned.

June 7.—Mr. A. Johnston presented a petition from the rector and inhabitants of Lambeth, complaining of the determination of the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens to keep open that place of amusement six nights in the week, the petitioners representing that they would not trouble the House if they had a remedy elsewhere before the magistracy.—Sir A. Agnew then moved the second reading of the Lord's Day Bill, which was seconded by Mr. Plumptre. Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Wakley, Mr. Ward, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other members, opposed the motion; and Mr. Borthwick, Major Bruce, and Mr. Hardy, supported it. On a division the numbers were—For the second reading, 110; against it, 66; majority, 44. The Bill was then read a second time.—The Sheriffs' Fees Bill, the Attorney and Solicitors' Bill, and the Common Law Courts Bill, went severally through a committee; after which the House adjourned.

June 8.—Lord J. Russell stated that, as he did not expect that the discussion on the Irish Tithe Bill, fixed for to-morrow evening, would extend beyond the evening, he calculated on being able to bring forward on Monday his proposition for the appointment of a committee on Church Leases.—The Attorney-General directed attention to the petitions of Messrs. Hansard, the printers of the Commons' Reports, and of Messrs. Nichols, the printers of the Votes. Both petitions prayed the House would be pleased to instruct the petitioners as to the course they should pursue. He moved that the petitioners be directed to plead that they were the printers to the House of Commons; that they had printed the documents in question in obedience to the orders of the House; and, further, to set forth the undoubted privileges of Parliament on this subject. The motion was agreed to without any division.

June 9.—On the motion that the Tithes (Ireland) Bill be read a second time, Mr. Roebuck moved, as an amendment, which was afterwards withdrawn, that the House resolve into a Committee on "the State of the Nation." The numbers were—for the second reading, 229; against it, 14; majority in its favour, 215. The Bill was then read a second time.—Lord J. Russell said that he proposed to take the committee on Friday next, and, if possible, to consider the taxing clause in a

committee previously.—Mr. Hume said on Tuesday he would move an address for the purchase of Primrose Hill for the use of the public.

June 12.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he could not state the day on which he should bring forward his financial statement (the budget.)—Sir R. Peel expressed his astonishment at the unsatisfactory answer.—Lord J. Russell afterwards brought forward his promised motion, for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the mode of granting and renewing leases of the Landed and other property of the Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and other Ecclesiastical Bodies of England and Wales, and into the probable amount of any increased value which might be obtained by an improved management, with a due consideration of the interests of the Established Church, and of the present Lessees of such property. Mr. Goulburn complained of the proposal, as unfairly shifting the responsibility from the government to a committee.—Mr. D. W. Harvey moved, as an amendment, to add the following words to the motion:—"And, further, that whatever may be the result of the proposed inquiry, it is the opinion of this House that, after a time to be fixed, church rates in England and Wales ought to cease."—Col. Thomson seconded the amendment.—The House divided: the numbers were, on the amendment, ayes, 58; noes, 489: majority, 431.—Mr. Goulburn then proposed his amendment, the effect of which was to appropriate any surplus to the service of the church, which was opposed by Lord John Russell, and defended by Mr. Goulburn.—The House divided, it was understood, on the motion. The numbers were, ayes, 319; noes, 286: majority 83.—There was then a division on Mr. Goulburn's proposition, which was negatived, by ayes, 265; noes 291: majority against it, 26.

June 14.—Lord John Russell begged to state that as the state of public business made it necessary that a vote of supply should be taken on Friday, that vote would be moved previously to going into discussion on the Irish Tithe Bill.—The second reading of the Bribery at Elections Bill was moved, on which the House divided, when there appeared, for the second reading, 70; against it, 0: majority, 70.—Lord Morpeth, having stated that some of the amendments made by the Lords in the Dublin Police Bill could not be agreed to by that House, moved that the amendments be considered that day six months, which was agreed to. He then stated he would bring in another bill on the subject immediately.

June 15.—Sir A. Agnew moved for leave to bring in a bill to declare that the use of railways on the Sabbath is contrary to the law of Scotland; but the hon. baronet was afterwards induced to withdraw his motion.

June 16.—Lord G. Lennox moved that the plan of the union of directors of the several Brighton railway companies be referred to the government engineer appointed to determine on the best line.—Mr. P. Thomson acquiesced, on the understanding that it be sent before the engineer as part of the information to be submitted for his consideration.—Lord J. Russell, in answer to Mr. A. Trevor, said that he would propose the names of the committee on church leases on Monday.—The Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—A question was put to the Foreign Secretary respecting there being two ambassadors to Constantinople in pay.—Lord Palmerston observed that Lord Ponsonby had renounced his leave of absence, and consequently was not returning; but Sir C. Vaughan was about to come home. He said that while an ambassador was at home, or on leave of absence, he received but half his salary. Sir C. Vaughan did not go out as ambassador, but on a special mission, and was to receive his expenses only.

June 19.—Twen'y minutes after the House had assembled some private Bills were advanced a stage, and the House was counted out.

June 20 and 21.—Were occupied in swearing in the members.

June 22.—Lord John Russell presented a message from Her Majesty, and pronounced a high eulogium on the memory of the late king.

June 23.—The Queen's message was considered in reference to the state of public business, and at half-past one the House adjourned.

June 26.—Lord W. Bentinck moved the third reading of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Bill.—The House divided, when the third reading was carried by a majority of 23.—The House made great progress in voting the miscellaneous estimates.

June 27.—Mr. E. Tennent withdrew his bill for dissolving the Irish agricultural and commercial bank.—Lord J. Russell brought up her Majesty's answers to the addresses voted by the House on occasion of the demise of his late Majesty. The first, in answer to the address of condolence on the decease of his late Majesty, voted the 22nd ult., was in these words:—"I receive with the most sincere satisfaction the loyal address of the House of Commons. The assurance that my afflic-

tion for the death of his late Majesty meets with the sympathy of the House of Commons, and that they lament with me the loss which the nation has sustained, is consolatory to my feelings, and in accordance with my expectations. It shall be the study of my life to preserve the liberties, to promote the welfare, and to maintain undiminished the ancient glory of the people." The second, in answer to the address on the prosecution of public business, voted the 23rd ultimo:—"I receive with great satisfaction your loyal and dutiful address. It is gratifying to me to learn that the House of Commons will apply itself without delay to forward such measures as will not admit of postponement without injury to the public interest, and to make such provision for the public service as may be requisite for the welfare of the United Kingdom."—On the House going into committee on the Sugar Duties, Mr. P. Thomson moved that a duty of 24s. per cwt. be levied on all beet-root sugar manufactured in Great Britain or Ireland, which was carried by a majority of 60.—The Common Law Courts Bill was read a third time, and carried by a majority of 39 to 17.—Lord Palmerston brought in a Bill to establish courts in China.—Adjourned.

June 28.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved the second reading of the Copyright Bill, which having been done, the hon. and learned gentleman stated, that the principle of the Bill being thereby affirmed, he would not occupy the time of the House by any further consideration of it, being anxious during the recess to render it more comprehensive in its grasp, and more perfect in its details. He therefore moved that it be committed that day three months.—Agreed to.—After some routine business, Mr. Elphinstone moved the second reading of the Final Register of Electors Bill; it was carried by a majority of 43.—Mr. Thomson brought in a Bill to alter and amend "an Act to consolidate and amend the law relative to the arbitration of disputes between masters and workmen," being the 5th George IV. c. 95.—Lord J. Russell brought in a Bill "for continuing for one year the enactments made in the last session of parliament, for suspending appointments to certain dignities and offices in cathedral and collegiate churches, and to sinecure rectories, and for delaying for a limited time the alteration of ecclesiastical jurisdictions in certain cases."—Lord J. Russell also brought in a Bill, which was read a first time, for continuing the Church Building Acts.

June 29.—Mr. Hume presented the petition adopted at the Freemason's Tavern, for opening to public inspection the public edifices, such as St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, &c., free of expense.—The House then went into committee on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—The Military Commissions Bill, the Jewish Marriages Bill, the Registration of Marriages, Births, and Deaths Bill, and the Bills of Exchange Bill severally went through committee.—A Bill was brought in by Sir George Grey to provide for the better administration of justice in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.—A committee was appointed to consider the papers on the table of the House with reference to the Thames Tunnel.

June 30.—An alteration of a money clause in the Post Office Regulation Bill by the Lords was declared to be fatal to the Bill passing the Lower House. The amendments of the Lords were ordered to be considered that day three months, and a new Bill for the management of the Post Office was brought in by Mr. Labouchere. The Budget was then brought forward by Mr. Spring Rice. He alluded to the gradual increase of bullion in the treasury of the Bank of England, since the 7th of February last. He then proceeded to state the income and expenditure of the country. With respect to the last year, he had calculated the Customs at 20,540,000*l.*; the actual produce was 21,445,000*l.* He had calculated the Excise at 14,150,000*l.*; the actual produce was 14,439,000*l.* The total income he had calculated at 46,980,000*l.*; it actually amounted to 48,453,000*l.* The estimated total expenditure was 45,205,000*l.*; the actual expenditure 45,141,000*l.* With respect to the present year, the Right Hon. Gentleman regretted that he was not in a condition, either with respect to income or expenditure, to give a very satisfactory account to the House. He estimated the Customs, Excise, Stamps, Taxes, Post Office, and Miscellaneous at 47,240,000*l.*; the Expenditure 45,786,415*l.*; add Estimated Expenditure of West India Compensation 845,000*l.*; 46,631,415. Balance of income over Expenditure 608,585*l.* Under these circumstances it was impossible to propose any further reduction of taxes this year.—Sir Frederick Pollock then moved for compensation to the late Speaker and the officers of the House, by the fire in 1834, but Mr. Hume persisted in moving that the House resume. The motion will probably be carried at the next sitting. The Imprisonment for Debt Bill, after three attempts and divisions for the purpose of adjourning the question, was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Monday.

July 3.—After some private business the House went into a committee of supply. Several items were voted. £21,000*l.* were voted for the repairs of Marlborough House.—The vote for 88,000*l.* towards defraying the expenses of the new houses of parliament passed by a majority of 80.—The grant of 114,160*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* for the civil government of Canada was carried by a majority of 143 against 10.—After several other items voted almost without a remark, the House resumed, and the Attorney-General moved and carried the third reading of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—Mr. Aglionby moved the reinsertion of the 13th clause, making the Court of Bankruptcy a court of record, which clause was reinserted, and the Bill passed.—The Malt Duties Regulation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The third reading of the Parliamentary Elections Bill was carried by a majority of 25.—Several Bills went through a stage, and after a Committee of Ways and Means, the third reading of the Final Registry of Elections Bill was carried by a majority of 21.—Lord J. Russell then moved that the reasons of the Lords for insisting on their amendments to the Municipal Corporations Bill be taken into consideration. The amendments were agreed to.

July 4.—Mr. Maxwell moved, pursuant to notice, for an Address to the Crown, praying for the appointment of a commission of inquiry into the condition of the hand-loom weavers, with instructions to report whether any and what measures can be devised for their relief. The motion was carried by a majority of 53 to 45.—Mr. Bish moved for a committee to inquire into the lottery system, which was withdrawn at the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Lord Morpeth brought in a Bill (which was read a first time) to renew for one year the Act to prevent the alienation of corporate property in Ireland.—The Punishment of Death Bill and the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill were reported; the Parliamentary Elections Bill was read a third time and passed; and the Central Criminal Court Bill was read a second time.—The Beetroot Sugar Bill was reported.—The Letters Patent Bill was read a third time and passed.—The East India Postage Bill and Exchequer Bills Bill went through committee.—The Bank of Ireland Bill was read a second time.—The Treasurers of Counties (Ireland) Bill and Reform of Parliament (Ireland) Bill were reported.—Alderman Wood withdrew the Hackney Carriages (Metropolis) Bill, which stood for the committee.—Mr. Rice moved for a select committee to consider the case of the late Speaker and officers of the Houses of Parliament, who suffered by the fire of the former Houses of Parliament, and to report on the same.—Mr. Warburton opposed the motion on the ground of the thinness of the House.—Sir G. Sinclair suggested that it should be deferred, and it was accordingly postponed till the next day.

July 5.—Mr. W. Gladstone presented a petition from freeholders and other residents of the Cape of Good Hope, praying that a commission might be appointed to investigate on the spot charges which had been made in this country, seriously and grievously, as they considered, affecting their character relative to their intercourse with the aboriginal tribes.—A committee was, after some discussion, appointed to consider the case of the late Speaker and other officers of Parliament who suffered by the fire.—Mr. Fazakerley brought up a report from the Poor-Law Committee, which was ordered to be printed.

July 6.—It was ordered, on the motion of Lord John Russell, that the orders of the day take precedence of notices of motions; when the Church Notices Bill went through committee, was reported, and ordered to be read a third time the following day. The East India Postage Bill and the Exchequer Bills Bill were read a third time and passed. The Central Criminal Court Bill and the Bank of Ireland Bill were reported, and ordered to be read a third time the next day. The Assessed Taxes Exemption Bill was read a third time and passed. The Militia Pay Bill, the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill, the Exchequer Bills (Public Works) Bill, and the Corporate Property (Ireland) Bill, went through committee, and were ordered to be reported the following day. The Slave Treaties Bill went through committee, was reported, and ordered to be read a third time the next day.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, it was agreed that the House should meet the next day at 12 o'clock for the purpose of forwarding the measures before the House a stage, and that there should be no sitting in the evening.—Lord Morpeth brought in a Bill (which was read a first time) to amend the Loan Fund (Ireland) Act.—Captain Dundas moved for "an Address to her Majesty, that previous to the estimates of 1838-9 means should be taken to ascertain the number of effective and non-effective officers of her Majesty's navy, with a view of forming a retired list to benefit the old and meritorious officers who served during the war." The motion was carried on a division by 21 to 19.

July 7.—The Central Criminal Courts' Bill, the Bank of Ireland Bill, the Church

Notices Bill, and the Corporate Property (Ireland) Bill, were read a third time and passed.—On the motion that the other orders of the day be read, Colonel Sibthorpe rose to make the motion, of which he had given notice, for the reduction of the stamp duties on fire insurances. The hon. and gallant member moved a resolution to the effect, that it was the opinion of the House that the duty on policies for fire insurances should be reduced one half. The motion was negatived without a division.

July 10.—Nothing of importance.

July 11.—The Lord's Justices Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

July 12.—Lord Morpeth presented the following answer of her Majesty the Queen Dowager to the deputation from the Commons who had carried up the address of condolence :—

“ Windsor Castle, July 11.

“ Gentlemen,—I thank you most gratefully for the message of condolence which you have been charged to deliver to me from the House of Commons on the great affliction I have lately sustained. The unanimous tribute which has been paid by your hon. House to the upright character and patriotic intentions of our late beloved Sovereign is the most welcome alleviation that could have been offered to my feelings.”

Capt. Pechell withdrew, till another session, the Law of Coverture Bill.—The Church Building Commission Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the motion of Col. Sibthorpe an account was ordered of the expense incurred by the appointment of the committee for inquiring into the operation of the new Poor Law Amendment Act, distinguishing the amount paid to the several witnesses who gave evidence before the said committee.—Col. Sibthorpe then moved that there be laid upon the table of the House a return of the contracts entered into by the several unions established under the Poor Law Amendment Act for medical attendance; the number of medical practitioners, with the salaries to be paid to each; the number of persons that had been admitted; and the number of deaths, distinguishing male and female, that had occurred since the formation of each union in Great Britain. This motion was opposed by the New Poor Law members, and was rejected.—The Dundee Water-Works Bill, from which a clause had been struck out by the Lords, was withdrawn, and a new Bill brought in.—On the motion of Mr. V. Smith, the amendments made by the House of Lords in the Haileybury College Bill were agreed to.

July 13.—The Lords' Justices Bill was read a third time and passed.—A message was brought from the Lords requesting a conference on the Amendments to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill (England).—On the return of the managers, Lord John Russell appeared at the bar, and reported that they had had a conference with managers appointed by the Lords, and that their Lordships had communicated their reasons for insisting on their amendments to the Bill.

July 14.—The order of the day for the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill having been read, Lord J. Russell moved that the House do disagree with the clause proposed by Lord Canterbury. The motion was carried by a majority of 36. The other amendments were agreed to, and the Lords, on conference, accepted the Bill, and passed it.—Mr. Hawkes moved for a return of the number of Stamps, &c. issued monthly to each of the provincial papers in England and Wales, from the 1st of January, 1837, to the 30th of June.

July 15.—The Lords' amendments to all the Bills for the amendment of the Criminal Laws were agreed to, as were also the amendments to the Central Criminal Court Bill.—The Lords' amendments to the Bills of Exchange Bill, and the Municipal Corporations Act, were also agreed to.

July 17.—The Usher of the Black Rod appeared at the bar of the House, summoning the Commons to attend the House of Peers.—The Speaker and the members present immediately proceeded, in obedience to this summons, to the House of Lords.—After a lapse of some time the Speaker returned, and taking his seat at the table of the House, read her Majesty's speech for the prorogation of the present Parliament, and the members then retired.

The Parliament, prorogued until the 10th of August, was dissolved the same evening by proclamation. The new writs, which are returnable on Monday, the 11th of September, were despatched the same night, the mails being kept back till near nine o'clock for that purpose.

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